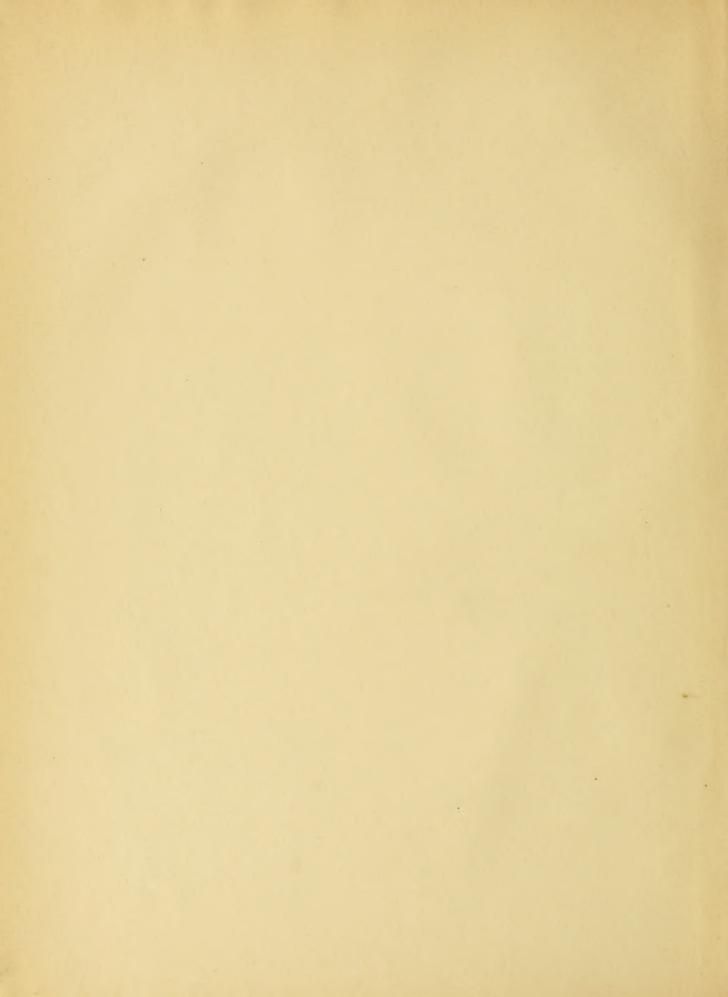
OUR PROVINCE 1938







Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2009 with funding from Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation



Our Province

JANUARY, 1938

POINTING WITH PRIDE

A SOUTHERN SAFARI

BROTHER DANIEL'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

On the second day of next month, the feast of the Purification, is observed the eighty-sixth anniversary of the death of our Venerable Founder.

NUMBER ONE

List of Contents

OUR ANNIVERSARIES THEORY AND PRACTICE An Editorial POINTING WITH PRIDE MISSION BAND ACTIVITIES, 1937 A SOUTHERN SAFARI F. H. McGlynn DECEASED BROTHER DANIEL'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

Duquesne University

OUR MAIL BOX:-Father Federici Libermann Client African Notes AVIS DU MOIS The Rosary OUR LEVITES:—Chronicle of Ferndale KERNELS FROM CORNWELLS

BRAVE BEGINNINGS:-St. Augustine's, Isle Brevelle, La. St. James's, Alexandria, La.

OUR ANNIVERSARIES

During the month of January we pray for:

Father John Willms, who died January 3, 1914, aged 65 years.

Father Anthony Schmodry, who died January 5, 1936, aged 67 years.

Father Francis Roth, who died January 6, 1914, aged 72 years.

Brother Rupert Pollonais, who died January 7, 1908, aged 43 years.

Father Henry McDermott, who died January 9, 1931, aged 68 years.

Brother Arnold Printz, who died January 12, 1907, aged 65 years.

Brother Burchard Thome, who died January 14, 1932, aged 81 years.

Brother Frederick Schmitt, who died January 16, 1916, aged 62 years.

Mr. Edwin Woll, Scholastic, who died January 16, 1918, aged 23 years.

Brother Leo Schuster, who died January 16, 1926, aged 89 years.

Father Joseph Sabaniec, who died January 17, 1937, aged 40 years.

Father Patrick O'Connor, who died January 20, 1917, aged 38 years.

Father Aloysius Schmitt, who died January 20, 1919, aged 48 years.

Father Francis X. Roehrig, who died January 21, 1919, aged 34 years.

Father George Lee, who died January 23, 1921, aged 68 years.

Father Joseph Strub, Sr., who died January 27, 1890, aged 57 years.



OUR PROVINCE

VOL. 6

JANUARY, 1938

No. 1

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PROVINCIAL FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

HOLY GHOST FATHERS, FERNDALE, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Editorial Office: 65 West 138th Street, New York, N. Y. Printed at St. Joseph's House, 16th & Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

THEORY AND PRACTICE An Editorial

Eighty-six years ago next February 2, a little Jew who, as his writings attest, had got the theory of this business of living down pretty well, took one last breath and died. He died a holy death, just as he had lived a holy life. Which shows pretty conclusively that he not only knew the theory of living like a Christian but also that he put that theory into practice in all its God-given details.

We are accustomed to speak of the assignment—the apostolate of abandoned souls—left to us, his spiritual sons, by the Venerable Libermann, and the virtues he recommended to us—fervor, charity and sacrifice—as our heritage. But bear in mind that a thing must be accepted and retained before it can be called an heritage. We do not become true apostles of the abandoned by the mere fact of entrance into the Congregation. Our souls do not become flooded with fervor, charity and sacrifice, by the simple act of profession of perpetual vows. It is only by repeated deliberate acts that these virtues are acquired. It is only by constant concern for and sustained activity in behalf of the abandoned that one attains the noble, Christ-like dignity of their Apostle.

If you've been reading the historical sketches of our works appearing occasionally in O. P. under the title of Brave Beginnings, you know how well our fathers have filled this position in the past. If you read between the lines of the letters appearing regularly in Our Mail Box and of the news items appearing in the various other departments, you realize how faithfully this office is being performed today.

But it is quite possible for the Congregation to do its part as an arm in Christ's Mystical Body even though some of us individual members are failing to live up to our noble calling.

It's all very nice to sit over fat cigars at a well-laid table and make speeches about the plight of the poor; but is that enough to justify our assuming the title of apostles of abandoned souls? It is only fitting that each year on the anniversary of his death we call to mind the virtues and recommendations of our spiritual father; but are we to stop only at the theory of the

thing? Can't we go further and follow the shining example he set for us when he put this theory into practice? Poverty was his joy, the cause of the Negro and the abandoned his supreme concern. We would really celebrate his feast day by achieving the same dispositions.

POINTING WITH PRIDE

France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, East Africa, West Africa, South Africa, Puerto Rico, the Island of St. Pierre. With foreign correspondence coming from these widely scattered points on the globe during the past year, can you blame us if we ask you to rejoice with us over the issues of O. P. for 1937? Besides these, fifteen states are represented in the news of domestic affairs.

The volume number on the masthead has climbed up to a big 6 as we swing into 1938. What will the new year bring for us individually? During the past twelve issues we've carried one obituary, that of Father Sabaniec. What for us collectively? The August issue showed an increase of 138,353 Catholics under the care of the Holy Ghost Fathers from July, 1935, to July, 1936, for a total of 2,304,353 souls.

If we can't very well increase the continents of the world whence comes the material for OUR MAIL BOX, at least we can increase the particular mission or parish of origin. How about it? If you think you're the only one interested in your work, you're wrong. We all want to hear about it.

Messrs. Edmund Supple and Louis Schenning were promoted to the subdiaconate at Rome on December 18.

Prayers are asked for Father John J. McEvoy, chaplain of Rosary Hill Convent, Hawthorne, N. Y., who died December 28, 1937. He was a benefactor of Ferndale.

Mission Band Activities—1937

May 4-Address, K. of C. Golden Jubilee, Stamford, Conn.

May 2-16-Mission, St. Aloysius', Pottstown, Pa.

May 9-23-Mission, Church of the Assumption, Phila., Pa.

May 9-17-Little Flower Novena, St. Teresa's, Phila., Pa.

May 7-16-Holy Ghost Novena, Blessed Sacrament, Phila.,

May 7-16-Misssion, Biloxi, Miss.

May 20-Sermon, Dedication of New Wing, Novitiate, Ridgefield, Conn.

May 23-30-Mission, Waterbury, Conn.

May 27 June 4-Sacred Heart Novena, Church of the Annunciation, New York City

June 2-4—Sacred Heart Triduum, Church of the Assumption, Bronx, N. Y.

June 2-4—Sacred Heart Triduum, St. Bartholomew's, Phila.,

June 6-Address, Communion Breakfast, Bridgeport, Conn.

June 6-Baccalaureate Address, New Orleans, La.

June 20-First Mass Sermons, Pittsburgh, Pa.

July 16-26-St. Ann's Novena, Holy Family Church, Rochester, N. Y.

July 23-26-St. Ann's Triduum, Wildwood, N. J.

August 25 September 2-Nurses' retreats, St. Francis' Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September 12-First Mass Sermon, St. Edward's, Phila., Pa. September 21-Graduation Address, Mercy Hospital, Johnstown, Pa.

September 19-21-Forty Hours, St. Athanasius', Phila., Pa. September 19-26-Mission, St. Mary's, Marshalltown, Iowa. September 22-25-Retreat, Holy Ghost College, Cornwells Heights, Pa.

September 25 October 3-Little Flower Novena, St. Joseph's, New York City

October 3-5-Forty Hours, St. Williams, Phila., Pa.

October 3-10-Mission, St. Mary's, Buffalo Center, Iowa.

October 17-19-Forty Hours, Precious Blood Church, Phila., Pa.

October 17-24-Mission, St. Joseph's, Dubuque, Iowa.

October 24-27-Forty Hours, St. Dominic's, Holmesburg, Pa.

October 31 November 2-Forty Hours, Wildwood, N. J.

November 7-21-Mission, St. Mary's, Stamford, Conn.

November 15-23-Novena, St. Mary's, Rosebank, Staten Island, N. Y.

November 28 December 12-Mission, St. Cecilia's, New York City

December 1-8-Novena, B. V. M., St. John's, New York City December 1-8-Novena, B. V. M., St. Ignatius', Phila., Pa.

December 1-8-Novena, B. V. M., St. Francis Xavier's, Phila.,

December 6-8-Triduum, B. V. M., St. Bartholomew's, Phila.,

Pa.

December 24-25—Christmas Ministry

During the year we had the following week-end ministry: January 10 to April 25-St. Athanasius' Church, Phila., Pa. June 19 to September 19-Wildwood, N. J.

Also the following resident ministry:

During the months of July and August: St. Ann's Church, New York City; St. Rose of Lima, Newark, N. J.; St. Anthony's Church, Gretna, La.

During the month of August: St. John's Church, New

From September 12 to November 9-Church of Our Lady of Victory, West Haven, Conn.

A SOUTHERN SAFARI

For some time the Father Provincial had been suggesting that it would be a good idea for the Director of Scholastics to visit our houses in the South in order to be better able to instruct our future missionaries in the nature of our Home Missions. The most profound theoretical study of this apostolic work must at best be a poor preparation in comparison to first-hand knowledge obtained from the men in the field as well as from a personal observation of the places assigned to our Congregation in the South.

Accordingly I set out on a combined vacational and educational tour in the middle of October. The time was expressly chosen as the most opportune on the advice of several who are veterans in the southern field. My first stop was at Charleston, S. C., where I had my first taste of southern sunshine in autumn. It was a pleasant sensation to put aside the overcoat and stroll about the streets of this aristocratic town, observing that all the stores were doing business with doors wide open: whereas on the previous afternoon I had wrapped my overcoat about me, pulled down my hat to my ears, and fought my way in the face of a chilly blast when crossing Seventh Avenue to enter the Pennsylvania Station in New York City.

My visit to Charleston happened to be on a weekend and it afforded me a splendid opportunity to see the parishioners at the early Masses, as well as to take moving pictures of the church, school and parish buildings. Incidentally, I was able to make a complete cinematic record of our places in the South, thanks to the generous cooperation of our southern confreres who very graciously supplied me with the necessary films. The moving picture equipment is somewhat expensive, but by borrowing a camera and projector, and through the help of my hosts en route, we now have the entire itinerary in pictures. These "news reels," though decidedly an amateur job, will nevertheless give our scholastics and confreres in the North a far more exact idea of our places than any verbal description could do.

Whilst at Charleston I greatly enjoyed a tour of this historic city with our local confreres as guides and chauffeurs. Father Cleary, with all the charm of a southern gentleman, initiated me into the ways of the cotton belt: and Fathers O'Neill and Walsh led me into all the by-ways that are reeking with colonial interest. At this point I must again diverge, to express a word of appreciation of and admiration at the facilities afforded me in the line of travel and transportation. Everywhere was evident a willingness to make a tour by car of the local points of interest and where possible to make the trip to the next stop in the C.S.Sp. route; and this very often at the sacrifice of my host's time and convenience. In fact, one's first general impression on such a trip is a greater love and esteem for our own 'club.' It makes one proud and happy to be at home

so whole-heartedly anywhere you stop along the road. We actually have two parishes in Charleston, though the three confreres reside at the rectory at St. Peter's, where the two main items of interest are the fact that the church, parallel to the street, was formerly a Jewish synagogue and the sexton's house in the rear was built as the slave quarters on a modest southern estate.

My impression that the run from South Carolina to Alabama was an easy day's jaunt was rudely jarred on learning that it called for two full days of travel. So I hied me to a bus station on Sunday afternoon and rode the Greyhound to Atlanta, Georgia, arriving at 11 P. M. Dawn came in the form of a rainy Monday and in the midst of a down-pour I chartered a seat in another bus which bore the marker of "Birmingham," the Pittsburgh of the South, where I landed and lunched at high noon. A few more hours on the bus brought me to Tuscaloosa, the home of the University and of the Hacketts. I looked for the latter first and finding same, settled down in the official easy chair of the house as the stars fell on Alabama, and enjoyed an evening of Congregational chatter.

I realized that this was the house in which Father Sabaniec had died in January of this year. I had been with "Sabby" in the scholasticate and was very anxious to learn the details of his last sickness and death. It is a great consolation for us to know that he happened to be in the rectory with our two confreres when the sudden heart attack seized him, as he had only a few moments in which to receive the last sacraments. This is the rectory of St. John's, the white parish. He, as pastor of the St. Mary Magdalen, the colored parish, had lived alone in his own rectory.

The present pastor of the colored parish, Father Jos. B. Hackett, makes his home with his namesake, Father A. J. Hackett, both living in St. John's rectory. What was formerly St. Mary Magdalen rectory now serves as the convent for the Sisters who now for the first time are teaching the colored children of this, one of the poorest yet most promising of our works in the South. Father Tony Hackett also serves as chaplain to the Newman Club at the University of Alabama, and his course in Religion is a regular part of the school's curriculum. There is a Catholic chapel in the University grounds which is entirely filled at the two Sunday Masses. The University grounds occupy the principal part of the town, and comprise a beautiful set of buildings set amidst spacious lawns and through which the "main drag'' runs. Many of the students as well as the stars of the "Crimson Tide" are from northern states.

The next leg of the journey was another bus ride to New Orleans. A long trip of ten or eleven hours, it was filled with interest and practical data on southern lore. It is not the most comfortable way to travel, all the fascinating "ads" to the contrary notwithstanding. But it does bring you nearer to the people of the place. Riding a train from New York to New Orleans, you are in the north the whole way as far as milieu is concerned; you are living and exchanging northern ideas. Ride a bus through Georgia, Alabama, or Mississippi,

and you rub shoulders with the plain, simple and even crude men and women who work hard and long for small pay and who reflect the thought of the good earth in the South.

True it is that they are mildly surprised to see a priest riding beside them. At one place, entering a bus, I could hear an old lady observe: "Why, look; here comes a Roman Catholic priest!" But it is also interesting to notice the change of attitude after a brief conversation en route. The main, if not the only reason for the narrow religious views of the "cracker" south in our regard, seems to be plain ignorance. The little progress already made in bringing to them some knowledge of the faith has had very encouraging results.

Nightfall landed us in Louisiana. As I walked up the steps of the fine new rectory at the Holy Ghost church in New Orleans, my heart gave an extra bounce as the arms of the Congregation smiled a sweet welcome in its beautiful stained-glass setting over the front entrance

Francis H. McGlynn.

(Lo be continued)

Your prayers are kindly requested for the happy repose of the souls of Father John T. O'Brien's father who was buried Dec. 3, in Dorchester, Massachusetts; Mr. Adalbert Lachowsky, father of Father Anthony and Mr. Frederick Lachowsky, who died in Conway, Arkansas, on Dec. 14; Father Martin Hayden's father who died in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 21; Mr. Maxim J. Therou's father who died Dec. 27, in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin; and Father Nicholas Walta, who died of pneumonia at Gare, Kilimanjaro, East Africa, Oct. 16.

"-Here we had our first funeral of a father or brother since I came-since 1918 in fact-the time of the Spanish Flu. Father Nicholas Walta died of pneumonia last Saturday morning at Gare in the Usambara Mountains. The telegram reached me only Saturday evening late. I have no other details yet. He is a big loss to the Vicariate. He was a very intelligent man and a most devoted and zealous priest and missioner. He sent many to heaven during his thirteen years or more here in the Vicariate. He never spared himself but gave all he had to the work for souls. May his reward be great and God grant it to him promptly. I have cabled Father General and informed all the Vicariates of the Congregation on this side of the world. He wrote oc-casionally to U. S. A. Some of his letters appeared in O. P. He was born in Holland, forty-eight years ago, the first Dutch member of the Congregation.

> Doseph Bryne, C.S.Sp., Moshi, Tanganyika, East Africa," October 18, 1937.

"Saints read the whole book of life, from cover to cover, by faith."

"Life in the cloister and life on the battlefield are each adequate to make one a saint."

Brother Daniel's Golden Jubilee— Duquesne University

On December 8, 1937, the community of Duquesne University had the unique distinction of commemorating more than fifty years of active service of Brother Daniel coincident with the 50th anniversary of his profession as a religious in the Congregation. For several weeks before the event, the public prints the secular as well as the religious press-heralded the news with headlines, stories and photographs. On the day itself, the feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, a Solemn High Mass was sung in the University chapel at ten o'clock by Father Callahan in the presence of the assembled community, the happy jubilarian occupying the place of honor in the sanctuary. The deacon was Father Retka, the sub-deacon, Father Sullivan, the master of ceremonies, Father Quinn. Students of the University filled the minor roles at the Mass. Before receiving Holy Communion, Brother Dan renewed his vows and profession. The papal blessing was bestowed on him at the end of the Mass.

Father James F. Carroll preached a most eloquent sermon, emphasizing the world-wide mission field of the Congregation, the enviable beauty and spiritual meaning of fifty years of humble, faithful service for the Lord, particularizing on Brother Dan's example to all the community in such details as, never being late for morning prayer, his part in making the bricks that went to fashion OLD MAIN (the administration building)... Solemn Benediction closed the chapel celebration.

In spite of the inclement weather, a goodly number of Brother Dan's friends were present, including his sister, many clergymen and past students. Brother Cantius represented Ridgefield and Brother Eugene, Ferndale. Many more sent regrets that owing to the day, ministry, etc., it was not possible for them to be present.

The jubilee banquet was held in the cafeteria of Canevin Hall where 93 guests feasted to the music of the University's Tamburitza orchestra. The toastmaster was Father Lechner. Father Phelan, according to those present, gave the most eloquent address of his long and honored career, going so far as to deny the fact that Brother Dan had ever been a brickmaker in the early days, but testifying to his yeoman service in many another field the refectory, the chapel, making the rounds of the city begging for the missions, selling religious calendars, soliciting ads for the University publications, etc. Then Father Callahan spoke the proper words in behalf of the jubilarian, the community and the University.

"For it hath pleased them of Macedonia and Achaia to make a contribution for the poor of the saints that are in Jerusalem."

Letter from St. Paul to the Romans; XV, 26.

"I am the happy recipient of the thirty dollars which you sent me . . . "

Letter from Father Noppinger, St. James Seminary, Kilimanjaro, in Oct., 1934, O. P.

Our Mail Box

Father Federici

Seminaire des Missions, Fribourg, Suisse, December 10, 1937.

Dear Confreres:

... I was told in one of my letters from home that in the Norwalk Hour there was a picture of the Franciscan Monastery in Fribourg which was recently burned. That, my friends, is quite a story. This fire was the second of a long series which hasn't ended yet. The first "incendie" was the hospital for the poor people, which was supposed to have been set by an insane man let loose. This was quite serious, as you can imagine. Moving sick people is no joke. The fool was caught and some kind of a sentence given him. About two weeks later this Franciscan Monastery, which is really a boarding house for collegians, was set. The only evidence they have, however, is that it started during dinner, when there was no one in the upper part of the building; and, curiously enough, the fire broke out through the roof in three places at the same time. The firemen did a good job in saving what they did.

Later on the chief of police received a warning note that the police station was to be next. The station house includes the living quarters of the same chief. Of course he disregarded the warning as a joke. The sender, however, didn't mean it as a joke so at the appointed time he went to work, the appointed time being three o'clock in the morning. (This whole story is not authenticated and so you can take it as such). The chief heard some noise at this time but the bed felt too warm and he didn't move. A couple of hours later he was awakened by the smoke and then it was too late, for the stairways were blocked. But all the residents were saved.

Whoever is behind this movement really means business. One place has been attacked three times and yet it is still standing. All, especially religious communities, are warned to keep a good eye open. The blighters have issued a warning that as many places as possible will light up the town on the first of January. Some tun, eh.'

To help defray the expenses caused by the fire in the boarding house, a spiritual concert was held on the evening of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception . . .

A telephone call late at night usually brings bad news. So it was the other night when at eleven o'clock the telephone rang. I didn't hear it but I did hear my door open and the Superior's voice telling me that there was some one sick; just who I didn't know, but I heard something about going out. Finally after about five

minutes I realized that it was a sick call and that I was to accompany the Superior. Until we got to the hospital that is all I did. But after he had given absolution, he handed me the surplice and told me to go ahead. Then it dawned on me that I was to do the anointing. The ritual is a wonderful little book but besides the aid of the ritual, I had the further advantage of having another priest with experience with me for my first call There you have my first real ministry outside of saying Mass.

Accept my sincerest wishes for a Holy and Happy Christmas and that for each category of that one and only community in the world, Ferndale.

Yours in the Holy Ghost,

Sal Federici.

Libermann Client

6923 Harford Road, Baltimore, Md. November 12, 1937.

"... I have asked the Very Rev. P. P. Waldron, St. Columbans, Neb., as a personal favor, that the religious of his society say your authorized prayers for the canonization of the Venerable Libermann, and I will quote him verbatim as of his letter to me, dated Oct. 15th:—

"Most certainly I will have all the community pray for the beatification of your favorite inhabit ant of Heaven. Thank you for inspiring us to do so, and I know it will help our own work if we succeed in having the Church pay public tribute of honor to one who was, in his own way, a missionary like ourselves. I am having the intention for his beatification put up publicly in our chapel so that we can always be reminded of it."

"I would like your permission and approval to further aid the cause of the Venerable Francis Libermann in this manner. I have in mind to see the Diocesan Director of our Holy Name Society here in Baltimore, and have his word promulgated to all the Holy Name Societies in the diocese, that on the Holy Name Sunday prior to the anniversary of the Venerable Libermann's death, his canonization be included as a special intention in the Communions of all the Holy Name men. Further, that as the Church prays for the conversion of the Jews, especially on Good Friday, a Saint of their own creed, of modern times, would be highly implementary toward that conversion. Please give me your advice and approval that I may further elaborate my plans.

"Father, where can I obtain in English, some of the writings of the Venerable Libermann? So far I have only read excerpts, and I would like to read his words directly. Can you help me in this quest? Anything you can do for me in this regard will be greatly appreciated.

Harry E. Glennan."

November 26, 1937.

"Father, I hope you will pardon my importuning you in regard to the writings of, and those upon, the

Venerable Libermann; but be assured my pleas to you for these come from the heart and are sincere; and I hope you will be continually generous with me who is so far beneath you in position, charity and faith. But I am striving to get closer to Jesus, as close as a layman can get, if possible, and the paths to Him are diverse and ever upward. A lift from you like your visit cannot fail to be fruitful in a positive direction. Some day, when Cardinal Pitra's Life of the Venerable Libermann can be read in English, or Father Lee's new edition is published, bear me in mind. In these days of great worldliness one needs writings of these giants of the Faith to keep one on the true path; for it isn't the thoughts while reading that alone benefit, but those that come back again and again when the book has been laid aside that become integral parts of that mosaic which is our spiritual life. Be assured ever a place in my prayers, you and your Order; and let me again thank you for having given us so much real pleasure in visiting us. We pray you will be with us soon. A letter from you is ever a pleasure.

"Most sincerely yours in Christ Jesus and may the Most Holy Spirit draw you nearer to His Most Sacred Heart

Filially,

Harry E. Glennan."

African Notes

"Newsworthy items?—We've had a whooping year in the line of putting up buildings. A beautiful church has been blessed and opened in Moshi, another is nearing readiness in Arusha. Father Noppinger is building a third in Korogwe. The Seminary in Kilema has opened its new chapel and just a week ago Brother Bernard began work on the new Senior Seminary which is to be built at Kibosho. Added to all that, we have a splendid new hospital here, a dispensary and ten wards of four beds each. Then, too, work is going along rapidly on the Basilica of Kibosho. You can't call it merely a church—its dimensions are too vast and its architecture too pretentious for a mere church. Like the masterpieces of the Middle Ages, it goes up slowly. Begun about 1927, it will probably be consecrated about the time the present Philosophers arrive in Moshi.

"Possibly you are thinking: 'Shucks, those fellows are civilizing Africa, there won't be any pioneering work left for us.' Never fear, m'lad. There are several jobs for the Scholastics of today to begin—work that will be, if anything, even more exacting than what has been done till now. Most of our efforts are spent on the Wachagga, a fairly clever tribe, but one which I believe is highly overrated. Out in the west, there is plenty of work among the Wambulu, a splendid, intelligent people. Joe Griffin has done wonders there and soon those people will be demanding that you hurry over to carry on his work. In the west, too, the Wafiomi and Waumbugwe are crying for someone to evangelize them. That will be a stiff job for the most zealous among you,

Avis du Mois

An encyclical on Our Lady's Rosary addressed recently to the Catholic world by our Holy Father, lays particular claim to our attention

Close scrutiny of the history of the Catholic Church will discover readily the powerful patronage of the Mother of God in every department of Catholic activity throughout the Christian world.

It was to Her who alone "destroyed all the heresies of the world' that the Popes had recourse with hearts full of confidence. The victories they won brought with them the fruits of better times.

Was it not this devotion of the Rosary, made popular by St. Dominic, that scored such signal triumph over the Albigenses?

St. Pius V, while meditating on the mysteries of this devotion, was apprised by revelation of the victory at Lepanto and the humiliation of the Mahommedan fleet.

The Rosary it was that stayed the progress of the Turkish armies in their onward sweep to enslave the nations of Europe.

The security of our modern religious and civil society is again threatened. The powerful intercession of the Mother of God remains today the "sole panacea for the ills of nations."

Emulating the example of the great Leo XIII, Pius XI reminds us of the exalted position the Rosary occupies in our devotion to the Mother of God. A chain of the most beautiful prayers of the Church and linked with ever recurring praise of the Most Holy Trinity, the Rosary encircles the brow of Mary like a mystical coronet of most fragrant roses.

Let us love the Rosary! If unable to recite the whole of it daily, let us never retire without having said at least five decades, meditating the while upon the joys, the sorrows and the triumphs of Jesus and Mary.

For those troubled with insomnia, telling the beads is a more profitable occupation than counting herds of invisible sheep!

A. L. R.

"The cloak that I left at I roas, with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee."

Second letter of St. Paul to Timothy; IV, 13.

"The vestment came in good time."

Letter from Father Smith, Carencro, La. in April, 1935, O. P.

especially the task of trying to bring the thoroughly pagan Wafiomi into the fold.

But the big job of the future is the conversion of the Masai. It will be absolutely a 'work of the future,' for nothing has been done for them till now despite the fact that their natural intelligence is far ahead of the bantu tribes of these parts. (The Masai seem to be a Nilotic race who wandered in here.) They live in the hot plains, herding vast numbers of cattle. They don't believe in work nor in washing themselves. Morality is a grand joke to them. Their language has no words for heaven or hell, and they have no convictions at all about an after life. Their sick are carried to the river bank and nursed there. If they 'cash in,' they are left to the vultures and hyenas. Burial? 'Let's skip it,' they say. They live in huts made of sticks and cow dung. The huts are built in a huge circle, their walls forming a corral into which the cattle are driven at night. The droppings of the beasts are never removed. When the manure pile becomes too high, the women start to build new houses and a kraal a few hundred yards off. Ah, when I get started on them, the typewriter goes of itself; but I mustn't get too interested in them. They are your pickings. We of today must curb our zeal to do the pioneer work and leave that to you.

'So, never be afraid that we will gobble up all the interesting work and leave nothing for you. You fellows will have a task that will call for all the health, spirituality and 'guts' you can muster."

Our Levites

Chronicle of Ferndale

Nov. 15th—At the C. S. M. C. meeting today, the stamp-sorting problem was a major question discussed.

Nov. 17th—Basketball practice. St. Mary's parish has again graciously granted us the use of their gymnasium one day a week.

Nov. 19th—The first snow flurries of the season soon dissolved into rain. Football was forbidden until further notice because of injuries sustained by the scholastics. Among the list of casualties were a broken leg, a sprained ankle, a beautiful "shiner," a-but that ought to be convincing enough. This makes our prediction in last month's issue about the endless series of Philo-Theo games look pretty sick.

Nov. 24th—Presentation of three one-act plays "Chiang-Wu," "Words and Music" and Lady Gregory's "Rising of the Moon." Spontaneous singing and instrumentation between the plays lent a real holiday spirit to the evening.

Nov. 25th—Thanksgiving Day observed by the celebration of a Missa Solemnis, besides the customary

epicurean gaudium. The annual East-West debate on the gridiron had to go by the boards. Instead, a discussion was had about the probable winner, had the game been played. If only wars and things could be settled so easily on paper!

Nov. 26th—A free day for the scholastics. Many volunteered for manual labor on the construction of the front dam escarpment (about which we hope to give you full details in the next issue), begun in the morning, and on the other projects already under way.

Nov. 29th—Father William Keown, a visitor today, spoke of his Southern experiences to the assembled scholastics; and Father McGlynn's said a few words about his recent tour of the Southern Missions, from which he returned yesterday. In the evening Father "Bill" brought back memories with "Wagon Wheels," the subway act, et al.

Dec. 1st—Father McGlynn began a series of talks on the Southern Missions this evening.

Dec. 3rd—First Friday and Feast of St. Francis Xavier. Nocturnal adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and the community Mass "coram Sanctissimo." The afternoon free in honor of the missionary saint.

Dec. 6th—After the customary Monday evening Capitulum for the scholastics, the movies of the Corpus Christi procession and the Ordination ceremonies were exhibited.

Dec. 7th—Tuesday became Wednesday as far as the class rule was concerned.

Dec. 8th—Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Excused on the grounds of "grave incommodum," four scholastics worked on the dam (note spelling) escarpment in the morning.

Dec. 9th—In the evening Father McGlynn showed movie shots taken by himself at St. Mark's, Harlem, at our works in Charleston, Opelousas, and New Orleans. A running commentary described the various edifices in each parish or mission and also the industries and other scenes typical to each locality.

Dec. 11th—The day marked by the annual DIS-PUTATIO PHILOSOPHICA. The question: There is a real distinction between essence and existence. (Where have I heard that before?) The affirmative disputants were given the decision and the possibility of heresy on this point thus averted. The first ice-skating of the season was enjoyed today but curtailed in the afternoon in order that the ice might freeze more solidly.

Dec. 12th—And freeze it did! Most of the scholastics enjoyed the ideal ice and weather for skating this Sunday afternoon. In the evening more scenes of our Southern Missions were exhibited by Father McGlynn. A number of familiar faces on the screen added to the general interest.

Dec. 15th—More than half the scholastics embarked for Maryknoll. In the forenoon ice-hockey game, the Maryknollers were victorious by the score of 4-0. In the afternoon Ferndale lost both basketball games, 24-

23 and 47-33. After supper in Maryknoll, a sound picture entitled "Fishing for Souls," depicting the typical work of a Maryknoll missionary in China, was enjoyed by guests and hosts alike. Followed a brief talk by Bishop Walsh. Maryknoll's Superior General, who spoke his pleasure in the rivalry of sports and unanimity in missionary ambition of the two societies represented in the hall. Back in Ferndale the Brothers began to cut ice for storage from the rear lake but found it too thin to make it worth their while

Dec. 16th The last of the movies of the Southern Missions were shown tonight. More familiar figures flashed across the screen. Father Joseph Lynders. Helena, drew a big hand when he took off in his brand new "speed-demon" a bicycle!

KERNELS FROM CORNWELLS

These months certainly do fly fast, and here we are to greet you again from Cornwells, this time with the joyous note of a Happy and Blessed New Year.

Since last we met, the short stretch from Thanksgiving to Christmas has flitted by and for many here, it was a period of anticipation. On December 18, the boys left for their Christmas vacations at home, but while they were anticipating these holidays, they did not stand aside idly. There were extra-curricular works, besides the usual studies.

The local Units of the C. S. M. C. were revived with the traditional initiation, this time acting as one group in a combined Liberman-Laval Unit. Many activities have been undertaken, the principal one being that of collecting and sorting stamps. This department has been opened up in conjunction with the similar undertaking of our elder brothers at Ferndale. There are further activities promised for the beginning of the New Year.

On Thursday, December 16, the Annual Christmas entertainment took place, a presentation of "Why the Chimes Rang," with the scholars of First and Second High doing the honors. All were unanimous in declaring it a fine performance with the new boys making a very creditable debut. We hope some day to have a permanent stage to do justice to these budding Thespians.

And going home for the holidays, the same eighty-two who came in September, started their Christmas vacation on the 18th. There has not been a single defection from the ranks since the opening of the school term.

Among our guests during the month, we mention especially, Very Rev. C. Tomaszewski, the Provincial of the Polish Vice-Province. We were very glad to have him with us for a few days and we hope he found his visit an enjoyable one.

We from Cornwells wish to extend to all the confreres, best wishes for God's blessing throughout the New Year

BRAVE BEGINNINGS

St. Augstine's, Isle Brevelle

Isle Brevelle is a colony of Mulattoes and Quadroons, descendants for the most part of the early French settlers in Louisiana, noble as well as plebeian. Both Indian and Mexican blood courses thorugh the veins of this people, constituting them racially and socially an almost separate caste. For a distance of twelve or fourteen miles along the Cane River they are, with the exception of a few blacks and several white families, the sole inhabitants. They are also very numerous in Bayou Natches, Little River, Red River, Bayou Sipe, Natchitoches, Clouțierville and Campti. With rare exceptions they are Catholic and very tenacious of the faith.

The actual history of St. Augustine's begins with the inauguration of the first Bishop of Natchitoches, Most Rev. A. M. Martin, D.D., in 1835. Long before this period, however, heroic missionary activities were a living and energizing force in this section of Louisiana. The first priest known to have ministered to the Catholics of the Natchitoches parish-white, red, black and mixed—was the Venerable Antonio Margil, whose canonization is now in process. This was in 1717. The records also show that a certain Father Martin of Avoyelles visited Catholics along the rivers and bayoux of this neighborhood in 1829. In 1840 it was the Rev. J. Timon, afterwards Bishop of Buffalo, who did excellent missionary work in this country. All these pioneers underwent great hardships in propagating and maintaining the faith. They sowed in tribulation the seed which produced a splendid harvest of spiritual fruits.

In 1852 the New Orleans archdiocese was divided and the diocese of Natchitoches (in 1910 transferred to Alexandria) was formed. Rev. A. M. Martin, then Vicar-General of Archbishop Blanc, of New Orleans, was appointed its first bishop.

Cloutierville parish was founded and the little chapel on Isle Brevelle became one of its missions. The spiritual needs of the Quadroons on Cane River and the vast country round about were now ministered to at comparatively short and regular intervals. A building of the bungalow type, containing four rooms, was rented for the purpose of divine service and religious instruction. One room was converted into a chapel, where the priest from Cloutierville said Mass once or twice a month and instructed the people in the rudiments of religion. The other rooms were occupied by two Sisters, Daughters of the Cross, which they were indeed in every sense of the word. In this same building the good Sisters taught catechism and the three R's but only to girls.

The boys were instructed in a little shack by one or other of the Canadian "Instituteurs." Classes were conducted in French, the only language used here at the time. Before long, however, probably in 1856, a convent was built—a frame structure a story and a half high. This building also served the purpose of a school.

In 1860 when the Yankees marched through this country, creating untold havoc and devastation, the good Sisters left this place and never came back. Not until 1889, under the late Bishop Durier, did the Sisters of Divine Providence undertake the arduous task of the education of the young folks of Isle Brevelle. These good Sisters have done untold self-sacrificing work, inculcating the fundamental truths of religion and imparting secular learning.

Some few months before the convent school was built in 1885, one of the Quadroons, a rich plantation and slave owner, donated a plot of ground for a church and a rectory and another for a cemetery. The same benefactor also undertook to build a church. Several years later the gallery or piazza, which ornamented the sides of the church exteriorly, was inclosed to make room for side pews. This church bore the wear and tear of time and weather till 1916.

In 1856 Isle Brevelle was made a distinct parish with a resident priest and Father Martin was its first pastor. In 1913, at the request of Most Rev. Bishop Van de Ven, D.D., the Holy Ghost Fathers undertook to minister to this parish. Father Schloesser labored with great zeal in this new vineyard but was soon called to his reward. He died on October 31. 1914, and was succeeded by Father Baumgartner. To attend properly to the three mission chapels attached to the Isle Brevelle parish, the services of another priest were required and therefore Father Descours was appointed assistant pastor in 1916. He was called away to a better life in Heaven within less than a year and Father Joseph Kelly, who had just returned from Africa, succeeded him.

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1915, a new school containing five large class rooms, a music room and a spacious auditorium for social gatherings and entertainments, was dedicated.

On Quinquagesima Sunday, 1917, the new church was dedicated. A goodly sum had been collected from the people: Mother Katharine Drexel doubled that amount and Mrs. Edward Morrell donated the pews. A rectory had already been constructed in 1915 and the parish has now a complete set of buildings.

The 1937 Status Animarum showed 335 families in St. Augustine's with a total of 2,200 souls. The various missions of St. Augustine's register the following statistics:

Bayouderbonne—33 families; 170 souls. Old River—45 families; 235 souls. Bermuda—21 families; 92 souls.

Mass is said at the Spring Hill mission once a month for the fifty Catholic residents scattered throughout that district. The mission of Spanish Lake, formerly

served from Isle Brevelle, is now attached to St. Anthony's, Natchitoches. Father J. B. Kelly, after caring for the above missions for seventeen years, was placed in charge of the Natchitoches parish upon its founding in 1935.

At this writing Father Baumgartner, though in poor health, is still looking after Isle Brevelle and its environs, very ably assisted by Fathers Joseph E. Landy and Herbert J. Frederick.

St. James, Alexandria, La.

On alighting from one of the numerous trains arriving at Union Station, a huge electric sign greets the traveler: "Welcome to Alexandria in the Heart of Louisiana." The Hub City, so called on account of its many tailroad lines, situated amid rich alluvial lands, on the left bank of the Red River, one hundred and ninety miles north of New Orleans, boasts of quite a long existence.

In 1807 Alexander Fulton laid out the first four streets of the town which was to bear his name, but its incorporation charter dates only from 1819. The little settlement grew slowly at first, but its central location in a rich agricultural section held forth the promise of future prosperity which did not fail with the passing years.

The Civil War, however, spelled temporary ruin for it. After the battle of Mansfield the Union troops poured into the town, which held the supply depots of the Confederates. They plundered it and then burned it to the ground. Alone amid the charred ruins stood intact the Catholic Church. Its valiant pastor, Father Belier, rifle in hand, had dared any one to apply the torch. Out of the ashes arose the new town, more ambitious than ever. The advent of the railroad, not one line but seven of them, brought to it undreamed of development and growth.

The passing of slavery brought many colored folks from the surrounding plantations to the town, where they found work as laborers, artisans and mechanics. In 1894 some ten colored Catholic families had settled in Alexandria. Father Menard, the zealous pastor of St. Francis Xavier Church, was anxious to procure for their children the benefits of a Catholic education. With the approval and encouragement of Most Rev. A. Durier, Bishop of Natchitoches, who generously promised an annual contribution of one hundred dollars for the maintenance of a teacher, a one room frame building was erected at Seventh and Watkins Strrets. The modest building was ready by the end of the year and on the first Monday of January, 1895, opened its doors to some twenty children, with Sister Mary Xavier, of the Order of Divine Providence, in charge. The school was dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The number of pupils soon increased and additional seating room had to be provided.

On Christmas day, 1895, St. Francis Xavier's Church was destroyed by fire and it was decided to build the new church in a more central location. Al-

though of generous proportions, the new structure proved too small to accommodate both white and colored: only seven pews were available for about fifty colored families. To remedy this condition and assure them all the benefits of their holy faith, it was decided, in 1911, to establish a separate colored church. To Father Marcas, a young zealous assistant of Father Menard, was assigned the task of organizing the new congregation. So successful were his efforts that by May, 1911, Sacred Heart Church was dedicated for the sole use of the colored people. To be entirely at the service of his flock Father Marcas partitioned off a room in the rear of the church which served as office, dining room and sleeping quarters. God alone knows the hardships of his daily trampings through the outlying districts to round up his people. The scorching sun of the summer months, together with the worries incidental to the foundation. broke down his health and, unwillingly, he had to give up the task.

To assure the permanency of the newly established work, Most Rev. Bishop Van de Ven, who from the very beginning was deeply interested in the success of the mission, appealed to the Holy Ghost Fathers for a priest to take charge of the colored mission in Alexandria. His appeal was readily answered. Rev. A. J. Schmodry, C.S.Sp., was selected as advance messenger. He arrived at Alexandria in November, 1911. Experienced schoolman, he made it his first duty to raise the standard of the school, the real nursery of the mission. He graded it and he, the former distinguished professor of philosophy and theology, did not disdain to teach daily the rudiments of grammar and arithmetic to his poor colored children. When, in 1912, a gift from the Bureau of Colored Missions enabled him to buy a small residence at Seventh and Fish Streets, he transformed his former living quarters in the rear of the church into an additional class room and obtained a third teacher.

In 1914 obedience called Father Schmodry to the larger field of Lafayette, La. Loved and esteemed by all, he left to his successor, Father Cronenberger, who arrived in April, 1914, a well organized church and a school with ninety-five pupils, but needing permanent buildings and adequate equipment.

With the financial assistance of Mother Katharine Drexel, a site for a new church was purchased in June of that same year. Msgr. Joseph Smith, of Cleveland, provided funds for the construction of the church, to be dedicated to St. James in memory of his deceased brother, James. The new edifice, a brick building forty by eighty-eight feet, with a seating capacity of three hundred and twenty, was dedicated on December 5, 1915.

In the following year an eight-room rectory was completed and, just two months later, the new St. James's school was opened. The convent was erected in 1919. Despite the great expense entailed by all this expansion, by January 1, 1921, the complete plant was clear of all debt.

An historical summary adds the note " . . . all the buildings were constructed by the workmen and mechanics of the congregation, the pastor acting as architect and supervisor and, occasionally, peacemaker.'

St. James's parish now numbers one hundred and forty-five families, having six hundred and sixty-five souls. There are four hundred pupils in the school. Father Cronenberger is assisted by Fathers Campbell and Vorndran.

"They, therefore, that received his word were baptized; and there were added in that day about three thousand souls."

-Acts of the Apostles (II; 41).

"We had the usual number of baptisms on Easter Sunday—over 100.'

-Letter from Puerto Rico in June, 1935, O. P.

"The cloak that I left at Troas, with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee."

-Second Letter of St. Paul to Timothy (IV, 3).

"I received the box of clothing you sent me, and only wish you-

—Letter from Father Strahan, Lafayette, Louisiana,

in October, 1934, O.P.

"The conception of Deity entertained by a given people at a given time, represents the highest culture achieved by that people at that time."—Fahey.

"Children call their games play; men call theirs business."-St. Augustine.

Saints . . .

Across two thousand years their faces smile Upon us, with a still refreshing calm, Rebuking us, that for the little while We last, we turn away from life's true balm, To follow care, and strife, and restless guile.'

--Knowles.

"To bring up men without attempting to give them definite teaching on religion and philosophy is the same thing as directly teaching them that philosophy and religion are unimportant matters, possessing no certainty whatever."-Mivart.

"And on the first day of the week Paul discoursed with them . . . And a certain young man named Eutychus, sitting on the window . . . "

-Acts of the Apostles; XX, 7-9.

"Many people who were unable to enter the church heard the sermons by means of a loud speaker placed at the entrance to the atrio."

-Letter from Arecibo, Puerto Rico, in June. 1935. O. P.

"For the rest, brethren, pray for us, that the word of God may run and may be glorfied, even as among you."-Second Letter from St. Paul to the Thessalonians: III. 1.

"In the meantime, breathe an occasional prayer for the conversion of Africa, for God knows, and I know from just one month's experience in this land, that there is much hard work done to be done before the Gospel of Christ prevails in Africa."-Letter from Father Manning, Rombo, in May, 1936, O. P.

"And on the first day of the week, when we were assembled to break bread, Paul discoursed with them. being to depart on the morrow: and he continued his speech until midnight."

—Acts of the Apostles; XX, 7.

"On Thursday evening, October 4, a dinner was given at Ferndale in honor of the four Fathers leaving for foreign shores: Fathers Mangan, Lavery, Prueher and Murphy. The same evening the scholastics presented a three-act comedy.

-News item in November, 1934, O. P.

"But I have thought it necessary to send to you Epaphroditus, my brother and fellow laborer . . . For indeed he longed after you all and was sad for that you had heard that he was sick. For indeed he was sick... but God had mercy on him."

-St. Paul's Letter to the Phillipians: II, 25.

"At the moment of writing, Father Herman Flynn is in St. Mary's Hospital, Philadelphia, under observation. It is hoped that he will soon be returned to us sound and hearty."

-Kernels from Cornwells in April, 1935; O. P.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercy of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing unto God, your reasonable service.'

—Letter from St. Paul to the Romans; XII, 1.

"We can see the day when Kilimanjaro will be the great and glorious foreign mission field of the province. To hasten that day we must make every sacrifice and bend every effort to send there our best and most zealous priests to lay well the foundation upon which will rise up the great new Christian Church of East Africa."

-Letter from Father Provincial in January, 1937, O. P.

Our Province

FEBRUARY, 1938

OFFICIAL

DAM PROJECT AT FERNDALE

VOCATIONS

FATHER LAVAL'S DAILY RULE

CONVERSION OF ISRAEL

VOLUME SIX NUMBER TWO

List of Contents

OFFICIAL

OUR ANNIVERSARIES

WHAT TO DO

An Editorial

OUR LEVITIES:—Kernels From Cornwells, Joseph Sipendi, Vocations; Dam Project at Ferndale; Chronicle; Stamp Report for 1937; The Old Shell Game.

The Straggler, 1916 Southern Safari, II. Father Laval's Daily Rule

OUR MAIL BOX:-

European Comment Fribourg Rome Louvain Communication

Thought from Our Venerable Founder

BRAVE BEGINNINGS:-

St. Joseph's House, Philadelphia, Pa. St. Joseph's, Mount Carmel, Pa.

OUR ANNIVERSARIES

DURING THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

We pray for:

Father John Quinn, who died February 7, 1895, aged 47 years.

Father Louis Ward, who died February 7, 1935, aged 63 years.

Father John Otten, who died February 8, 1926, aged 72 years.

Brother Peter Joseph Shortis, who died February 17, 1930, aged 63 years.

Brother Jacob Immekus, who died February 25, 1889, aged 70 years.

Father Eugene Gillespie, who died February 26, 1928, aged 29 years.

FEBRUARY SECOND IS THE ANNIVERSARY
OF THE DEATH OF OUR VENERABLE
FOUNDER



OUR PROVINCE

VOL. 6

FEBRUARY, 1938

No. 2

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PROVINCIAL FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

HOLY GHOST FATHERS, FERNDALE, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Editorial Office: 65 West 138th Street, New York, N. Y. Printed at St. Joseph's House, 16th & Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

OFFICIAL

Our Most Reverend Superior General urges all the confreres of the province who may have remarks, suggestions, corrections, amendments or changes to offer bearing on our RULES AND CONSTITUTIONS and on our GENERAL CUSTOMARY, to submit them in writing (preferably in typewritten form), as soon as convenient, to Father Provincial who will arrange them under their proper headings and transmit them to the Mother House before the end of May, 1938, for presentation to the General Chapter convoked for July 18.

(Cf. Circular Letter, Nov. 12, 1937).

The Provincial Procurator has just received 500 copies of Father Lee's reprint of the LIFE OF THE VENERABLE LIBERMAN. The confreres are earnestly requested to cooperate in distributing them. In recent years there has been considerable demand for this work. All orders will be filled promptly. Address the Provincial Procurator, Ferndale, Norwalk, Conn.

WHAT TO DO

(An Editorial)

If you don't mind our saying it, a good bit of the current talk about the approaching revolution kind of gets our goat. Not that we don't think a revolution is approaching. On the contrary, we think it sufficiently near to warrant the beginning of proximate preparations. But a good bit of the talk referred to consists is such things as: "There's going to be a revolution and then—" or "We ought to do something." But that's all the further it goes. Very little about what we ought to do.

Well, we'd like to suggest what should be done. And that is, just what we should be doing; just doing our job to the best of our ability. We don't mean to say that this will necessarily prevent a revolution. But we

do mean that if it comes, what of it? If we're doing our job well we should have no fears of what the future may bring. This isn't the philosophy of: "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world" but rather: "God's in His heaven; if I do my part in trying to keep things lined up, I've got good hopes for the next world." It isn't the quietist idea that "I've got God; now nothing matters" but rather "I've got God; now everything matters." And that is literally true. Faith teaches us that our smallest human act, performed while we are in the state of grace, has a new and supernatural significance, makes us more pleasing in God's sight. To please God is to do something really worth while.

It is for just this reason that our best (our only) bet lies in doing well what we are supposed to do because in that way we have on our side an invincible leader. You remember when God told Moses to go and inform Pharao that he must permit the children of Israel to leave Egypt? Moses asked who he should say had sent him. God replied: "Thus shalt thou say to the children of Israel: HE WHO IS hath sent me to you!" No qualification to that title!

The diffidence we display at times in doing our work, thinking that we might, after all, be wasting our time on trivialities, whereas we really should be doing something to thwart the designs of the revolutionaries, proves that we forget this same One has sent us. He Who Is has dispatched us to study or to teach, to cook or to labor in some obscure corner of the globe with a catechism class not overly bright. Do you think He made a mistake? Do you think you might do better making speeches in Central Park? Is such an activity the only one worthy of our best efforts in a time of crisis?

If, eventually, the Church should be driven to cover (not a new experience for her) there will still be lots of steady, plugging jobs to be done. Foreign mission-aries have emerged from Catacombs before, under cover of darkness, to carry Catholicity to distant lands. In the midst of the most turbulent persecutions some men and women were occupied with apparently unimportant tasks but which in reality, because they were well done, because they earned God's favor, were the true cause of the cessation of persecution. He Who Is still has a hand in the way things turn out. Hence He, above all, must be pleased.

NOTICE

In order to avoid unnecessary delay, those sending any articles to Africa by freight are asked to forward to Bishop Byrne the following:

- 1. Bill of Lading
- 2. List of Contents
- 3. Statement of Value

Articles sent without the above are subjected to thorough examination by the customs officials, necessitating the opening of all parcels at the customs house. If the above three documents are presented to the officials upon the arrival of the goods in Tanga, the parcels are admitted without examination and the consequent delay.

Therefore please mail these statements to

Most Rev. J. J. Byrne, C. S. Sp., D. D., Catholic Mission, Kilema P. O. Moshi, Tanganyika Territory, B. E. Africa,

at the same time the freight shipment is made.

KERNELS FROM CORNWELLS

With the beginning of the New Year Cornwells took on a new lease on life as the boys trudged up the pike, back to the classroom and dorm. All but one returned. Now they are preparing for the mid-term exam, that dreaded word in the school-boy ritual.

But life is not a monotony of study. The basketball season is well under way, with class games taking the floor at present. Several games with outside teams have been arranged but none will be played until after the exams.

Unfortunately we haven't had any skating since the advent of '38. For a while we could have entered the California-Florida rivalry for fair, mild weather. Snow and sleet were reported north, south, east and west of us, but Philadelphia and vicinity had an exceptionally mild climate. Nevertheless, just as even California and Florida sometimes suddenly awaken to wintry blasts, so, too, Cornwells finally became a winter wonderland. Now we are hoping the lake becomes a part of the fairy-like picture.

In-doors we see a permanent stage gradually taking shape at the front of the Assembly Hall. Heretofore every performance of a show demanded the erection of a temporary stage which, at its best, was only makeshift. Furthermore over a period of years this became rather expensive. Therefore as an incentive to present better plays and to provide means for developing ease and poise in public appearances by creating many opportunities for such appearances, a permanent stage is built.

We are glad to announce that Father Fitzpatrick is again with us, having returned from St. Agnes Hospital on Christmas Eve.

During the past month we were glad to have Most Rev. Edwin Byrne, D. D., Bishop of San Juan, Puerto Rico, and Father William Duffy, pay us a short visit.

> Pont. Colleg. Urbano, De Propaganda Fide, Roma.

Dear Father.

There is no doubt that you will be surprised to see this letter from me.

You left me in St. James' Seminary. I was one of your students for the whole time you were there, so I suppose you still remember me.

By the order of my Bishop I have come in the Propaganda College to do my Senior Seminary here. I thank God for that and you will be glad because I was your student. You helped me then and I beg you to continue helping me in your prayers.

Salam sana father, Mimi mtoto vako, Joseph Sipendi

The above letter was received recently by one of our confreres returned from the African mission fields. Another letter, not available at present, states that Joseph is quite pleased with his new surroundings but thinks the studies difficult. He asks for our prayers for his success.

An N. C. W. C. news item mentioned the fact that several natives had been sent from East Africa to the College of the Propaganda. One of these was Joseph Sipendi from Kilimanjaro and two were from Bagamoyo. Humble beginnings, but some day St. James' Seminary may boast of many students learning the divine truths in the Eternal City.

VOCATIONS

From now until the end of the school year, as the day of graduation approaches, the question of vocations comes to the fore. We should give it just as much consideration as the young boy who is trying to discover whether or not Almighty God is calling him to the divine service. For that reason we offer these few reflections.

Vocations have fallen off considerably this past year. Twenty young men were sent from Cornwells to the novitiate and only eighteen came to fill their places. Allowing for a few more to fall by the wayside, as must necessarily happen, we find a recession. Recession is not progress. Perhaps this one is merely temporary but it still behooves us to recall that there is a recession.

Many Fathers have been very faithful in encouraging candidates to join our ranks This is particularly true in certain parishes. Sharpsburg, for instance, has sent many candidates and each of the past two years has seen two first masses of young Holy Ghost Fathers at

St. Mary's. This is very heartening. But there are others who can not account for even one vocation besides their own.

We might also call to mind that there are about the same number of aspirants in the three houses of formation as there are Fathers attached to the American province. Just enough to replace those in the field. What about men to take care of present and future expansion?

THE DAM PROJECT

Several bulges, which appeared some time ago in the escarpment of the lake at Ferndale, had lately increased to rather threatening proportions. An engineer of the City of Norwalk, called in for consultation, warned that unless some action was taken immediately a serious wash-out might occur. He advised a re-enforcement of stone and dirt to an extension of fifteen feet.

With the kind cooperation of Mayor Frank T. Stack and two local contractors the suggested plan was put into operation, with work beginning on November 26. For once the rocky soil of Connecticut proved to advantage, for the mixture gathered from the field beginning at the ice-house was sufficiently rich in both stones and dirt as to exclude the necessity of supplying the two from different sources. A gasoline shovel kept four trucks busy hauling loads from the field. (To be exact from the old sand pit, sometimes used as a "sun-parlor.") The shovel did a sufficiently good job of leveling that spot as to bring tears of joy to Brother Matt's eyes as he visioned even longer rows of corn growing there next year.)

About twelve full working days were spent at the task, although it was not completed for almost a month due to inclement weather. Each day four scholastics were assigned to help in the work. After the required space had been filled, additional loads were hauled to be used in the spring where cave-ins might occur and where leveling is necessary.

Plans now are to have stone walls, similar to that of the rotunda in front of the house, replace the rail fencing on both sides of the road. The filled-in section will be landscaped.

Despite the fact that there is now ample room for it, no widening of the roadway will be made. One of the considerations that led to this decision was the desire to preserve the two trees at the bend in the road. (Those who assisted in planting these trees please take notice. There is at least one place in the world where beauty is of more importance than speed. Your work was not in vain!)

The cost of the work, had it been done at current contract prices, would have caused a heavy strain on the Ferndale finances. Thanks to the cooperation of the mayor and the contractors, however, the cost was greatly reduced and said strain avoided.

IN YOUR CHARITY

Please remember the souls of Father Francis Fitzgerald's mother who died on January 6, at Boston, Mass., of Father Peter Maciejewski's mother who died January 6, at Pittsburgh, Pa., of Father John A. Sullivan, a resident of Ferndale for some time, who died on January 19, at St. Raphael's Hospital, New Haven, Conn., of the mother of Mr. Walter Mroz, novice, who died in Pittsburgh, Pa., on November 19, (1937) and of the brother of Mr. Florian Szymczyk, novice, who died on January 14, in Mt. Carmel, Pa.

CHRONICLE OF FERNDALE

Dec. 23rd—A free Wednesday afternoon, classes having been suspended until the New Year.

Dec. 24th—The decoration of the house, particularly the chapel, the chanting of the Matins of the Nativity in choir and the dramatic presentation of Dickens' Christmas Carol presumably the first Christmas Eve entertainment in Ferndale, would have reminded any modern "Scrooge" that the spirit of Christmastide was in the air.

Dec. 25th—Gently roused by the strains of Christmas carols accompanied by violins, (a custom first recorded in 1926) the community assembled for the celebration of the traditional *Media Nocte Mass*. (Announcement had been made some weeks previously that at the bishop's request there would be no Midnight Mass. At the last minute, figuratively speaking, a change was made and the tradition was carried on). The chanting of Lauds in choir followed immediately. The third Mass. the next morning, was also solemn and a third year theologian was "straw" sub-deacon because of the scarcity of priests at home.

Dec. 26th—First day of the regular vacation rule. All the scholastic priests ate their "Christmas Dinner" together, having returned only this afternoon from Christmas and Sunday ministry.

Dec. 27th—Feast of St. John, Apostle. According to custom, scholastic priests were minor as well as major ministers of the *Missa Solemnis*. The scholastics whose families reside in the Diocese of Hartford or in the Archdiocese of New York spent the day with them.

Dec. 28th—Completion of the new niche, for the bust of the Venerable Libermann. This illuminated memorial made in the wall where the bust and the founder's relic previously rested, is the first main object of vision to anyone using the "porch" entrance.

Dec. 29th—The novices spent their customary Christmas visit here today. Because of the inclement weather no outdoor sporting competition was possible. We did hope to have a new calf to show the boys but Susie or Mollie, or whatever her name is, must not have known they were coming and failed to live up to expectations. So, instead, we showed them the barn and the new cowman. John. Big Mike being no longer with us. We saved the ducks and the chickens for the next trip from Ridgefield. No use showing them everything at once. The arrival of the bus at four bells was greeted with the usual warm applause on the part of the novices (?) and ol' Banana Wagon was once more on her way. By this time she can make the homeward jaunt blindfolded. (The calf came a few days later. Mother and daughter both doing well).

About midnight, Father Superior and Father Recktenwald, alarmed by the flowing of water in the scullery, hastily aroused the scholastic plumber, who dispelled all fear of catastrophe by nonchalantly turning off a dripping faucet. As a result, "target practice" the rest of the week.

Dec. 30—Construction of the new road through the swamp at the north end of the property begun.

Dec. 31st—The old year fittingly closed with a "Te Deum" of thanksgiving at Benediction.

Jan 1st—A belated Christmas treat was enjoyed by the community in the evening in the form of movies. The old silent cinema thrillers of another day were projected alternately by two machines as in present day theatres. Harold Lloyd, Bebe Daniels and Snub Pollard increased the hilarity begun by the Cohens And The Kellys.

Jan. 3rd—Regular class rule resumed.

Jan 6th-Feast of the Epiphany, a free day.

Jan. 7th—Nocturnal adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, held in the Brothers' Chapel for the sake of convenience, preceding this First Friday of the month. In the evening, an expurgated edition of the rollicking comedy, You Can't Take It With You, was presented by scholastics for the enjoyment of the community. It is no small treat to have a current stage success as the above brought to you and presented in such fine histrionic style.

Jan. 10th—The pictures of Our Southern Missions now titled and appropriately arranged were reshown in the evening, prior to the circulation of the same among the communities of the province.

Jan. 13th—After the six-inch snowfall of the preceding night, the scholastics enjoyed the first tobogganing and skiing of the season. Unfortunately, cleaning of the lake for further skating is an almost hopeless task.

STAMP REPORT FOR 1937

The Stamp Department of the Ferndale Mission Unit, in its annual report recently made known, shows an income of \$417.18 for the year 1937.

This is somewhat less than the \$453.46 taken in during 1936 but actually denotes an increase in the possibilities of this enterprise. Practically all of last year's stock of stamps was sold in order to realize the larger figure. This year, because of a falling market, very few stamps have been placed on the open market. Most of the revenue has come from sales to private dealers, not a single purchase having been made by the wholesale stamp concerns. As a result as many stamps are on hand, to be offered for sale when prices go up, as were sold last year.

The buying and selling of stamp collections, a new venture, has proved rather lucrative.

With the commencement of the second school term the Stamp Department has been placed under new management.

THE STRAGGLER, 1916

The Straggler needs no introduction to those who were scholastics in the late 'teens. But for the general enlightenment of some of us of other eras of Ferndale's history, let it be explained that The Straggler was a mimeographed magazine, published by and for the scholastics, which contained racily written columns that treated of current news topics, society notes, the arts and sciences, printed the latest endeavours in the poetic field, maintained a Question Box and, by proffering health hints, rendered invaluable service to its readers. It is our pleasure to print here its famous column. "Book Notices" (from the Thanksgiving issue, 1916): "At The Sound of The Bell."

By J. C. McGlade.

Longmans Green & Co. 8 vo.—2 vols. \$6.00.

A story that will hold your attention throughout. The style is racy and full of life. A good deal of dialogue is interspersed.

"Who's Who in Baseball."

By J. Clarke.

Published by A. J. Reach Co. \$1.50

Interesting biographies of all worth knowing in baseball. Contains many accounts of interesting interviews with famous players. Preface by Mr. P. Moran. "The Man of the Backwoods."

By J. McGuire and D. Killeen. Appleton & Co. Folio 2 Vols.—\$15.00

An intensely interesting account of the struggles and hardships undergone by the pioneers of civilization. The style is vigorous and somewhat unpolished but animated and humorous. A book well worth reading. "The Lost Heir."

By W. Long

R. & F. Washbourne. 1 Vol. 8 vo.—\$3.50.

A pathetically interesting tale with many dramatic scenes. A vein of quiet humor permeates the whole although the ending is rather sad.

"When the Lights Are Low In Chinatown"

By W. McMenemy Appleton & Co. 1 Vol. 8 vo.—\$2.75.

A gripping story of the underworld. The style is tensely interesting, some of the scenes holding the reader in breathless attention. The writer shows a keen appreciation of the miseries and hardships of life in the slums. "Memoirs of Henry Thiefels."

Published by M. Brannigan Straggler Publishing Co.—\$2.50

A series of delightful reminiscences including many excerpts from the great man's Diary. The following extract is typical.

"Oct. 16th 3:45 P. M.

I wanted to show Bro. Joseph the usefulness of the cord attached to my glasses, so I gave them a bump.

They swung around and all of a sudden down they went just as Bro. was saying: 'That string certainly is handy.' ''

A SOUTHERN SAFARI

(Continued)

The new rectory of the Holy Ghost parish at New Orleans offers all that can be desired in the happy combination of monastic design and domestic comfort. Whilst it affords an ideal religious cloister, it also provides ample space for the needs of a modern rectory in a large parish. Father Keane received this wandering pilgrim with an expansive embrace; and during my sojourn in the Crescent City I enjoyed many a chat with my genial host as well as with his associates, Fathers Mike Dwyer and Tony Walsh. To be exact, it was Father Zamborsky who first opened the door to me and rubbing his hands in giee, exclaimed, "Now comes my chance to tell my old Director where to get off."

THE OLD SHELL GAME

There is something strangely thrilling In predicting next day's winner; With this statement all are willing To agree.

Just to call the next formation—
"Will they pass? Or no—a spinner!"
Brings unparalleled elation
And great glee.

In all fields of human action You will find a like condition, Though some get no satisfaction Just in play.

So they lay a fortune royal On the minimum suspicion They'll outwit the famous Doyle Derby Day.

Now this frankly human feeling Here at Ferndale is appearing And of late it's—no concealing— Newly spurred.

Not that we are playing horses—Be assured if you were fearing Such a change in normal courses

Had occurred.

But with June still in the distance Sites are being now appointed (With unqualified insistence, To be sure) For the future destinations Of those recently anointed To give priestly ministrations To God's poor.

Who will go to Arecibo?
Isle Brevelle, Detroit or Pittsburgh?
Will they all see mighty Kibo,
Or stay home?

And besides, since last September, We've a new one: What of Fribourg? Or Louvain or (Ah, remember!) Dear old Rome?

These are question newly risen; But the "backers" of the answers Are not apt to land in prison, Minus shirt:

Since the wagers that they offer Aren't what's placed on Preakness prancers, But comprise an empty saucer For dessert.

So if you are of that number
Who find such things to their pleasure,
(Could we use the word cucumber
Just for rhyme?)

We'd advise some early choices, For in matters of this nature: No pay-off unless your voice's Heard in time! I must say he did a good job as cicerone, even though it was closed season for Mardi Gras.

In New Orleans you have the old French section, a Spanish atmosphere, a colonial town and the modern city all wrapped up in one. It was in a street car on the famous Canal Street that I made my first and only faux pas in regard to the Jim Crow Law. A courteous reminder was sufficient and the lesson was not forgotten.

The church and rectory of the Holy Ghost parish make a very imposing group in their corner location on Louisiana Avenue. It is one of the several indications in New Orleans that the progress of the faith amongst the colored affords good hope that they may serve God and pursue their work in pleasant and respectable surroundings.

The parish of St. Monica is situated in a part of the city that is plainly marked with poverty. Father Dwyer has accomplished a great deal in improving both the exterior and interior of the church, and has managed to build a splendid hall on the school grounds. Constant and permanent work in the instruction of converts is gradually building St. Monica's into a solid and promising center of Catholic worship.

I didn't have time to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Huey P. Long but I did visit his famous show-place at the Shushan Airport—the utmost in aviation equipment and modernistic appointment. I would add that it ranks as the finest airport in the land if I had not later inspected the Barksdale Field at Shreveport. Anyway we can proffer the orchid to Louisiana for air-travel.

Being satisfied with the condition of aviation I bought a railroad ticket for Lafayette and rode for four hours through fields of sugar cane amongst the bayous of lower Louisiana. I also had my first real glimpse of Spanish Moss on this leg of my itinerary. Incidentally the coaches of these southern trains afford better furnishings than do any of our northern roads. By this statement I am reversing my field in a matter of opinion. I had heard of the poorly equipped trains of the South and West and was quite smugly confident that our own New Haven road with its stream-line models provided the best in the world. True it is that on many of the small local runs the southern trains are extremely plain and unpretentious. But for extended travel by rail you can have a beautiful coach, a seat adjustable to three positions, a clean towel covering a headrest and a loquacious colored porter, all for one cent a mile. provided you haven't forgotten your clerical certificate.

But to return to Lafayette. On my arrival at the station I walked into the arms of Father McGlade, and placed my valise in the hands of Father Bill Keown. (I did not say: "Lafayette, we are here!" I mention this for the record.) After being duly installed as a guest at St. Paul's and refreshed and regaled as all poor pilgrims should be, I was off, with my hosts, to take in a local night foot-ball game. This was about my only taste of cold weather in the South. That evening I wore Father McGlade's overcoat and liked it; liked it so well

that it accompanied me during the rest of my journey. It fitted me perfectly, as was to be expected since I rank next to him alphabetically in the Etat du Personnel.

The diocese of Lafayette, and in fact nearly all of the southern part of the state, is predominantly Catholic and hence the percentage of Catholics among the negroes is far greater than in Alexandria or Shreveport. It was nothing short of amazing to see the big turn-out for the five o'clock Mass, a regular Sunday feature. The last mass at 8:30 also comes as a surprise. It seems the excessive mid-day heat will not permit Mass at later hours.

Whilst at Lafayette I visited the parish conducted by the three negro priests of the Society of the Divine Word. They have a beautiful plant set amidst spacious lawns and abundant evergreens. The pastor, Rev. Vincent Smith, S.V.D., visited Ferndale during the past year.

With Father McGlade as my chauffeur-host I headed westward to the shores of Lake Charles where Father Hannigan gave me the right hand of fellowship in right good style. Father Dooley, another of the five of the Ferndale class of 1937 appointed to Louisiana, now assistant to Father Hannigan, showed us the splendors of the town as well as of the lake. It seems to be more of a northern city in its design and occupation. Father Hannigan had slain the fatted calf in our honor, and after an ample repast and an exchange of views on things in general, Fathers McGlade and McGlynn departed with the better half of the calf inside of us.

My program next indicated New Iberia. So, on a balmy autumn Sunday afternoon I drew up at the residence of Fathers Joe Lonergan and Bill Lavin, doffed my hat and coat, and straightway made myself at home. After I had made my welcome secure by gaining the friendship of their beautiful bird dog (I shall not attempt to name the exact species), we decided to visit the mission at Abbeville before dark. The moving pictures of the church at Abbeville are poor since I took them at four o'clock in the afternoon. Don't ever do that. The camera eye demands the full sun of the noonday hours. On this same Sunday afternoon we explored the features of McIlhenny's Park and bird sanctuary, which offer some beautiful scenes of tropical flowers and foliage. I must admit that the birds walked out on us. We didn't even find a pelican, even though the state enshrines this bird on its automobile registration plates.

Heading north as the crow flies, the road-map beckoned one to Carencro. The very name of this town suggests the bird. Father Frank Smith himself drove up just as we arrived; and whilst taking the salute of twenty-one guns I was in admiration at his place. A dream of a cottage with a picturesque setting of small palms and orange trees. Father McGoldrick had recently arrived as Father Smith's new curate, and also as the cure of Prairie Basse. The people of this section speak French for the most part. Father Smith has done wonders in developing both the school and the church attendance. Father McGoldrick drove me out to Prairie Basse in the midst of heavy rain, and we were rewarded by the sight of a flourishing parochial school attached to a distant mission church.

In nearly all our southern parishes we find parochial schools not only for the standard eight grades but also for the four year high school course. This means work and oftentimes worry for the man in charge because it entails a great financial burden. We have great reason to be thankful for the foundations that are being laid. It serves as an example of what can be done through the combined efforts of priests and people. When we see many of our more prosperous northern dioceses with few, if any, Catholic high schools, we can understand and appreciate what our Fathers have done in this regard in the South.

A short drive from Carencro brings you to the town with the succulent name, Opelousas. We had a full gathering of the clan here. The delegations from Lafayette and Carencro accompanied me thus far, and we rallied round the festive board, and made the rafters ring. It is not good for man to be alone, and many a spirited Spiritan gathering during this trip served to verify this antediluvian adage. Father Bill Long, ably assisted by his deacon, Tom Rodgers, have a thriving plant in the Holy Ghost parish and school. A large property with three school buildings show the splendid progress of this fruitful section of our southern vine-yard.

I have some good motion pictures of the school children doing their physical excercises in many of these places, and shall send them along the route for local use wherever the Fathers wish them and have facilities for showing sixteen millimeter films. The pictures of Opelousas give a fine view of the house and lawns, and include the historic building of civil war days that formerly served as the rectory for Father Hyland.

DAILY RULE OF FATHER LAVAL, APOSTLE OF MAURITUS

5:00—Rising, morning prayer at prison where he was chaplain

5:45-Meditation, preparation for mass

7:00—Mass, Thanksgiving

8:00—Confessions

10:30-Little hours

Other parish duties, lunch, reading

4:00—Confessions

5:00—Evening prayer at the prison

5:30—Confessions

7:00-Rosary, instruction

9:00—Supper, night prayer, "lights out"

Sunday

7:00-Prayer and instructions at prison

8:30—Office, mass, confessions

12:00-Mass, instructions, rosary

3:00-Breakfast

For the rest of the day—visit to the prison, confessions, evening devotions.

EUROPEAN COMMENT

—Fribourg—

"We had Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve followed by Lauds and a lunch. During the lunch we sang a number of songs. We had songs in Irish, French, Breton, Portuguese, Polish and Dutch. Then the trouble started by a pressing popular request. Lip, Walsh and myself (Sal was out on ministry) got up in the middle of the refectory and sang "East Side, West Side." We managed to get through it in good order. I don't know whether it was politeness or thoughtfulness that prompted the confreres to say it was very good. At any rate we gave them an American song and that was what they asked for"—Joe Moroney.

".... I just heard the other day that those St. Bernard dogs up in the Alps don't carry whiskey but coffee in a thermos bottle. That whiskey gag is just to lure the gullible Americans to Suisse. Glad I found it out before I went up there and got myself lost. But then they ought to get the S. P. C. A. after them for playing a trick like that on the dogs.

"There is a sense of humor over here. It seems Joe was the hit of the year when he told the one about taking a bath once a year whether he needed it or not. I hesitate to tell the one about the Philly rooter because they might require too many details

"My Roman correspondent tells me that Mussolini is on the way out. The war with Abyssinia and the burden he is putting on the people have cooked his goose and all that's keeping him going is the muscle "—Paul Lippert.

"... Little kids stop you in the street here for either of two reasons. The ordinary one is to shake hands and say 'Bon jour, Monsieur L'Abbe.' The first time this happened I didn't know what it was all about. However, I was told it was the custom. Extraordinarily, kids stop you and ask for money to buy milk. It's a funny thing they always have to buy milk. The old racket back home is—'I need another penny to go to the movies.' However, I haven't been able to find out whether or not the kids here really want the money for milk. I have never seen anybody else begging here in Fribourg."—John Walsh.

-Rome-

"... A musical and literary seance such as we have is nothing like a Ferndale production, for example. The reason is, I suppose, that they give much less time to preparing it. They prefer an entertainment composed of small pieces (don't think of vaudeville, now) to a complete play. Then again they read their poetry or prose, whichever the case may be. All in all, the result is far from morose. As for the audience, it's as dignified as possible. Cardinal Tisserand presided at one we had recently, to say nothing of fourteen or so Bishops and passing over in silence the Superior Generals and Illustrissimi Professors. His Eminence addressed us a few

words at the end, and, asking us to pray in particular for the return of the Eastern Church. He's Prefect of

the Oriental Congregation . . .

"There is a statue of Saint Therese on the loggia waiting to be unveiled. It was given to the Seminary by the sister of St. Therese, the present Superior of the Carmelite Convent at Lisieux. I haven't seen it yet but it is supposed to be a life-size statue representing the Saint reading the Gospels in the garden of the monastery. There is a minature copy of it in the parlor at Ferndale."

Lou Schenning and Ed Supple.

Louvain

quickly that I'm still trying to get my bearings. The past year has surely been the fastest in my history. Well, on Christmas Day we had Midnight Mass followed by two low Masses. After the masses we had a little snack consisting of (guess what? only one answer possible) cocoa and cake. Then we discussed politics till three o'clock . . .

"On the sixth of January we visited Father Van de Putte's sister at Ghent. We did not go there for Christmas for we did not want to leave the community. We were invited for several days but as class started on the 7th we could visit them for only one day . . . "

John Kanda.

"The five new Fathers," writes Fr. Mangan, "reached Tanga on Thanksgiving Day, November 25. Fathers Dolan and Noppinger received them and ce ebrated their arrival with a dinner which had all the appearances of Turkey Day at home. They remained there a few days to recover their land-legs and came on here to Kilema the following Wednesday. All of them are well and in great form. They are remaining here for a few days, but will then go to Singa Chini, where there are ideal conditions for a month devoted to the study of Kiswahili."

COMMUNICATION

Notre Dame De Sion 3823 Locust Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Reverend and dear Father,

We acknowledge with sincere thanks your kind offering towards the Archconfraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel.

We are deeply grateful for the spirit of charity which prompted your gift but we are especially grateful for

your continued interest in our work.

Of course, as sons of the Venerable Libermann, the apostolate of the Jews should appeal to all the Holy Ghost Fathers. Could you suggest a way by which we could enroll them all and thus be able to rely on their efficient cooperation? I enclose some pledge cards which you will perhaps use for that purpose.

With reiterated thanks, I remain, Gratefully in Corde Jesu, Sr. Marie Noemi de Sion. Priest members of the Archconfraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel, conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame de Sion, pledge themselves to offer one mass a year for the conversion of the Jews. In return, they receive a plenary indulgence at the time of offering the annual mass and share in the same spiritual benefits as other members. There are no dues required.

The Archconfraternity, referred to as the A. P. I., was erected by decree of Pius X on August 24, 1909. The Sisters of Notre Dame de Sion were founded by

Father Alphonse Ratisbonne in 1843.

A THOUGHT FROM OUR VENERABLE FOUNDER

I hear not aught in this encircling vault—
Not e'en the reader's drone—but my own heart
Which agonizes from an unkind dart,
Or, truer, suffers from imagined fault.
Lo! In the semi-darkness comes a halt:
The fancied slight, the droning voice depart.
This is the moment of the day apart:
An angel stirs the waters for the halt,
The sick, the blind. Thrice-blessed, I do not run
The race to gain the pool Probatic first,
Nor with the motley crowd defeated flounder.
With fleshly limbs such grace is never won.
I have a champion all my foes to worst;
"A thought from Our Venerable Founder."

BRAVE BEGINNINGS

St. Joseph's House, Phila., Pa.

The urgent need of a protecting Home for the deserving Catholic working boys of Philadelphia had, in 1888, been long apparent to all engaged in or conversant with charitable work among the poor. At that time scanty room in the orphanages prevented the admission of all deserving young children who applied, not to

speak of the neglected ones of older years.

When one was admitted to the asylum, so many younger than he were constantly waiting to be helped that he could be kept only till his twelfth year; and at this age more care is needed to foster good habits than at any period of a child's life. If, for a time, the boy, thus early thrown on his own resources, succeeded in finding some ill-paid employment, the streets were certain to claim him soon. Such results, which were vividly impressed on him in his daily round of mercy, inspired in Rev. Eugene V. McElhone, at that time chaplain of the Philadelphia Almshouse, a desire to establish an institution for the moral protection of boys of such a tender age. It is to his efforts that St. Joseph's House owes its origin.

In the spring of 1888, with the permission of the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, the humble dwelling, 732 Pine Street, was purchased as the nucleus of the good

work, but possession was not secured until the 21st of November, 1889, Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary; and the first Mass was celebrated within its walls on Christmas day of the same year. In the annals of the Home these two feasts are marked for special veneration.

In May, 1890, Archbishop Ryan, formally blessed this first foundation, dedicating it to the Patronage of St. Joseph, and declared it open for the poor boys it was designed to shelter. Thus was St. Joseph's House launched on its career of usefulness.

Like most charitable works, the progress of St. Joseph's House was, from the outset, beset with innumerable difficulties.

Money—that power for good or evil—was wanting to provide for the few boys who were its first inmates; for their daily needs they were dependent on a few sympathetic friends. The new institution in these early days of its struggling existence seemed doomed to failure. After a few months, it was deprived of its Founder and first Director, who was ordered to return to his former post at the Almshouse, and St. Joseph's was left, for a short time, to the guardianship of a hastily selected lay caretaker.

It was at this crisis that the fatherly interest of Archbishop Ryan was exerted to provide a permanent organization for the discouraging work, and the Holy Ghost Fathers were requested to take charge. October, 1890, saw the advent to St. Joseph's of the Rev. D. J. Fitzgibbon, C.S.Sp., who had been chosen for the post of Director.

When the work was given over to the Holy Ghost Fathers there were no resources of any kind available, nor any organization established to procure funds. St. Joseph's House at the time consisted of one small house, poorly furnished, located at 732 Pine Street and valued at \$8,000, on which there was a debt of \$2,000. However, the Fathers felt confident they could rely on the charity of the faithful of Philadelphia for such a work which God was sure to bless and make prosper; and they were not disappointed.

Co-operating as Vice-director with Father Fitz-gibbon, from 1892 to 1898, was the Rev. Thos. J. Lynch, later diocesan Supervisor of Correction Work for Catholics in New York City, who assisted in the successful growth of the Home in its early years. And so began the history of St. Joseph's House for Homeless Boys. Though forced to contend with obstacles lying in the path of any such effort, it soon showed by its rapid growth that the blessing of God was upon it.

The premises 727, with its large yard including 729, was acquired in 1891; the overcrowded condition of the original house in the first six months of its existence necessitated the purchase of additional quarters.

In one short year further accommodations were needed for the rapidly growing number of homeless boys seeking admission. Their persistent claims brought about the purchase of 733 Pine Street in 1893, and 731 in 1894. In 1900, the Home secured the property at 735—

the northeast corner of 8th and Pine Streets—and 725 was added in 1909.

Each new building could be secured only by heavy mortgage. The zeal of the solicitors and the generosity of friends made it possible, as the years went on, to pay off the entire indebtedness.

In 1914 when St. Joseph's House celebrated its Silver Jubilee, it possessed a plant valued at \$125,000 and equipment at \$25,000, free of liability. At the same time there was a sum of \$100,000 in a reserve fund for the future development of the work.

The new site for St. Joseph's House at 16th Street and Allegheny Avenue, was purchased in 1929 for the sum of \$225,000; the present building being erected on this location at a cost of \$345,000, accommodating two-hundred boys,

Forty-five of these lads attend the High School, which was established there in 1934, and ninety-five are in the grammar grades. The remainder of the boys are employed in the laundry and maintenance department; in the Printing Shop, which was established in 1922; the Shoe Shop, established in 1932, and the Tailor Shop, established in 1934.

In 1936, a small office building adjoining the Printing Shop, was erected and in the same year was purchased a building adjacent to the main structure which was turned into an Infirmary, modern in every detail, including an operating room, a dental clinic and a chiropody clinic.

The present plant is valued at approximately \$500,-000 and the equipment at about \$75,000.

A brave beginning—a humble beginning—and may this noble work continue to grow and grow!

St. Joseph's, Mount Carmel

The history of St. Joseph's parish begins in the year of 1874 when the Most Rev. J. Shanahan, D.D., bishop of Harrisburg, observing the growth of the Polish population of the community, arranged for the holding of services for the Polish residents of Mt. Carmel in the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The Rev. Father Floryan Klonowski, of St. Stanislaus' Church, Shamokin, was delegated to say these specially arranged Masses and to preach in the Polish tongue.

Under the direction of Father Klonowski, co-operating with the wishes of Bishop Shanahan, St. Joseph's parish, with a small but appreciative membership of forty-five families, was formed. The organization perfected, the original church was erected at the corner of Sixth and Hickory Streets and on Christmas Day, 1876, the brick structure was dedicated, with Father Klonowski installed as the parish rector.

Father Klonowski continued as rector until 1884, when he was succeeded by his brother, Father Jerome Klonowski. It was under his leadership that the brick school building was erected.

The following pastors succeeded Father Jerome Klonowski in turn up to 1906: Fathers Jachimowicz, Gulcz, Machnikowski, Misicki, Chajecki, Jakulbowski Tomiak and Maciejewski.

In 1906 the parish was turned over to the Holy Ghost Fathers, with the Rev. Sigismund Rydlewski as the first pastor. Under his direction the enrollment in the parish grew to 360 families, the church debt was paid and new life instilled in parish activities. In 1912 Father Rydlewski was succeeded by Father Maximilian Mayer, whose continued activities and sincere endeavors until his death in 1936, served to further enhance the church membership.

With the growth of the membership, Father Mayer conceived the idea of a new church and sought the cooperation of his parishioners. The confidence of the members in the directing head of the parish was quickly reflected in liberal response and by 1923 the accumulation of funds was of such proportion as to warrant the

letting of the contract for the new church, which stands today as a monument to the endeavors of Father Mayer and his parishioners.

Copies of the Theological Conferences for 1938 have been sent to all the communities of the province. Houses which have not received a sufficient number should notify the Provincial Procurator.

Mr. Joseph Moroney received the first two minor orders on January 6, at Fribourg.

Father Provincial, accompanied by Father Recktenwald, the procurator of the province, made an official visit (Nov. 7—Dec. 17, 1937), to our 21 regularly established parishes and 16 missions in Ala., La., Ark., and Okla.

AVIS DU MOIS CATHOLIC ACTION

CATHOLIC ACTION, defined as the evangelization of the people by the people, is as you know urgently recommended by our Holy Father. It is by no means a new apostolic method. Our Divine Lord, before ascending into Heaven, gave this task to His assembled apostles and disciples when He said to them: "Going therefore teach ye all nations."

And so it was. The apostles and their successors, the Popes, the Bishops and the Priests, represented the Teaching Church whilst the Disciples,—the Lay Apostolate, were to spread the Gospel under their direction.

From the very beginning Christianity spread over Asia Minor, North Africa, to Rome, Greece, Gaul and even to Spain.

What shall I say of ourselves? Have we a role to play in this CATHOLIC ACTION? Most certainly. As missionaries we not only work directly with infidel peoples to whom we are sent but we are also in charge of training catechists who will evangelize their fellow men who, in turn will spread the light of faith round about them. In our catechism classes, in our instructions, in our daily talks with them, we must do all in our power to develop in our converts this spirit of zeal for the faith which is nothing more than following the order given by our Blessed Lord and so urgently repeated by Pope Pius XI.

Every Mohammedan is an apostle. Why can't every

Christian be one likewise?

A. L. R.

O UR PROVINCE

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

New Dixiana Feature

MICHIGAN'S LONE NEGRO SCHOOL

(Detroit News)

WANTED: MORE GHOST WRITERS!

Read this first!!!

THREE DISORDERLY FELLOWS

Esquire, King Swing, Dean Swift

"For dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Gen. 111:19.

VOLUME SIX
NUMBER THREE

List of Contents

OUR DEAD

THREE DISORDERLY FELLOWS

Editorial

Lent

Michigan's Lone Negro School

Forum for Christian Democracy

Personal-More or Less

Guardian of Jesus and Mary

OUR LEVITES:—Ferndale Herald, Kernels from Cornwells, February 2 Pro-

grammes.

Southern Exposure

Wild White Sister

Biography of a Soul

Avis du Mois

OUR MAIL BOX:-

Wanted: More Ghost Writers!

African Assignments

Southern Safari, III

More of "The Straggler"

OUR COMMUNITIES:—

Stella Maris Chapel

Only Human

OUR ANNIVERSARIES

DURING THE MONTH OF MARCH

We pray for:

Father Matthew Heitzmann, died March 3, 1917,

aged 79 years.

Father Michael Ward, died March 7, 1908, aged 42

Brother Ludolf Schoenrock, died March 13, 1927,

aged 60 years. Father Lawrence Farrell, died March 14, 1934, aged

65 years.

Father Thomas Molloy, died March 19, 1928, aged 59 years.

Father Ánthony Jaworski, died March 24, 1909, aged 64 years.

Father Theodore Maniecki, died March 25, 1929,

aged 52 years. Ser Robert Tobin, died March 28, 190

Father Robert Tobin, died March 28, 1900, aged 44 years.



OUR PROVINCE

VOL. 6

MARCH, 1938

No. 3

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PROVINCIAL $FOR\ PRIVATE\ CIRCULATION$

HOLY GHOST FATHERS, FERNDALE, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Editorial Office: 65 West 138th Street, New York, N. Y. Printed at St. Joseph's House, 16th & Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

THREE DISORDERLY FELLOWS An Editorial

(Esquire)

Is there anything more disconcerting to a tired preacher, reclining in Father Doaks' easiest easy-chair after a magnificent discourse on some moral evil, than to have Father Doaks himself, flip him the latest copy of Esquire, with an enthusiastic: "take a look at that cartoon on page 50?" Or to receive a streamline announcement decorated shamelessly with a cartoon: "Courtesy New Yorker", and inviting one to attend some clerical fiesta? Or to have a pious conversation in the home or one's 'best' parishioner, sadly deflated by the appearance of one of the youngsters gleefully waving at Daddy the "only-just-arrived" issue of Look? . . . And so on. The flood of Esquires, New Yorkers, Coronets, Pics, Sees, Looks, etc., leads one to conclude that our professional wits have discovered clean humor requires too much of both writer and reader and, hence, no percentage.

(King Swing)

Swing it! Young people live it, dream it, sleep it, talk it, walk it, eat it! The radio has become a public nuisance, choking the ether with it. The maid walks in on you swinging some new tune; the organist stops your Mass with an impromptu jam session; inconsiderate confreres allow nothing else on the Community radio, is if swing were the only kind of music. Swing may be intrinsically all right (let us hope!) but it is certainly over-stimulating as steady diet. When Benny Goodman can metamorphose several thousands of jaded New Yorkers into whirling wailing dervishes of swing, it's a commentary on something or other, and that not highly complimentary. Thank God, there are still some people medieval enough to be universal in their tastes and sufficiently Christian to let swing have its short hour, which in itself, should be an overpowering lesson in tolerance and long-suffering.

(Dean Swift)

In these days of high-pressure unsocial demagogues and delirious thinking, another freak nuisance is the Catholic gentleman, more proficient at his profession than at his religion, giving the world his opinion of what the Church stands for. As a rule, he misrepresents, both the stand and the Church. A current case in point is the legitimate production, "Shadow and Substance" now maligning the Irish clergy on a Broadway stage.

Paul Vincent Carroll, the author, tells how he came to write the play: "I have always been fascinated by the chief character of the Augustan Period of English literature, Dean Swift. (the ribald, vulgar, bigoted fellow we know so well.—Ed. Note). I decided one day to resurrect Dean Swift, make him not only a Catholic, but a learned interpreter of Catholicism. From him came the character of the Canon." This is the same fellow who wrote: "In 1920, I returned to my home town (Dundalk, County Louth). I found the family grocers, the publicans and the clergy richer than ever as a result of the war . . . A teacher could be instantly dismissed by the parish priest, who more often than not knew little about a piece of literature . . . these orders (religious brothers) . . . are the curse of Ireland . . . " And concludes with: "In case you think I'm a heretic and even an infidel, I'm a good Catholic, even if I have little time for the army of little boyish Irish curates who believe in the shamrock and the harp and the glorified mud cabins we have crept from, out of the hell of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and that your sentimental Irish-Americans came back to see! Forsooth!" Aye, forsooth, lad! Sure, and doesn't Hitler call himself a Catholic,

What with bawdy literature and sensational photography, the swing nuisance, and the half-educated, half-baked intellectuals we've had to contend with since the Great War, a priest who can maintain the integrity of his sanity through it all, deserves the Don Quixote award for endurance.

LENT

Nature herself bespeaks the wisdom of insisting on definite denials in order to enhance the satisfaction of purified survival. Her spring or "lencten" months pass from the monotonous nakedness of snow bereft fields into the luxuriant growth proper to summer. Riotous growths are the more remarkable in the proportion that they grow up where but little vegetation was lately to be seen. So too with man; the recollection of past mortifications voluntarily assumed, increases the joy now at hand. Man looks before and after, and he pines for what is not; but he eventually experiences an added pleasure in the good that his sacrifices have bought. Similarly in athletics: no sportsman considers that he does anything beyond that which sound common sense demands when he abstains from food in order to the

better train himself for overcoming the rigors that are met with in the game which most interests him. What price can any man pay that would be excessively much in purchasing goods for the soul?

Man, of his nature, is ever seeking new ascensions. He is truly wise who realizes that even though with the pitchfork of penance he roots out his innate tendencies towards sloth and self-indulgence, still such inclinations will always return. Lent is the time of the Grand Girding of the soul. During these days we so prepare ourselves that God's grace in us may be protected and increased, that the forthcoming battles against sin will leave us unscathed and unscarred. As we sow in the spring so shall we reap in the harvest time; as we prepare our souls by prayer—aided somewhat by repression of the comforts of the body and its appetites—for the great feast of Christ's Resurrection so shall we rejoice in the Paschal time.

In the realm of spiritual values we always get what we deserve. Human nature is so constituted that often we fain would have our fellowman reckon our worth as highly as we ourselves do. But with God we know that we will be justly judged. The extent to which we stint our legitimate desires will govern to a great degree the measures of Easter joy that shall be meted out to us. God will not be fooled. He will see to it that we get out of Lent what we put into it. If our investments be meager, be assured the returns shall be similarly slight.

On the other hand, the scope of sacrifice is such that it benefits man in time and eternity. Nothing succeeds like success. Recall how Christ taught that to the worthy man who had much, still more would be given. Parable after parable tells of the great things in store for those who serve Him well. And in like manner shall the Lord God do to you who love Him.

Only Human . . .

"... How beautiful is the missionary life when seen from a distance! But, close up, how repulsive, how painful how distasteful and enervating. Yet, so far, I have not been discouraged.

"In the evening you are so tired, so crushed; but in the morning you can sing with Pere Blampin:

'Now then, to work with good heart!

Here we must toil and suffer

But in heaven—rest, happiness!" (or something like that)."

—Letter of Father Laval, at Mauritius, to the Venerable Libermann.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, through our Lord, Jesus Christ and by the charity of the Holy Ghost, that you help me in your prayers for me to God."

-Letter of St. Paul to the Romans; XV, 30.

"Father McGlade, pastor of St. Paul's, Lafayette, is seriously ill in St. Joseph's Infirmary, Houston, Texas. The prayers of all the confreres are asked for his quick recovery."

—News item in August, 1935, O. P.

MICHIGAN'S LONE NEGRO SCHOOL

Detroit News, Jan. 29, 1938

The dingy, gray frame building at Beaubien and Eliot Streets gives no hint of the activity within. Built as an apartment house, the building during the last year has experienced some major changes and now serves as a school for 122 Negro boys and girls—the only Negro school in Michigan, according to the Fathers of the Holy Ghost who conduct it.

About twenty-five years ago the priests started the parish of St. Peter Claver, but it was not until last year when the Felician Sisters offered to cooperate with the work that the school was opened. Today the kindergarten and four lower grades testify to the success of the venture.

There are more than seven hundred Negro members of the Catholic parish of St. Peter Claver, which, with the parish of St. Benedict the Moor, are the only two Negro Catholic churches in Detroit.

Children Like School

"The children love the school," one of the Holy Ghost pastors declared. "They actually hate to go home at the end of the day, and we feel that by making school pleasant we are keeping them from becoming possible delinquents. This is a poor parish and we still need many things. We need clothing for the children and books for the school. The parish isn't very well known with the result that we don't have as much help as some parishes or Catholic organizations."

The parish was named after St. Peter Claver, a Spanish Jesuit priest who was born in 1581. In later years he went to Cartagena, South America, and there in the world's greatest slave market, baptized 300,000 Negro men and women, nursed them when they arrived beaten and sick, and made himself beloved by thousands.

Upstairs in the little apartment over the classrooms the pastors of St. Peter Claver's Church live. Again a visitor in the drear neighborhood who passes the shabby gray building would never dream of the beauty in those rooms. Father Henry Thiefels, C.S.Sp., pastor, is a camera fan—not 'candid,' but rather a fan who finds the camera as true a medium for art as the brush.

Art Is Plentiful

In one of the rooms old Flemish masters have contributed to the astonishing loveliness. Father Thiefels has beautiful reproductions of old masters with the soft colorings set off by frames which he himself made. Antique statuettes of saints, the Blessed Virgin and the Saviour occupy corner niches. A colored print of Micawber and David Copperfield shares honors with a Rembrandt pencil sketch copy on the wall.

Huge portfolios of reproductions of famous pictures lie next to volumes of the Catholic Encyclopedia on the book shelves, and on the floor of the tiny studio is a leopard skin rug—sent from Africa where the animal was shot by a missionary father of the Holy Ghost

Outside the gray dreariness of a poverty-stricken neighborhood presses close, but inside, worn rugs, shabby chairs, and a makeshift dining room fade in the presence of the unexpected glory of pictures—a hobby that has turned the rooms into things of beauty.

So, too, the priests point out, is their work in the parish turning the lives of Negro children into something useful and happy despite the constant nearness of poverty and dirt.

THE FORUM ON CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY

The Forum On Christian Democracy, conducted by the Catholic Laymen's Union of New York and meeting the fourth Sunday of each month in St. Mark's Auditorium, has begun its program for the first half of 1938.

The topic discussed at the January meeting was Christian Attitude To Labor Organization; that at the February meeting was Labor Relations and the Negroes, a symposium. Other programs scheduled are as follows:

March 27—The Christian Cooperative, a symposium.

May 22—Maintaining Democracy.

The purpose of the Forum, according to its announcement, is "to give expression to all who believe democracy can and should be maintained through Christian principles of justice and cooperation." Its policy is described as "frank discussion, tending to constructive solutions of current problems" and is open to all, without distinction of race or color.

Membership in the Catholic Laymen's Union, sponsors of the Forum, was at one time limited to Negroes but is now extended to all interested in attaining its aims. Father John La Farge, S.J., is spiritual director.

PERSONAL—MORE OR LESS

Ha-rumph! Quiet please! If you'll all be quiet for just—Quiet, down there at the far end! Oh, yes; before I forget it: I've been asked to request that you make a special effort not to spill anything on the table-cloth. It was just put on this noon for St. Joseph—that is, in honor of his feast today—and it has to stay on until next Saturday. So please do be careful!

And now, before we settle down to serious work and dig in, I want to say a few words to remind you of the purpose of this banquet. Every year we have this gettogether of all the members of the province on the feast of St. Joseph to do honor to the Brothers, whose special patron St. Joseph is. Here they are on both sides of me at the speaker's table, blushing but beaming. They occupy an enviable position today, right up here in front, facing you all.

That gives us a lead to our main thought. The position of the Brothers on every other day of the year isn't exactly enviable. In fact it might be regarded with a big wide grin by the smart boys of the world, who see in it nothing but a "sucker's job." Brother is synonomous with "dope" in their lingo. Ha, but just wait, eh, Brothers? Someday the Brothers won't be forced to give up their front-row seats—ever!

A few weeks ago the reader of prayers announced the opening of a novena for a deceased brother. We didn't catch the name; but when he read out "—who died at the age of 70 after 55 years in the Congregation—" our mind just couldn't help wandering during the prayer, picturing to itself a beardless youth—a mere boy, rather, aged 15—presenting himself to God's service in the year???

Then, during the short time of the examen, when we should have been correcting our faults, we tried to envision that "kid" growing up in that same service. At 25 he was already an old hand at the business; at 35 he was beginning to get a little gray around the temples, at 55 perhaps a little stooped; then years later nothing more in the world's eyes than a worker who received no pay but in God's eyes, a loyal servant with fifty years of work behind him.

A humdrum existence? No doubt. Not so easy, either. But do you think that right now that brother is wishing it had been the glamorous front of a movie studio or a banking house on the Wall Street of his day and age to which he had presented himself at the age of fifteen?

I've talked more than I intended; I can see quite a few longing eyes directed towards the soup tureen. Far be it from me to prolong the suspense. But don't forget—careful of the tablecloth!

In past years we had midnight High Mass out in the open. This year we were able to use the new church and so were sheltered against the danger of one of those tropical downpours that mark this time of the year.

Arusha, Jan. 12, 1938.

THE GUARDIAN OF JESUS AND MARY

(From "A Man Who Was A Man")

Arise, and take the child and his mother. (Matt. 11.20)

The responsibility placed upon the shoulders of St. Joseph, to be Guardian of the Saviour of the World and of His Mother Mary, is a responsibility too great for human speech to express, because there is no word upon human lips, ample enough, or profound enough, to tell the pricelessness of the Treasure placed in his keeping. We are all familiar with the mythical story of the giant who carried, was burdened with, the weight of the whole universe; but if there ever was a giant among men, a man of gigantic stature of soul, the man who guarded and carried the fortunes of the world's Redeemer, was surely that man. Blessed Mary, the Mother of Jesus, when she learned from the mouth of the angel that God had chosen her to be the Mother of the Expected of all the Nations, was troubled, and for a moment, questioned the possibility of such an honor. The commission which the Angel brought from God to St. Joseph was accepted without delay as without question. Far be it from the heart as well as from the mind of a lover of Our Lady to place before her in grace or in perfection or in glory, anyone, even St. Joseph. If the comparison is made it is only to show how worthy of her, in virtue, was the man called by God to share with her in her responsibility, to protect her, to guard her, in her every hour of need. For if the Great Lord Christ Himself wavered once for an hour and pleaded not to be obliged to drink the chalice of His own responsibilities, it surely was no dishonor to His Mother to have hesitated for a moment when she could not yet see her way: but it is more surely the glory of this Grand Old Man of God, St. Joseph, that neither for a moment nor for an hour, did he hesitate or waver in the acceptance of the holy will of God, for it is told how, at the Angel's bidding, forthwith he "arose and took the Child and His Mother," in his keeping.

All the world knows now who that Child was, and who that Mother. But when Joseph in obedience to the will of God took them, guarded them, loved them, served them, their story had not yet been written, their place was as yet unknown in the heart or in the destinies of mankind. For us to pledge our loyalty to Christ should not be difficult, much less extraordinary. for whether we look without us or within us, we behold a wonderful, a glorious Christ. We behold a King of Whose kingdom this small world is too limited to be the theater, a Lover for Whose love ten thousand worlds would be too small. For us to swear allegiance to Mary His Mother should not be difficult nor extraordinary, for we know her to be the radiant Queen of Christ's Kingdoms in Heaven and upon the earth, we know her for our own Most Blessed Mother. We know truly who we love; for upon the Heart of Mary as upon the Heart of Christ we have all laid our head sometime, and found comfort, we have all knelt at their feet, and found forgiveness, we have all come to them weary and heavily laden, and we have gone away refreshed. But the strong and silent man who stood guard over Jesus and His Blessed Mother in the days when they were with their own, and their own neither knew them nor received them, had no visions of any kingdom conquered by their love, of any love won by their beauty. There was a child indeed, the Son of God, he was told, but One without power, without strength, without majesty, that lay shivering cradled in the straw or in the hollows of a poor tired woman's arms. There was a child, the Son of God, he was told, poor, homeless, hunted, consigned to the savage tenderness of the desert, without glory, without joy. And it is told here for the immortal memory of Joseph that he loved and cherished and shielded a Mother and her Child that have turned the whole world's sorrow into rejoicing, without knowing any of the glory of it, and still less of its sweetness. There are saints whose names are written upon our hearts and are forever upon our lips, because they have loved, and walked in the footsteps of Jesus and Mary, but there is no Saint in Heaven, or whose memory is invoked upon the earth, who has as well merited of Christ and His Blessed Mother, or of our love and admiration, as the man who championed them in their distress, and kept them for the whole world when the whole world had rejected them And thus if in all this it may be permitted to have a regret, we have one regret, and it is, that when the Life that was disdained at Bethlehem, and persecuted into Egypt, was one day extinguished on Calvary, this gallant man of the great chivalrous heart was not still living, if not to save Jesus from some of the suffering, since that could not be, at least to save Mary from some of the sorrow. But God, whose Holy Will he loved, knew best, and no doubt it was better so.

Our Levites

KERNELS FROM CORNWELLS

We boast an empty infirmary . . . Preview of Spring, with Father McGlynn and his candid camera, Father Rectenwald with his sounds-effects, Fathers Williams and Sheridan, and the entire household enjoying a trip through the Southland . . . Christening of the new stage with a concert of South Slav, Russian and Turkish folk music by the Duquesne University Tamburitza Orchestra. Congratulations to D. U. School of Music on their high-class ensemble . . . Basketball—Coach Father Holt and Manager Father Kettl have put the sport on an efficient basis. The schedule includes Philadelphia Parochial and Catholic High Schools. The Minims: lost twice to St. Francis of Eddington; once to St. James' from Philly; won over St. Francis Xavier's and St. Edward's. The Jayvees: lost to St. Francis of Eddington; won over West Catholic Reserves. The Varsity is a splendid outfit: lost to Kirlin; won over St. Mark's, C. C. and Bristol C. C. (both of Bristol) and Christian Brothers from West Catholic . . . More games to follow. The hospitality shown visiting lads is bound to attract vocations.

FERNDALE HERALD

Well, here we are again peeking into the journal . . . Solomon, that ancient Jewish sage, once remarked, "there's nothing new under the sun." This bon mot has been bandied about by the common, with the result that Old Sol must needs disavow it to save face. . . The Journal reveals several new things: ice, snowball fights, tobaganning, skiing and silent movies-bring your own peanuts and don't throw the shells . . . Flash! The smiling Father Gavin is a welcome addition to the Community . . . Hark ye back to those halcyon days when Brother Matt stored away ice to cool the summer heat—well, he's at it again! . . . "No sandals, but a real Franciscan, nonetheless," was the porter's description of Father Rufinus, O.F.M., nevie of Brother Titus and recently returned from 10 years in Old Cathay. Hugely punctuated with wit and honest-to-John Anglo-Saxon, the jovial Friar's lecture made us like Chinks for two hours and left us with the best definition of a vocation

ever heard by yours truly: a disagreeable job the Lord makes you like . . . Conforming to the wishes of the Holy Father, the rector of the Ukrainian Sem in Stamford celebrated the closing of the Unity Octave in our chapel with the Mass of St. Basil in the Byzantine rite. We reciprocated with a young Father celebrating in the Roman rite at the Ukrainian Sem . .. That semi-annual third degree, calamitous event!—exams! A war-cloud may have no silver lining but a brain-cloud has: audience-produced-sound-effect movies! Does the trick every time ... The twain met and the East lost: Ferndale 42; Ukrainian Sem 30... Back home again to attend the anniversary programme for the Venerable Founder . . . A New Deal: manual labor changes effective on the morn of February 4th . . . Joy and sorrow as the story of the exams was posted . . . Wapelhorst became a popular byword as the new Missa Cantata with incense was inaugurated. This obviates retaining three ministers of a Sunday when they are in demand for ministry ... Maryknoll Day. Hospitality takes first rank here so the visitors romped away with the major tilt, 42-26. But this kind of thing can be carried too far, so our 150 pound class took the second prize with a score of 38-19. The real talent came to the fore in the evening with the current Broadway success: "You Can't Take It With You." Those who saw the New York version maintain our Kolenkhow is several shades brighter than the Broadway luminary . . . Father Kingston fired the missionary spirit with a Floyd Gibbons report on Puerto Rico... From Germany, on rest leave, came Brother Gabriel Haag, C.S.Sp. . . . Southern gentlemen may shudder at the mention of Ole Abe but he freed the scholastics for one day of the year, so he's tops with us . . .

FEBRUARY 2 PROGRAMMES

FERNDALE

- 1. C.S.Sp. in the Headlines
- 2. Magnificat (Gregorian)
- 3. The Conversion of Venerable Libermann
- 4. Ave Maria (Rosewig)
- 5. The Writings of Venerable Libermann
- 6. Panis Angelicus (Franck)
- 7. The Venerable Libermann at Rome
- 8. "Connais-tu le pays?" (A. Thomas)
- 9. Long, Long Trail (Parody)
- 10. O Heart of Mary

RIDGEFIELD

- 1. Veni Sancte Spiritus
- 2. The Venerable Libermann and His Family
- 3. Magnificat
- 4. The Venerable Libermann, the Founder
- 5. Come Holy Ghost
- 6. The Venerable Libermann and the Missions
- 7. O Heart of Mary

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

Listen Doakes, leave the three bell stuff to Jimmy Fidler . . . first you start out in a friendly mood and in the next paragraph you begin to make fun of my legs ... first it's Eddie Cantor! then Harpo Marx ... and now Leon Errol . . . Those Ferndale movies are doing this to me! you-u-u!... If it's not my legs it's Zammy's nose . . . Or is it? What's the matter, don't you have any more like that in Ferndale? Sorry I ever let Father McGlynn take them . . . Should never have walked . . . We enjoyed his visit and glad that all of you are enjoying the fruits of it . . . Fine place Tuscaloosa . . . Going to write a new Theology . . . Got the idea in catechism class . . . Some fine definitions too . . . Mortal sin, that special help from God etc., etc. . . . Not bad for a starter . . . I'm telling you Father So and So; (No relation to you, you old—) better watch out . . . I know a little about Genes and hormones too . . . Filthy little things . . . As I said before Tuscaloosa is a fine place but for its persecution of the church. As a matter of fact it's all over this state ... Can you imagine it! We are not allowed to have Bingo devo-tions... Nice town for all that... It was once the state capital and had quite a civil war history... the University was burned to the ground by the D—ed (just a little guessing game) Yankees. And by a special concession the Catholic and other old churches were spared... Credit goes to Father Mc-Donough and the obliging Federal commander was General John T. Croxton . . . Birmingham 60 miles from here was once a mission station of this parish but is now a flourishing city with many Catholic churches . . . and one Monsignor . . . It's called the Pittsburgh of the South . . . It has a bluff too—if you know what I mean . . . Three blocks from the University campus you will find St. Mary Magdalene's. A Church, school and convent. One priest and three Sisters . . . All framed . . . the building, I mean . . . There are several fine organizations over there. One called, "The Midnight Social" . . . Shades of Florian Slappy . . . Be seeing you soon . . . "Brother Rat" is coming to Birmingham . . .

Wild White Sister

Why urgest thou our skiff, my spouse, my soul,

With self-blown billowings? We lie becalmed:

Within paternal breast of Breeze embalmed:

Is not Repose our one enduring goal?

Canst thou not see? Ah, look, His blessing sto'e!

Canst hear the breath-less whisper psalmed?

Sense healing vapors folding conscience qualmed?

Alas, my fair white sister, child of dole!

Uneasy reels our course o'er trackless sea;

Unknowing but to know the heats of chase;

Unaided breasting heavy swelling ills.

My spouse, my fair, my wild white sister, free!

O, hear me! Hold thy self-destroying pace:

There is no rest but where the Spirit wills.

BIOGRAPHY OF A SOUL

The Life of Venerable Francis Libermann by George Lee, C.S.Sp., Burnes, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd. Reprint.

New copies of Father Lee's "Life of the Venerable Francis Libermann," have for some time now been unobtainable. The original edition issued by Herder and Company in 1911 has long been out of print. Under the aegis of the Irish Province, a late reprint in England by Burnes, Oates, and Washbourne, makes once more available, a most useful volume. The new edition, struck off from the old plates, is identical with the original save for an added chapter in which is reviewed the progress of the Congregation since the death of Father Libermann.

The author, Rev. George Lee, C.S.Sp., after studies in his native Ireland at Blackrock, and at Chevilly in France, distinguished himself in the Congregation as a learned and capable professor, first at Blackrock, where he was also Director of students for some years, and later at the Holy Ghost College, now Duquesne, in Pittsburgh. After able service there in the classroom, he was made Pastor of St. Anne's Church in Millvale, Pa. Most of the leisure of twelve years spent here was devoted to writing. Outstanding productions were "The Life of Venerable Francis Libermann," an English translation of the "Constitutions," and a work on "Our Lady of Guadaloupe." In 1919, his health failing, Father Lee withdrew to Duquesne University where he died January 23, 1921.

Father Lee's Work on the Venerable Libermann followed closely upon Rome's official declaration of the heroic character of Father Libermann's virtues in 1910 and at a time when the Holy Ghost Fathers were becoming well established in the United States. No new data on our Venerable Founder appeared in this work. For facts the author drew upon the 'lives' already published: the French of Cardinal Pitra, of Father Delaplace, and the English of Father Goepfert. The peculiar merit of Father Lee's work lies in its comprehensive yet clear tracing of the spiritual development of the Founder, making the interior "spiritual journey" of the "Man of Faith" the sum and substance of his life, with the details of his external life in a minor role. It is the life of a soul and the workings of grace therein.

In drawing up this account of our holy Founder's spiritual life, Father Lee has succeeded in suffusing the work with a convincing tone of genuineness by generous employment of the very words of Father Libermann himself. "His correspondence," says the Introduction, "is a 'Life,"—at least from the time of his conversion—a lucid, satisfying, full biography." And this was especially true for the type of biography which Father Lee was writing. The pages, rich with apt quotations from his writings, lay bare the soul of our saintly Founder and set forth the doctrine of the spirituality which was the secret of his sanctity. The reader has an assurance that no pious extravagances are being indulged—the power and simplicity of the words of

Father Libermann himself give a true ring to the pages which can be compared, in a small way, to the effect of the introduction of the words of Sacred Scripture in other texts.

Father Lee drew up this work to encourage vocations, and to spread a knowledge of our saintly Founder among Catholics. Advantage can well be taken of the reprint to use the book for the same ends. The new edition is attractively bound, very presentable as a gift, and sturdy for personal use.

(For orders, address Provincial Procurator)

AVIS DU MOIS

Many of our houses enjoy, in the course of the year, the privilege of receiving passing guests. These are usually missionaries en route to the missions or returning home, stopping for a few days. When we have asked a like favor, are we not pleased and grateful that a sincere welcome has been accorded us?

Some of us may have room for self-reproach on this point. Under the pretext that it is the Superior's or Bursar's business, there are some who slip away as soon as a stranger' presents himself, often leaving him stranded at the entrance. A breach of good manners, to say the least. On this score, we may well profit by a study of Oriental customs. In Africa, the Mohammedan blacks begin their long journeys to Mecca without the least question of the welcome awaiting them along the route.

Let our conduct to guests mirror the extravagant language we employ in our welcome. A decent norm is the measure of hospitality we expect in our own travels.

A. L. R.

WANTED: MORE GHOST WRITERS

Dear Editor:

Was just reading over some old copies of "Our Province." I never thought I could get much pleasure out of reading "old copy" but I'm telling you it was a distinct pleasure. Just a way of renewing old friendships; for I notice that several of the old friends have really dropped out of circulation. Those letters from Ray were really gems. Africa lost its denseness and became light and airy under the magic spell of his humorous pen. It is good to see the humorous side these days too. Jim Manning; Joe Murphy, as a matter of fact all of of them. Charley's pointed paragraphs did much to realize that the work was not always a burden, too. We can hear them from his own lips now. They also gave us a slight idea of what the work was really like over there. And those letters while at sea! Make me long to cross the Equator. Perhaps I am expecting too much but I would like to see their names in print again. Youth has a way of putting things which we old timers lost.—or never had—! Old timers in the sense that we

were not of the generation that gave birth to "Our Province."

And then the "Foreign students!" Rome, the Eternal City and always some news of interest plus the American slant. And always those little Latin quotations showing that they were 'actually' drinking in 'larnin.' I always did have a yen for travelling but those letters seemed to satisfy it. I got places I had never hoped to see every time I opened the pages of "Our Province." And travelling with a companionable confrere too. But that wasn't all. We began to branch out. Switzerland . . . The land of snow and brilliant sunshine. The eidleweiss etc., etc. Now used as a trade mark for baked beans and canned krout. Couldn't some of those young fellows give us a few pointers on skiing? The next stop Louvain. Belgium with its quaint villages. Its odd little houses with a statue over each door. Like the one on the Fourth at Duke. Stopped many a peeping tom I'll bet. Belgium, old in the art of tapestry and stuff and stuff. Blown glass; a tragic king, etc. And last but not least, Cardinal Mercier and his dear Louvain. A regular Cook's tour with the Ferndale flavor.

The pages used to bring us more of the Southland too. What happened? Much has been left untold. Evangeline's country. I passed thru it once and found it beautiful. And Historic New Orleans. So much human interest and so little needed to find it. A pen and a young hand. The city of Jean La Fitte, Pirate. His amiable companion, Dominique You, Cannonier of Napoleon; Canals running under most of the streets: The Spanish Cabildo; The old French market, now owned and operated by Italians; St. Monica's, built on reclaimed land; Old St. Louis Cathedral; The Creole ball room, now the Mother House of the Colored Sisters of the Holy Family. So much to tell and so many of our young men down that way who could tell it and in a splendid way.

And a few old copies of "Our Province" brought this on! If it brings on an avalanche of letters from 'o'd' correspondents and some new ones I will feel that all this musing has not been wasted. Just couldn't let this opportunity go by without telling you what all those efforts have meant to us who really find time to read "Our Province."

Yours in the Holy Ghost,

A Ghost Writer.

February 16, 1938

Dear Editor:

The current issue of "Our Province," which I have just finished reading, strikes me as one which establishes a new high for the publication. It must be good, for it has caused me to do what I never did before—join the ranks of those who "write a letter to the editor." All credit to the editors for a good job! It would give me great pleasure, but take a lot of time, to pass each article in review, but you will be spared the agony of that.

Apparently, however, there is in our midst a gifted poet who demonstrates, his facile skill for rhyming in "The Old Shell Game." The sonnet, "A Thought From Our Venerable Founder," bespeaks a sonneteer of true Petrarchan calibre, and it moved me to observe that he did not follow in the footsteps of Surrey and the Bard of Avon and end his fourteen lines with a couplet. The fact that he chooses to leave his work unsigned is his own affair.

Naturally, "Straggler 1916," evoked long dustedover memories. That's what it was meant to do, wasn't it? And all the hidden meaning in each announcement of that Book Column with its poignant summary of the contents of the supposititious books: Eheu, fugaces!

The giving of only extracts from the African, Roman, Fribourgian, Louvainian correspondents is to my seeming a decided improvement.

A Reader.

SOUTHERN SAFARI

Louisiana loves animals. The southerners recognize . the jus primi occupantis, and give the brutes the right of way everywhere, whether on the highways or on the front porch. Even the dogs seem to romp about with more abandon and joie de vivre than is the canine custom of Park Avenue. Father Bill Long knows his dogs. We stopped to see a friend of his who trains these noble hounds, and he put many of his favorites through their paces for us. And on leaving this miniature menagerie we dusted off the compass and set sail for Marksville. After passing through a town with the quaint name of Bunkie, and devoting a round half hour on speculation as to the possible origin of such a queer moniker, we pulled up at the back door of the Holy Ghost Rectory, exactly one hour late for dinner. Father Tom Wrenn very graciously accepted our apologies, as he and Father Ed Wilson proceeded to make room around the hearth for the footsore and thirsty travellers.

The school was just about beginning to operate with a complete roster at that time, it being near the end of the cotton-picking season, all the children could leave the fields and return to their school desks. Father Wrenn told us that the real future of the parish seems to lie more in the direction of Mansura than in Marksville. The better part of his people are in the former place, and though originally a mission church, it now bids fair to become the main parish. He has a beautiful new church just completed there; the gift of a generous Boston benefactor. The fine wooden structure resplendent in its new coat of white paint (a rare sight in Dixie) stands out in full majesty and can be seen from all parts of the town. Somewhere along the route we had passed from the diocese of Lafayette to that of Alexandria. So it was now in order to visit the episcopal city itself. The great Greek has given his name to cities, to Popes, and even to a ragtime band. It was of the first mentioned that now occupied our attention. Father Joseph Cronenberger accorded us the accolade, and Fathers Vorndran and Jimmie Campbell were busy about much serving. Realizing that I was now in the cradle of our colored work in the South, I proceeded to profit by the occasion and imbibe some history as well. Father Cronenberger has built up a splendid plant which occupies a full city block. His two assistants are operating in full swing in St. James's High School, and while the supervision and teaching require practically all their time on week days, the results are most gratifying. I had the privilege of calling on Most Reverend Bishop Desmond, and being a fellow New Englander we indulged in the Yankee custom of exchanging views on things in general. His Excellency was very gracious to us and spoke very highly of the work done by our Fathers in his diocese.

At this point in my hejira I was baffled. My schedule clamored for Isle Brevelle. But not a blessed map would give any indication of such a place. Impaled on this dilemma I was happily delivered by mine host who wished to accompany me as far as Shreveport where the pastor of Isle Brevelle, Father Baumgartner, was critically ill in the hospital. Accordingly we drove directly to Shreveport in regal fashion, as the Bishop had offered us the use of his car and chauffeur for the occasion. As I later visited the Isle, as well as Natchitoches, I may as well include them here as they follow Alexandria both geographically and logically.

The parish of St. Augustine in, or I shall say on Isle Brevelle, is one of the quaintest places in the Province. There is no other word for it. I have tried to find one, having already overworked the word. But why prolong the quest? Webster paints the term thusly: "Strange, especially old-fashioned, but pleasing in character and appearance." And there, Gentlemen, you have Isle Brevelle. No sign of a town, a store, a street. Jim Farley has not so much as heard whether there be such a place. No modern gadgets otherwise known as conveniences. Simply a vast expanse of land, made up mostly of modest plantations. I was about to add that the parishioners are for the most part creoles, but every time I used that word I was corrected; and was offered so many different explanations of same that I shall put it back unused. It was very touching to witness the concern of these people over the illness of Father Baumgartner. They came to me with tears in their eyes asking how soon they might hope to see him again. As Father Landy was home on his vacation, Father Herb Frederick did the honors as host, and showed me the points of interest. We called upon the Sisters and saw the fine parochial school with a healthy crowd of youngsters. We took to the open road and pointed the camera at the mission churches in Bermuda, Old River, and Bayou Derbonne. On a small bridge stood a young cow, facing us adamantly, with the maxim of the Marne graven in her gaze. A slight bump with the front fender changed her mind and her position and she trotted off complacently, ceding to us both the bridge and the right of way.

Natchitoches—the name nobody knows. At least they don't call it that. It's just plain Nagatosh, and I

can't see why they don't spell it that way. In a little white house, near a little white church, lives a "mighty white" man whom everybody knows. They call him Luke Huber. He and John O'Brien are the local dominies and have done nobly in building up a colored clientele for the Catholic Church. There is a nice spirit in that town. There you will find the only public statue erected in the South to the faithful servant, the colored man. It was originally the episcopal see. Father Luke has started from scratch and from what we can see at present he is well down the track. He drove me out to the mission at Spanish Lake. There used to be a lake there. Another oddity of the locality is the vacillation of its waterways. The Red River that runs by the town is no longer a river. It seceded from the mother stream and is now a lake in its own right, albeit the name Red River perdures. And the Spanish Lake I just now mentioned is merely the bed of a quondam pool that has deserted the place entirely. We will grant the Spanish half of the title, though that too has its hyperbole. The denizens of the demesne are really Mexican but prefer to hark back to their Castilian origin. Father O'Brien has put his hand to the plow here at one of the outposts of the Church in America. On this particular day he was making the rounds of the plantations and instructing his candidates for Confirmation during the time they paused for lunch on their farms. I saw his annual collection being brought in: a truckload of cotton. Gold or silver, they have none, but what they have, they give.

I had made my quasi-permanent domicile with Father Joe Cassidy at Shreveport, who himself was laid low with malaria. And with Father Baumgartner dangerously ill at the local Catholic hospital, we had to have some one on the job both to visit the sick and to provide for the needs of the parish.

And thus I became the socius at Shreveport. I say "socius" advisedly because Father Cassidy and I never did settle the argument as to the conditions requisite for a vicarius substitutus at the time. But since the castle had a pleasant seat, and the air nimbly recommended itself unto our gentle senses, and being well lodged, without further ado I made myself at home.

I shall always cherish the memory of those hours that I spent at the bedside of Father Baumgartner. The doctors were all gravely concerned over his condition, and in fact the only one who seemed to have much hope was the patient himself. He received the last sacraments with a peace and a calm that deeply impressed those around him, and then asked for a cigar. When the Sister in charge mildly expressed surprise at this extraordinary request, the sick man gleefully explained: "Well, after all, isn't this an extraordinary occasion?" P. S. He got the cigar. We enjoyed many a cigar that week. Several times I was called to the hospital during the night when his condition became acute, but the little man always rallied. I began to understand the devotion and attachment of the people at Isle Brevelle to their beloved pastor.

(Fr. Baumgartner is now doing nicely, thank you. In fact he was home for a two weeks' visit recently. Ed.)

Our Communities

STELLA MARIS CHAPEL Island Park, Rhode Island

Before the missions of North Tiverton, Tiverton, and Little Compton were given the status of parishes, the spiritual needs of the Catholics living in these districts were cared for by our Fathers who made their home at St. Anthony's Rectory, Portsmouth. St. Anthony's was then known as the Mother House of the Holy Ghost Fathers in Rhode Island. The opening of a new mission from St. Anthony's recalls that endearing title.

The northeastern section of St. Anthony's parish is known as Island Park. A few years ago there were only a few permanent residences in what is popularly called the "Park." But for many years the facilities for saltwater bathing afforded by the Park and its proximity to the city of Fall River made it a popular rendezvous on Sundays and holidays during he summer. When the textile industry was booming, many mill employees bought lots and built camps in the "Park." These camps were similar in construction to those dotting most of the shore-line in New England.

When the camps were opened for the summer, the Catholics attended Mass in St. Anthony's, nearly two miles distant. There was no transportation problem then as every family had its own car. Later on, however, the paralysis of the textile industry forced most of the summer colonists to dispose of their city home and convert their camps into permanent dwellings. With the march of time general business conditions became definitely worse and the family car had to go. This presented many of the seventy-five Catholic families with the vexatious problem of how to get to Mass. For some the intervening distance was too great to go on foot. For many the dime fare one way on the bus from the Park to St. Anthony's was prohibitive because in most instances it involved the transporting of the whole family. During this time, however, the religious education of the children was not neglected. Catechism classes for the children were conducted by the Fathers at the Community Club in the Park.

To accommodate those who found themselves thus "stranded" and to prevent anyone from staying away from Mass, Father Buckley consulted the Most Rev. Bishop about opening a mission in the Park. Immediately after the Bishop had granted his permission a search for a suitable place was begun. About this time the A&P Co. was vacating a store, the size and location of which made it desirabe. The store was rented and the necessary renovations made.

On last Thanksgiving Day, at nine o'clock, Father Buckley offerred up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time in the Park. The Boys Sanctuary Choir from St. Anthony's, under the direction of Father Keown, sang the Missa de Angelis.

The chapel is called Stella Maris; and a more fitting name could hardly be found for a chapel located on the Island of Rhode Island. Since Thanksgiving Day, Mass has been said every Sunday morning in the chapel at nine o'clock. During the week we hold catechism classes there for the children. And so once again St. Anthony's becomes a Mother House.

More of The Straggler

"Society Notes"

"Friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. Nolan is now quite recovered from his temporary summer indisposition. Prof. Siegel, the famous Pennsylvania surgeon, assured the sufferer that his malady was only skin deep.

"Mr. McGlade has been making frequent 'calls' of late. Usually the telephone operator responds.

"Brother John expects to give numerous dinner parties during the coming winter.

"Mr. McGuire passed some afternoons lately with a friend in Darien. He tells us that he enjoyed some games of bridge there. Perhaps the host enjoyed them still more.

"The Country Club is to give a hickory-nut festival in the near future. Mr. Armitage is chief of the Committee. The proceeds will be applied to the Red Cross fund for the wounded." (The Country Club was a dormitory situated in the present location of the library.)

"Rev. Father Hyland's physician, deeming the cold Northern winter injurious to his throat, the Rev. gentleman is already below the Mason-Dixon line. He intends to winter in New Orleans. He may even spend next summer there.

"Our old friend, Mr. Briscoe, has given up the plebeian games of baseball, football, cricket, etc., and is now confining his attentions to golf."

It is announced with sorrow the death of Mr. Michael Walsh, the father of Rev. Anthony Walsh. C.S.Sp.

ST. PETER CLAVER'S, OKLAHOMA CITY

Mr. J. Frank Martin, mayor of Oklahoma City and friend and benefactor of St. Peter Claver's, was recently appointed a Supreme Director of the Knights of Columbus.

The January 15 issue of the Southwest Courier carried an announcement of the beginning of instruction classes for Negroes here and requested all Catholics employing colored help to inform them about the classes.

The new Drum and Bugle Corps of St. Cyprian's, Helena, is attracting lots of attention among non-Catholics.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort. Who comforteth us in all our tribulation; that we also may be able to comfort them who are in all distress, by the exhortation wherewith we also are exhorted by God."

—Second Letter of St. Paul to the Corinthians (1;3, 4).

"There are many consolations in your work here. The interest that the people manifest in trying to grasp all that is taught them aids greatly in keeping your own interest alive. I would not be telling the entire truth if I were to overlook mentioning that there are difficulties in the work, too. However, the same holds true, the world over and one is fortunate in having less time to consider them out here."

—Letter from Father Mangan, Kilema, in October, 1935. O. P.

ASSIGNMENTS

of the new African missionaries:

Father Rengers—Gare
Father O'Reilly—Uru
Father Watkins—Tanga
Father Lucey—Singa Chini
Father Stark—Arusha

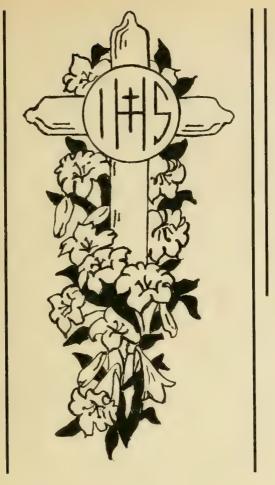
Complete addresses may be found in the October, 1937, issue of O. P.

"In journeyings often, in perils of water, in perils of robbers, in perils from my own nation, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils from false brethren. In labor and painfulness; in much watchings, in hunger and thirst in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

—Second Letter of St. Paul to the Corinthians (XI, 26-7)

"... On our way from Huruma we broke an axle and had to walk back to Rombo, four miles—a real taste of missionary life. We had to stay the night in Rombo. In the course of the night the Brother changed the axle, got one out of Father Marron's old Dodge. Friday morning we returned to Kilema very late—held up by bad roads. In one place we sank into a hole over the hubs. I thought we'd never get out—but Monsignor Hunt prayed to St. Theresa of Lisieux and with the help of about twenty natives we got going again ..."

-Letter from Bishop Byrne in August, 1935, O. P.



OUR PROVINCE

THE APOSTLE OF MAURITIUS

What We've Waited For! Part One

SEE YOUR DENTIST
Putting Waste to Use

EDWARD LEEN, C. S. Sp. Biographette

TRI-TONIC

After Lent; Swastika; Heroes

"He is not here, for He is risen as He said." Matt. XXVIII: 6.

List of Contents

OUR DEAD

TRI-TONIC

Editorial

Ordinations

Southern Safari, IV.

A Little Known Servant of God (London Catholic Herald)

St. Mary's On The Air

See Your Dentist at Least Twice a Year

Meditations

OUR LEVITES:—Ferndale Herald, Kernels from Cornwells

OUR MAIL BOX

Here and There

Southern Exposure

Africana

African Appointments

THE APOSTLE OF MAURITIUS

At Twilight

The Delirium of Annas

Edward Leen, C.S.Sp., Biographette

Avis du Mois

Brave Beginnings

Pittsburgh, Holy Thursday, 1888

Official

Fifth Avenue, New York, March 17, 1938

OUR DEAD

DURING THE MONTH OF APRIL

We pray for:

Brother Francis O'Brien, died April 16, 1932, aged 73 years.

Brother Congal Gleeson, died April 19, 1899, aged 57 years.

Father Henry Muespach, died April 23, 1920, aged 72 years.

Brother Antoine Willms, died April 26, 1922, aged 76 years.

Father John Haas, died April 27, 1914, aged 58 years.



OUR PROVINCE

VOL. 6

APRIL, 1938

No. 4

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PROVINCIAL FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

HOLY GHOST FATHERS, FERNDALE, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Editorial Office: 65 West 138th Street, New York, N. Y. Printed at St. Joseph's House, 16th & Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRI-TONIC After Lent

An Editorial

The popular season for mortification is over. There will be less talk of mortification and sacrifice until the next Lent rolls along. "God's in his heaven; all's right with the world." It remains a fact, nevertheless, that many of us come out of each Lent with a different conception of mortification than that we carried into it. And next year it will be the same. The following might be a concept worth considering until we officially begin to 'mortificate' again:

Wise men tell us we shall find happiness in work. Isn't it rather that we shall find happiness in doing that work for some one we love? Each person is an individual nature. He will like to do certain things distasteful to another. He will hate some things and as long as he lives he will never learn to like them—they splinter the grain. But if he does them for someone he loves his service becomes a pleasure because the friend is pleased. Christ, one can be assured, didn't like his passion: "Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from me." And altho he would do it a thousand times over again to save men, one can be still assured that he should hate it with all his soul. He loved His Father and mankind and it was for them he accepted 'this chalice': "greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

There is no thwarting nature: what it doesn't like it cannot be made to like. But there is a way to defeat loose thinking: to make manly admissions. Somewhere along the line it became unspiritual to say we hated to pray long prayers and fast hard fasts. Of course, it's nonsensical and about time we confessed it. Mortification is a loathsome practice; we don't get any pleasure out of it and we lie if we say we do. But it's a different thing to say we may derive pleasure from doing something disagreeable for someone we love. We much suspect that this distinction between the repugnance of abnegation and the attractiveness of doing it for God. is not too clearly known and may be the cause of a good number of spiritual shipwrecks—did you ever notice how many spiritual conversions founder on the shoals of abnegation?

As a final shot, it may be well to try this out even

before the official and open season for mortification. After all, we are Christians, even outside of the season of Lent and forty days is somewhat a short time to repair 325 days of sin.

(Shadow of the Swastika)

As the rising sun of the new German ascendency mounts higher in the international firmament of world-constellations, the shadow of the swastika creeps its menacing length along to the four corners of the earth. Paced and abetted by the Mikado and Il Duce, Reichsfeuhrer Hitler looks into the crystal and invokes the late nineteenth century dira necessitas,—the 'holy necessity' for colonial possessions. That he needs them is without question; that he will acquire them without bloodshed is a safe prediction. Half-teutonic England with its Milquetoast chancellor, has made the 'pact with tyranny' and the world views the waning of the British star. Wise men say that England has made her first important error, but Time alone can acquit or convict her

What interests us particularly, as Catholics, is the policy likely to be adopted in the re-Germanized colonies. Our own Kilimanjaro will, undoubtedly, be affected. Will the Germans retaliate for having been driven out lock, stock and barrel during the Great War? Shall we lose our entire investment and be compelled to return to America or to seek refuge in our non-German Vicariates? Our conjecture is that all non-German personnel and capital will eventually be liquidated.

The German colonial philosophy used to be "to missionize in the noble sense of educating to Kultur." On the eve of the World War, Germany had become the cradle and focus of 'mission science' and even France had looked across the Rhine at Germany's great mission campaign with wonder as on a most remarkable and unusual spectacle. It was without doubt a heavy blow to the Church when Germany was expelled from her possessions.

What has Herr Rosenberg to say of the new colonial philosophy? Will he decide to give each race a "mission to history?" Or will exploitation alone determine Germany's policy? Or will the benign pre-war maniere douce be re-adopted? Wisdom certainly dictates the undesirability of Nazi-izing the native—which would be exploitation pure and simple and not at all "educat-

ing to Kultur." But then, your guess is as good as ours, especially when the question mark is the unpredictable Adolph.

Heroes

We've always liked our heroes tough and forceful. Our ancestors adored military butchers like Alexander and Caesar; they were men who knew what they wanted and made everybody else like it and were liked for it.

Christ came to correct this heresy. He taught that the meek shall possess the land. He was forceful in a way we didn't understand. He hung from a cross for three hours to put that idea across. We saw the point for a while but that was two thousand years ago. It doesn't click anymore.

We see a dying man in an old palace trying to revive that lesson. But he doesn't make us like it. He asks us to like it. But that's not what we want. We want to be made to like it. If the Pope thinks he's right why doesn't he "knock our 'eads off"? Hitler, Stalin, Musso-

lini-they all do it. Why doesn't he?

Because it works the other way around. You've got to look at the thing upside down. The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away. That's why Christ hung from a cross. He was violent by becoming meek; he conquered the whole world by suffering persecution.

We've got to straighten out our logic. If we're not used to looking at eternal truths rightside up its because

we've been looking at them upside down.

Christ is the only hero worth the name. If He isn't, we aren't His. Ask yourself the question: do I like a forceful personality? If I do, there's something wrong with me: Christ was meek.

ORDINATIONS March 15 and 16

TO SUBDIACONATE AND DIACONATE

Rev. Mr. Edward Duffy

" Robert Eberhardt

" Cornelius Hogan
" James White

" David Ray

" Frederick Lachowsky

" Maxim Therou

" Samuel Rondeau

" William Pixley

TO MINOR ORDERS

Mr. Joseph Lauritis

- " Edward Curran
- " Ambrose Leech
- " John Donohue
- " William Hogan
- " Paul Ford
- " John Muka
- " Charles Trotter
 " Vernon Gallagher
- " James Sullivan

Scene: Country Club. Time: Midnite after Yale-Harvard game.

Killeen (uproariously) Yale! Yale! Yale!

Armitage (from an adjacent cot) If you don't shut up, we'll give you something to yell for. (Straggler).

SOUTHERN SAFARI, IV.

There are two ways of going to Helena, Arkansas, and one of them is to stay there. Given Shreveport, La., as my terminus a quo I started by humbly enquiring at railroad ticket-windows on how to proceed to Helena. One of my bespeckled purveyors of pasteboard, informed me that I had "selected the orneriest place to get to" on the whole map. Though it is only 225 miles distant from Shreveport in a bee line, it cannot be covered in a day on any bus line. I was then smitten with the inspiration that a combination of railroad and bus jumps would do the trick. But I have to admit that I was foiled. My experience as a guest in a small hotel in an Arkansas town were better omitted. Suffice it to observe that when your Arkansas Traveler wears a Roman collar, the harried hosteler is straightened between two; having a desire to ask the papist preacher to check out straightway (a thing by far the better), or to keep him well out of sight until he is on his way in the morning.

On entering the town of Helena you are informed by a commanding billboard, that this is Arkansas' only seaport. Old Man River does make a scheduled stop here, and hence the slogan is all wool. The name of this town prefers, along with the capital of Montana, the accent on the first syllable, whereas the island that saw the last days of Napoleon, and that supplies the first taste of terra firma to our African bound missionaries, calls for emphasis on the second syllable. Father Joe Lynders escorted me to his residence at St. Cyprian's Mission, apologizing the while for the absence of his bugle and drum corps. Later in the evening however, the brasses and hides made their appearance. As the corps was still in the embryonic stage, being composed of instruments sans artists, the present writer served at one end of a bugle while the pastor of St. Cyprian's proceeded to give a demonstration of martial drum-rolling that reverberated to the levees of the Mississippi.

If Father Lynders were not divinely endowed with the gift of laughing at handicaps the future progress of the colored work in Helena might be well regarded as doubtful. The handful of faithful worshipers that belong to his parish are all on intimate terms with Lady Poverty. The hovels they live in entirely surround the small brick building that serves as a church, a rectory and a school. The latter is still only in spe. The school rooms are there, but one cannot contemplate hiring teachers when the parishioners are unable to fulfill even the ecclesiastical precept of supporting their pastor. But this same pastor chuckles with quiet glee as he tells how he manages to make ends meet. With the zeal of an angler he snatches a soul here, and a family there. And his latest bait is this gaily bedecked bugle and drum corps. Since the time of my visit he has found lips to blow the bugles, and rythmic fingers to roll the drums, and so it's anchors a-weigh at Arkansas' only seaport.

I now set my face to the West. Arriving at Little Rock on a balmy November evening. I met Father Tony Lachowsky and his father at the station. I had often heard Tony speak of his dad; and the Conway store

was the topic of much Ferndalian humor in our scholastic days of yesteryear. I am very happy to have had this recent opportunity to meet Mr. Lachowsky, and I made sure of spending a quiet hour in his company. To know him was to respect and admire him. About five weeks later we received word that God had suddenly called him to his eternal reward.

Our two parishes at Conway and Morrilton are different from our other works in the South in the sense that they are devoted entirely to white people. They are both the property of the Congregation, and give evident testimony to the zeal and good taste of the men who have built and who maintain them. The general outlay of the plant at Conway, with its Church, Rectory, School and Convent presents as fine a display of church property as any in the South. All these buildings, solid structures in yellow brick, are beautifully situated at vantage points over broad spacious lawns.

And at Morrilton Father Frank Schwab welcomed us to the cradle of the Province. I had often heard of the large rambling house that served the southwestern boys for their Annual Retreat, and now it was my privilege to taste of its hospitality, and stroll around its spacious walks. After a round of provender and wassail we drove out to Monastery Ridge and saw the site of our first house of formation in this province. In 1892 a cyclone had completely wrecked the buildings on the Ridge, and this act of God turned the minds of our early Fathers to the northern states in the selection of properties for our novitiates and scholasticates.

At the extreme western end of Arkansas you have Van Buren and Fort Smith. The former has given to the world Bob Burns and his Bazooka: the latter is to blame for Bill Murray and his Caledonian Calliope. I'm not going to belittle Father Murray or his melodious organ. Heaven forfend! Bill is and always shall be a changeless friend. But it's common talk on the back stairs that he has built his whole plant on organ appeal. Be this as it may, it must have been high pressure if we can judge from the popular front that the building of St. John the Baptist parish presents on North Eighth Street. The colonial tower that graces the neat brick church, the rustic setting of sturdy saplings that flaunt their leafy arms in your face as you approach the rectory, the artistic entrance to the school hall, and in fact the entire block, are a tribute to the good taste of an enterprising pastor. If it's smart to be thrifty then Fort Smith rates no mean I. Q.

With an eye to my next jump I mused aloud on the means of transportation from Arkansas to Oklahoma. My host ventured to drive me to Okmulgee if I could defer my departure till after Benediction in the evening. Defer it I did, but in retrospect I rue the delay. After wandering around the upper reaches of the Oklahoma hinterland in the dead of night, with the finger of the gas guage toying with that ominous letter E, we prayed our way back to the main road, to a viligant Texaco minion and to the front door of the Uganda Martyrs' Rectory where we presented our credentials

to Father Bill Strahan and forwith collapsed in his arm-chair. It did feel good to be back amongst one's own again.

I think I had the most realistic taste of missionary work during the whole trip at this stop. It happened to be a Saturday, and Father Strahan with four places to cover in his cura animarum must perforce find more than four Sundays a month if he is to keep the sheep within the fold. So he turns Saturdays into Sundays, and assembles his flock for Mass on the Sabbath; thus being the first man, as far as I know, to observe both the old dispensation and the new law at the same time. He accorded me the privilege of saving Mass at a mission station with the mendicant name of Beggs. An old school-house serves as a church and it stands within the rim of the dust-bowl. We gathered up some of the faithful in the Pontiac on the way out from Okmulgee. Others came in old wagons, on horseback, and on foot. You could detect a wholesome pride in these crude Christians as they prepared the portable altar for Mass. They know their heritage. It cannot be denied that there is a distinct satisfaction in the heart of a priest as he says Mass in such primitive surroundings, and breaks bread to disciples that offer their orisons in over-

After Mass breakfast is served the celebrant on a classroom desk by a devout dowager who enjoys to the full her role in the vital drama of preserving the faith in Oklahoma. The next day we enacted a similar scene at Grayson. We could only pay a passing visit at Okema, the third outpost from Okmulgee. The Catholic Church is well anchored in this corner of aboriginal America, and there is plenty of elbow room. You've got something there, Bill.

On to the center of the oil world, Oklahoma City. Father Strahan and I made the run one Sunday afternoon. I recall passing the home of Carl Hubbell on the way. We paused for a moment at the house which the Giant pitcher has built for his father, because I always look for that four line squib of the A.P., from Meeker, Oklahoma, with dad's comment on the days when Carl wins or loses a world series game. As we approached the forest of oil cranes in the capital of the Panhandle I knew we were riding on the crust of Mother Earth's biggest petroleum pie. And right in the middle of the pumps we found North Laird Street and Rev. Timothy Murphy. Just to prove that he is oilconscious Father Murphy has a full-grown oil well right at his back door. No one but a Holy Ghost Father could aspire to this parish. It's right up our alley. You may recall that line in our Rule: ".. ubicumque . . munia ecclesiastica infima et laboriosa, pro quibus ministri difficillime reperiuntur, non modo suscipere, sed etiam toto corde amare." Well that's St. Peter Claver's. Oklahoma City; and that's Tim Murphy. The infima is there in the handicap of location and difficult beginnings. The amare is very plain in the perpetual and proverbial smile on Tim's face. Long may it wave. And it is bearing fruit. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light, but just

the same the pusillus grex in the shadow of the oil wells know a good thing when they see it. And they see it in the form of a manifest divine blessing on the hands of their pastor. Propterea unxit te Deus, Deus tuus, oleo laetitiae.

By this time I had seen all our men of the Southern League except my own class-mate, Father Dan Bradley. True, I had witnessed the work he had begun in Okmulgee, but I was to wind up my tour in Tulsa. Dan has a way with him. God giveth the increase but Apollo controls the irrigation. And the system of water supply in Tulsa has been marvelously adapted to the growth of the Church by the wiles of our Dan. Reading a mandate in the evangelical counsel about serpentine sagacity Father Bradley makes even Caesar render to God, and with a smile withal. With the colored population of the city in the palm of his hand his new and magnificent church is filled to overflowing at every service. And the rest of the city follows the Mass, the sermon and music thru an amplifier that broadcasts from the belfry and is heard for miles around. The social and official authorities of Tulsa recognize Father Bradley's influence over the colored people of the city, and he is thus enabled to do great things for the cause of Christ, Like Park Commissioner Bob Moses of New York, he does it first, and discusses the difficulties afterward. Daniel, vir desideriorum, more power to you.

Hic jam dicitur, "Finis." I bring back from the solid South a fuller heart and longer head. A new joy of fellowship with our own crowd, and a taste of reality in reaping the harvest are my quarry as I come to my journey's end.

(The End)

A LITTLE KNOWN SERVANT OF GOD (London "Catholic Herald")

February's anniversaries include that of the Venerable Francis Libermann, a man who has the distinction of being the only Jew whose cause has been introduced at Rome. He was declared Venerable in 1876, twenty four years after his death and in 1910 Pope Pius X signed the decree on the heroicity of his virtues, commenting especially on his Jewish origin . . .

what is remarkable for this age—of great simplicity, has been left by this Servant of God. It is contained in treatises on the spiritual life, in a mystical commentary on the fourth Gospel, but especially in some two thousand spiritual letters addressed to all classes. Father De la Taille, S.J., considered Libermann one of the three greatest mystics of the nineteenth century, and other authorities have been still more emphatic in their praise. Outside his own Congregation, the printed volumes of his letters have been eagerly sought by contemplatives.

Libermann's views seem to anticipate much that has been written in recent years. There is striking resemblance—even word for word, in the metaphors used by both—between his doctrine and that of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus . . .

ST. MARY'S, DETROIT, ON THE AIR!

On the 23rd of January, the parish High Mass went over the air waves through the short-wave system of WWJ of the Detroit News: call letters W8XWJ, operating on a frequency of 7.3 meters. Permanent wiring has been installed to guarantee weekly broadcasts. Father Richard Ackerman, editor of "The Bells of St. Mary's," preaches during the course of the broadcasts. Letters from all over the country warmly welcome the new programme.

SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

And while you're at it, see your physician about that often, too.

Don't think that we have suddenly become very solicitous about your physical condition. The truth of the matter is those two gentlemen may furnish our missions in Kilimanjaro with very necessary supplies. Wait a minute! This doesn't mean that you have to ask for an outright donation. It means this: Doctors are constantly receiving samples of various medicaments, not only of new concoctions but even of the old tried and true remedies. Most doctors don't bother to open the package but usually just chuck it into the wastebasket.

Here's where you come in. If you could get your dentist and your physician to chuck said samples into some other kind of a basket, set aside for that purpose and which you will come around and collect at regular intervals, you will be doing the missions a real service. Not all of the things thus gathered are worth keeping but a sufficiently large percentage are to make this a valuable source of aid. Send the materials gathered to the Ferndale Mission Unit and they will assort them. This will save the doctor the trouble of classifying the various samples—he can throw them all in the mission basket.

Of course, if he wants to make a real donation of large quantities, don't break your arm in preventing him. We're going to list the missioners' principal needs in this line, so that you may supply those sufficiently interested to inquire with the necessary information.

All kinds of surgical and dental instruments. (Especially hypodermic syringes and injection needles)

Epsom salts and castor oil.

Cod liver oil, unguents for burns, cotton, bandages. Iodine, S. T. 37, Baccilol

Boric acid, all strong antiseptics, Mercury ointment, Aspirin, atebrin

Serum for injections against syphillis and gonorrhea Petrolagar, mouth washes

Quinine, plasmoquinine, tuberculin, santonine Camphor for injections, Ephedrine.

Meditations

My Yoke Is Sweet. John Kearney, C.S.Sp. Burnes, Oates, and Washbourne, Ltd., London. 327 pp.

His yoke is sweet because our wills become His will; because we become one with Him Who is all sweetness, joy and perfection. We hear in these pages a clear echo of Father Libermann's doctrine: grace makes no compromise with nature; reservations make the yoke bitter; sweetness is in proportion to the extent of the surrender. The book is really what its sub-title says "material for meditation.

Our Levites

FERNDALE HERALD

Whistling in on the March Wind a bevy of topics of current interest arrived-ordinations! shows! talks! and even stealthy marauding by the light of the moon! ... "Twas a fowl trick": the petty thievery of Bantams and Rhode Island Reds from their feathery nests . . . With wars and rumors of wars, there must be Hitlers, Stalins and Mussolinis. "The Aryan Heresy" adopted the modern theme and portrayed in music, the Germany of today. Popular acclaim merited a second performance of the operetta. At the curtain of this performance, an astonished audience learned with delight that the authors were home-grown! Hats off to the composers of a fine operetta based on a story of realistically true life . . . A Reverend young Father, with the assistance of six 'opponents' put an end forever to the question: is esse really distinct from nature? Notwithstanding, a more Reverend older Father protests he never heard a better presentation of reasons why there is no such distinction ... So, apparently, the question is not at all settled . . . "the valiant never taste of death but once" was the essence (or maybe esse) of guest-preacher Father Shea, Spiritual Director of Dunwoodie Seminary... Ordinations: Minor Orders (regardless of their Sacramentality), Subdiaconate and Diaconate, conferred by Bishop McAuliffe. In the evening, His Excellency addressed the Community. "A truly apostolic body whose work is done quietly and willingly," was his description of us . . . St. Patrick's night furnished entertainment and raised the ghost of the ancient bogey: is it true of Ireland or isn't it? Anyhow, there was music and three one act pieces from the pens of Father Lord, W.B. Yeats and Lady Gregory . . .

KERNELS FROM CORNWELLS

The Avon Players gave the benefit performance this year with "The Music Master." . . . Inauguration of the new stage with "Jimmy's Little Sister," songs and monologues—Cornwells' contribution to the Mardi Gras . . . Installation of the new organ, an "Orgatron," marked opening of Lent . . . Organ Recital, and Luncheon featured the regular meeting of the Auxiliary Society on March 6 . . . St. Patrick's Day: entertainment by a French lady called Lily Pons via the screen: Irish travelogue, with Blackrock College one of the features . . . The three basketball teams batted .700 with seven wins and three losses.

Our Mail Box

HERE AND THERE

The Annual Retreat for the Brothers was held at Ferndale, March 11th to 19th, with Father Joseph Duffy as Retreat Master.

Holy Ghost Parish in New Orleans, Louisiana, boasts an attendance of at least a thousand at every Lenten exercise.

Your charitable prayers are requested for Father McGoldrick's mother who is very ill in Philadelphia.

The Community at Ferndale had the unusual pleasure on the evening of March 15 to be addressed by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Maurice F. McAuliffe. The Bishop spoke with the tongue of an Apostle, inspiring all to a fuller appreciation of the nobility of the missionary vocation. "The missionary carries especially the note of universality into pagan lands and with the failure of Western Civilization, the future of Christ's Church lies in pagan lands and depends on the zeal of the missionary." The Bishop's encomiums for the work of the Holy Ghost Fathers were lavish almost to the point of embarrassment.

AFRICAN APPOINTMENTS

Father Lavery to Umbugwe

Father Prueher to Superior of Singa Chini

Father Wilhelm to Rombo Father Griffin to Rombo

Father Gorman to Inguni (Machame)

Sport-writers with the Philadelphia Athletics at their Lake Charles training camp give a new slant on the supposedly staid little Southern town . . . as wide open as Deadwood in the eighties . . . there is open card gambling in the taverns . . . open race pool rooms with a description of each race coming over the radio . . . no dice games or roulette in the city but just a short distance beyond the city line you find the wheel, dice and everything in full blast . . . craps, faro, blackjack, horses and bingo . . . one man dropped \$8000 in one night at faro . . . a rice planter won \$6200 with/the ivory cubes one night . . . women play as well as men and of all things, they have women shills . . . one girl takes a regular turn spinning the wheel . . . everything is done openly, no lookouts or locked doors and the sky's the limit.

And from our own correspondent: "Bill Keown brought his basketball team down here and took our boys for a merry ride . . . we're scheduled for Lafayette on the 27th . . . Father Hannigan is a bit sore at our lads for losing most of their games . . . I am starting to organize a few soft-ball teams now. We must have something to keep the lads busy during the summer. If not, we will be all summer going

back and forth to the jail getting them out. These cops slap them into jail for any danged old thing . . ."

"Visited about fifty families . . . One fellow has a tomb in his yard. It seems a priest called him a bigamist—which he is—and informed him he wouldn't be buried in consecrated ground if he didn't put out the flame. But he wants to keep the home-fires burning, so he decided to prepare a final resting place in his own back yard. He's happy about the whole thing because he believes he had a legitimate reason for giving his first love the bounce.

whatnot. Last one netted \$9.90, so you see our pockets aren't bulking despite our dream cottage... The movie camera doesn't give you all the dimensions... don't let it fool you...

"SOUTHERN EXPOSURE"

Well shut mah mouth if our American confreres in Africa won't soon be having plenty of company! And way down from the deep, deep South too. Who said so? Our Friend Senator Bilbo of Mississippi. Wants money from the government to transport 2,000,000 Negroes to Liberia. No reason why a few should not be distributed around Kilema. Would remind 'Pete' so much of 49th and Woodland-ran across an interesting story tuther day; about Chief Tuscaloosa of the Black Warrior Indians. When he and his people were driven from these parts he put a curse on the people and said that the river would take its yearly toll. It hasn't missed yet-Good old Chief Tuscaloosa-and then there was the story in the paper about the white girl who sought and found sanctuary in the old tumbled down shack (not of Athlone) of a Negro after she had been chased by two WHITE men . . . Southern chivalry done up in Sepia . . . Yeah man! . . . Does the South ever honor the Negro! Well, Natchitoches did. (Boy, oh boy, did that spelling get me down.) Has a statue on the Main street of an old Negro hat in hand and with bowed head. Wonder if the day will ever come when he too can look up to the sun? Oh, just wondering, that's all ... And then there is the good old Cane River. (What would Webster call it?) Runs right by the same town; Natchitc, etc. Also runs by Isle Brevelle . . . Who wouldn't enjoy floating along its banks, (if you get what I mean, the can for the contained; like, the pot boils) beside its banks, on a warm, lazy summer day. Who would? . . . Just got the case for the Conference; and was I shocked. That's what you get for putting too much faith in a Moral professor. Her name was not BERTHA!!! And here I thought, or should I? . . . After all this is an "Exposure." Glad to hear that the Ferndale Dam is being preserved. Nothing like a good old dam for keeping one in deep water. Who should talk? I won't. "I don't remember." An orchid (woowoo) to the Holy Ghost Fathers in New Orleans. Their teams (basketball) picked to play a prelim game at Xavier University because of their colorful playing. And that's not a pun either ...

AFRICANA

Out here you feel like an apple in the pickle barrel until you know this Swahili. When you can understand a husband and wife trying to straighten out a fight, then you know Swahili...

No jungles in Kilimanjaro... It's a hard life but normal nonetheless ... Heat and rains and the primitive stupidity of the natives try your patience to the hilt ... Snakes and wild animals more rare than dangerous ... I have slept in a bed every night save one ... Not much as beds go but—a bed, withal ... Food's decent enough and you manage to keep clean ... Its the 'full' life and I know you'll get to like it ...

I will have to start begging now, but no fooling, if you can send any Mass Intentions, we could use them since I'm the only American left in the Seminary and with five European Fathers, it will take a lot of Masses to keep us going..

You can't teach children the truths of religion unless you get them to school regularly—and you can't keep Christian youth clean in heart if it spends it leisure hours wandering about the banana groves in search of native beer and Minskyite Pagan Dances. The promise of education won't draw the youngsters to school; benediction and hymn-singing won't draw the bigger lads and lassies of an evening—but a football has the same drawing power here as it has in the States. Honestly, it's the best drawing-card I've struck in years out here. A splendid way of getting to know the young people and of keeping them near the Mission . . From Bishop Byrne: "The young Fathers . . . started at the Swahili like brave men . . . got a firm hold on the "cases" and "conjugations" . . . were speaking in short time . . . They are all in their stations now and very happy . . . The Senior Seminary is started. Pray God to help us and if you know of any friends who could pay for a barrel or two of cement . . . it would be a great act of charity for souls . . .

THE APOSTLE OF MAURITIUS Jacques Desire Laval

To the sons of Venerable Libermann, Father Laval is a great figure. This greatness rises out of a life of obscurity spent in laboring for the poor blacks on the small island of Mauritius. Greatness resting its claim on the nobility of a life spent in the spiritual arena of souls ceases to be merely greatness and merges into sanctity. True, for years he has remained hidden in the shadows cast by the lustre of the Little Jew of Saverne, but once we have learned of the one we naturally seek to know something about the other. Libermann might be called the ideal missionary and Father Laval the fulfillment of that ideal in the reality of missionary labors. Such thoughts have prompted the writer in his endeavor to rescue something of the life of the latter from the French.

Near the city of Chartres, in the diocese of Evreux, is a little village called Croth. It stands in a fertile valley watered by the river Eure. There on the 18th of September, 1803, in the beginning of that century which Henri Gheon in the language of heaven has called, "The Century of the Cure d'Ars," Jacques Desire Laval and his twin brother Michael were born. God had already blessed the union of Jacques Laval and Suzanne Delerablee with three little girls. All that the fond young father had wished for was more than fulfilled with the arrival of two little boys. They were taken just a few days after their birth to the village church, to be christened there with all the solemnity and joy that peace and liberty, restored to the Church in France just two years before, allowed. The one was named Jacques after his father and the other Michael, in honor of the Archangel, to whom the faithful of Normandy are so devoted. Not for long did the happy little mother have the twins together. Soon after that joyful baptismal day death took little Michael away. God had taken, says the French biographer, Jacques' little partner home, to be the protector in heaven of his little brother on earth.

To draw down the blessings of heaven upon the little lad that was left to her, the mother offered him to the Virgin in the church of Croth. Soon after when on a visit to the shrine of St. Roch, a place of frequent pilgrimage in the neighboring parish of Sorel, she placed him under the protection of the Saint.

The Laval family were a numerous clan, enjoying a modicum of wealth that permitted them the good things of life. Jacques' father had as a young man received an education in the Classics and begun the study of Law at Paris. A career at the bar in those days was a coveted ambition but Jacques Laval was thwarted in his very first steps to attain it. The premature death of his father called him home to Normandy and there he remained to attend to the working of the family property.

It must have been a disheartening setback to young Laval, to be transplanted so abruptly from a Parisian Law School to the farm in Normandy. The blessings that followed in its wake repaid the sacrifice an hundred-fold. Shortly after his return home a younger brother began to study for the priesthood. He persevered in his holy vocation and after his ordination taught the Humanities at the Junior Seminary of Evreux until the French Revolution closed the seminaries. During those bitter days he chose exile rather than abjure his faith. It is this beloved uncle, the Abbe Laval, who upon his return exercised such telling influence over the youthful Jacques Desire.

There was a heritage far greater and nobler than the things of earth connected with the family of his father. A love of the faith, honesty, honor were the real gold in the family treasury, but the brightest of them all was charity. Love of the poor was a tradition among them. The hospitality of the home was ever theirs and they were welcomed as the beloved of God.

The mother of Jacques Desire was a charming personality. She was an ideal mother, most lovable and dignified, wielding a most irresistible and fruitful influence over the little lives about her. Her love reached out and beyond the encircling walls of home. God had given an abundance of good things to her and she ever strived to return the same to Him. To the poor the products of her little garden were doled out unstintingly. Her motto seems to have been: "The more I give the more the Good God gives back to me." She once brought home with her a homeless old woman whom she had found half-naked and afflicted with sores along the road. For long weeks she nursed her with a truly maternal tenderness and had the happiness to see her die Christianly in her arms.

Jacques Desire lost this beloved mother in 1811. He was not yet eight years old. He was the fourth child in a little circle of six. A little brother, August, and a sister Celestine had been born after him. In later life he would remain ever united to this younger brother and sister in the tenderest relations. They were six little orphans who sorely needed a mother. It grieved the good father to see these little ones so lonely. He would marry again but he feared the bitterness and dissension that a stepmother might create. He would never have the children of his sweet and lovable wife Suzanne, thus embroiled. After long months of debate, in an effort to fill the void left in the little hearts, he married. The six little orphans held on tenaciously to the memory of their pious mother, but received with respect and kindness the spouse of their father. This respect changed quickly into filial affection and soon the word "Mama" reechoed again in the little

home. The children of their new mother were welcomed to the paternal home as brother and sister.

Jacques Desire would find in this virtuous stepmother the support of which his heart had need. Ahead of him there were many rough and disheartening experiences and it would be in them that her tenderness would come to his aid. She would contribute much to his conversion and in her old age lived to hear of his first apostolic success at Mauritius.

The Cure d'Ars was wont to say: "Virtue passes easily from the hearts of mothers into the hearts of children." The childhood of Father Laval is a perfect attestation of this truth. He had drawn with his milk from the maternal bosom, goodness of heart and charity. From his tenderest years there shined in him as an effect, a reflection of her love for the poor, that blossomed forth in manhood with so bright a radiance. He had already learned to give and find happiness in giving.

There is something remarkable about the childhood of most of the saints. Even there we find a little of the extraordinary that adds a touch of spiritual nobility to their lives. Quiet and more reserved than the generality of children, it is a difference that very early sets them apart. Jacques Desire possessed something of this. He was mild and good and lived in peace with his little brothers and sisters. Suffering thrust itself into his life very early and from his first year he served his apprenticeship of suffering. To the casual visitor it was merely a melancholy strain in the boy, to his parents and those who lived near to him and knew him they were dispositions of mildness, goodness and obedience. His stepmother who knew him best saw in these little traits an indication of the character of his future vocation. She asked him one day just what he intended to be and he answered: "Me, I will be a priest or a doctor." He was in later life both.

(Continued Next Month)

AT TWILIGHT

I thought and mused at twilight 'Neath yonder spreading elm—
I thought strange thoughts at twilight Curious thoughts at twilight Of the Christ—they crucified.

Strange how God for man should die And such a death on gibbet high; Yet strange still—nor understood, Is man's unblushed ingratitude!

A heart that melts at friendship's touch And quells with thankfulness and such When service rendered speaks of love And plays the chords we so well love—'Tis strange how cold such heart can be To see the Christ nailed to the tree—To see a man—nay God—there tied—For him—aye him—there crucified!

A soul that grieves at human woe— A soul that fills to see it so— How strange to see that soul unheed The Heart of God, of—Jesus—bleed! How passion's fire so sudden died When turned on Christ—The Crucified.

I thought strange thoughts at twilight (Sweet love's ethereal hour)
Yet what love fits there better
Than God and Those Three Hours?
Than love of God-man dying
Than love of Jesus blest?
I thought strange thoughts at twilight
Yet in these thoughts found rest!

THE DELIRIUM OF ANNAS

".... and they led Him away to Annas first ..." St. John.

Thou fool! Is it not plain
The very man thou wouldst have slain
Is indeed the Holy One
The Christ of God who is to come?
Truly now can greater rise
To loosen tongues, to open eyes,
To lepers cleanse, the sick to cure,
The lame to heal and even more,
The paralytic leaves his bed;
The graves to Him give up their dead—

Reflect, my soul, shall this man die Ah yes! He must be crucified.

Away my fears, torment me not.
The God of Might hath sent Him not.
It is expedient one should die
Lest law and nation passeth by
And yet—and yet my soul well knows—
Woe to him by whom He goes—
But no—I fancy dreadful things
My mind plays pranks—my spirit dreams
And yet—no more, this man must die
Away with him, yes crucify.

Blinded guide. He named me true Hypocrite He dubbed me too A whitened sepulchre indeed To on the bread of widows feed. It all is true but oh! 'tis late And truth must now give way to hate. A word I know would stop this scene.

If I, great priest, would intervene
In saving lose an honored name,
In doing right forfeit fair fame
And noble Annas hide for shame!
Ah! no, altho 'tis God here tied—
(But no—'tis false, this man hath lied
He has been heard and justly tried)
He must indeed be crucified.

What's this word on Pilate's voice?
"'Tween king and robber is thy choice"—
"And crucify your king?" "You vow
That Caesar is your leader now?"
"His Blood"—What's this he now doth say—
Oh! conscience, die—I cannot stay—
Yes, Pilate, lord—yes, Caesar, king.
His blood on us—the robber bring
To us. And let this Jesus die
Away, away and crucify.

EDWARD LEEN, C.S.Sp. Sheed and Ward Biography

It is a curious thought that as late as three years ago Dr. Leen was unknown to Catholic readers, or nearly. Ten years earlier he had written an article—in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record, I think—on the Priesthood of the Laity which anticipated the whole flow of Catholic teaching on the subject. He was young—he is only in his forties now—he was a member of a religious congregation, the Holy Ghost Fathers, who are a name to conjure with in the missionary field but not widely known in England or America. When I first met him, he was Headmaster of Blackrock College in Dublin; and before I met him I had been told of him as a man who could write all the fundamentals of Scholasticism on the back of a postal card—or it may have been a postage stamp—I did not notice which, for I did not believe it anyhow. I do now.

When he ceased to be Headmaster, his principal work was the giving of retreats; and now we began to hear more of him. He preached retreats in convents; and the convents took notes and sent mimeographed copies to other houses of the same order throughout the world; and from all over the world nuns were writing to us to ask when would we publish a book by him. It was a new experience for us. No one has thus written about other retreat-givers. So it was that we published Progress Through Mental Prayer, followed by In the Likeness of Christ, crowned by The Holy Ghost. England was quickest to discover that a new spiritual master had arisen. America had taken him more quietly, but when the flood broke it broke at the worst possible moment for us. Our practice is to carry a stock of each book equal to three times the highest number we are likely to be asked for. In the month of December, with Christmas upon us and printers at their wits' end, the orders began to pour in at a new pace; our stocks disappeared in a couple of days; and for some weeks we were left naked to face the storm.

What constitutes his special appeal? Upon this all reviewers are unanimous. He is the most doctrinal of all modern devotional writers. He has fed his intellect on the dogmas of the church and the joy of it has spread from the intellect to the whole of his soul. He has rediscovered the thrill of the two great sources—Scripture and Dogma, and his spiritual method is not to tell us about his own thrills but to show us what has thrilled him and leave it to do for us what it has done for him. In this he is the perfect instructor of our generation.

The question is too huge to be examined here. But this much may be said: as against all the battering that the Catholic mind has to stand from the world in which it is, nothing is so powerful as the nourishment of that mind by the revealed truth. Moral exhortation is not enough, nor a reliance upon the beauty or the tradition of the Church. The only true nourishment for the intellect is the truth. But this nourishing cannot be done by any mere outline of Catholic doctrine such as the Catechism gives. The Catechism is a splendid skeleton of truth: but it needs flesh and blood. By itself it is no more nourishing to the mind than the skeleton of a sheep would be to the stomach; and no more stimulating to the imagination and emotions than the skeleton of a film star. The flesh and blood comes from bending the whole mind to the discovery of what the doctrines mean and what life means and how life and doctrines are related. Some mighty instinct is driving the laity to the study of dogma. And no man now writing satisfies their instinct more than Edward Leen.

AVIS DU MOIS-LIQUIDATING THE PAST

Occasionally it is a good thing to check up on our lives. Who knows but that the year we have just begun, or even the month in which we are, may be our last. It is imperative that nothing of a disorderly nature be left behind us—whether in spiritual or in temporal affairs.

First: correspondence. Are there no letters on our desk which have, for a long time, lain unanswered? Have we no personal or official projects under way? Let us settle it all for good. Are there no debts, mortgages or interest awaiting payment? "Debts paid off are assets."

Another important matter. Some of us are legal owners of houses and establishments of the Congregation. We should designate, with the Superior's approval, a confrere or some reliable man to be beneficiary of our will. This applies also to those who have bank deposits. The civil societies that own some of our establishments have regular board meetings which should be attended. Let us always be present at them.

Conclusion: Let us be men of order.

BRAVE BEGINNINGS

ST. CATHERINE'S, LITTLE COMPTON, R. I.

Two Holy Ghost Fathers sat in their small rectory discussing topics of mutual interest.

"Father," the older man continued, "what do you think of the articles lately in 'Our Province'?"

"Not too bad," was the reply. "I rather like those descriptions of our home missions and how they were started. Some of our men certainly had a rough time of it before putting the missions on a firm footing."

"'Rough' time' hardly describes it. Have you ever heard of the opening of the mission down in Little Compton, Rhode Island?" "No, I don't believe I have," came the rejoinder.

"Then in that case a little story may prove interesting. Picture to yourself the wind swept coast of the extreme southeastern section of Rhode Island—east of the small bay called Sakonnet River. It is about seven miles long and five miles wide, for the most part flat, with here and there small hills jutting up to lend variety to the landscape. The roads are narrow and winding—only one of them may be called a highway—and they ramble through wooded patches of seaboard, branching off occasionally to some large private estate. At the end of the land, near "The Point," stands the exclusive and picturesque homes of the wealthy."

The young priest settled back comfortably.

"And now, you have the picture? Forget that it is 1938. Instead, it is early in the century and the place is England. In one of the communities of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, a priest sits reading a letter. His name is Christopher Rooney, and the letter is an appointment from the Superior General, Monsignor Le Roy, sending him to far off America. He sails soon after and during walks on deck plans for his new work. But he does not realize what is ahead.

"Father Rooney had labored for twenty-five years in Portugal and is now being sent to the American Provincial of the Congregation in answer to a request for help from the Bishop of Providence. When he arrives, the Provincial, Very Reverend John T. Murphy, accompanies him to Portsmouth, Rhode Island, his new home. The Portuguese are, to put it mildly, uninterested in religion. They are scattered about Little Compton with neither church nor priest, completely isolated from Catholic influences. Easter duty is disregarded and the children are ignorant of the truths of faith. Father Rooney has no home. For the first six months, he lives on the bounty of friends, and at the end of this time manages to purchase a rectory."

"Typical Holy Ghost courage," interrupted the listener.

"Yes, and he needed much more to carry on. His first missions were Portsmouth, Little Compton, and Tiverton, covering a territory later to be styled, by one of the Bishops of Providence, the Holy Ghost Fathers' Vicariate."

"You said the Portuguese had no church of their own. Were they very long in this condition?"

"Only for about a year after Father Rooney took charge. By laboring diligently and sacrificing his own interests, he was able to have a small frame church built in Little Compton in 1909. Since its erection, Mass has been held there on Sundays and holydays. He placed this church under the patronage of Saint Catherine and soon the work began to move. In answer to a request for help, Father Joseph Boehr was recalled from Africa and sent to Rhode Island, and was, in September, 1909, placed in charge of Saint Catherine's. In 1910 Father Manuel Barras, fleeing the Portuguese Revolution, came to assist Father Rooney and was placed in charge of Little Compton where he remained until 1922."

"Did you mention, Father, that Tiverton was also under the care of our Fathers?"

"Yes, and in fact in 1913 Father Rooney himself took care of another mission in North Tiverton. But in 1917 his health forced him to relinquish this mission to Father Boehr. The following year, worn out from the rigors of pioneer work and the grave responsibility of caring for these missions—for in his ten years he had built the churches, paid the interest on the debts contracted by his predecessors and put on a firm footing all the missions of the 'Vicariate'—Father Rooney gave up his work and, at the advice of Superiors, returned to Ireland. He died there on May 31, 1919."

"In his ten years of toiling among the Portuguese, Father Rooney certainly showed that our early missions were watched over by the Holy Spirit. You know, Father, if they were not, I wonder how much success we should be enjoying today?"

"Well, the men who have come in later years had little doubt of divine help. But in the days of "brave beginnings" there must have been times when the only refuge was an act of faith."

"Thanks for the story, Father. It was, as you said it would be, interesting. Do I hear the bell for Benediction?"

OFFICIAL

Word has just been received of the death of the Most Rev. Alexander Louis Le Roy, C.S.Sp., D.D., Titular Archbishop of Carie and late Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and Immaculate Heart of Mary, at the age of 84.

As we go to press a telegram has just arrived announcing the death of Father Joseph Emile Schultz, C.S.Sp., in his 79th year, on Easter Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, April 17th, at the Jefferson Clinic. The funeral will take place from St. Joachim's Church, Detroit, Michigan, Thursday, April 21, at 10.00 A. M. R. I. P.

Our Most Reverend Father General has announced the following members of the American Province as delegates to the General Chapter to convene on July 17th, at Paris-Chevilly:—Fathers Provincial, Hoeger, Knaebel, Collins; Alternates: Fathers Callahan, Lundergan.

The first retreat will be held at Duquesne University from the evening of Sunday, June 12, to the evening of Friday, June 17; the second retreat will be in Ferndale from the evening of Sunday, June 19, to noon of Friday, June 24. The exercises will be conducted by Father McGlynn.

Please notify ten days in advance the Very Rev. Father Superior of the community where you and your confreres intend making the retreat.

C. J. PLUNKETT, C.S.Sp., Provincial.

If spirituality is in proportion to the absence of materia, Brannigan is pretty near an angel. (Straggler).

COLLEGE OF THE HOLY GHOST Pittsburgh, Pa. 1888.

Holy Thursday

Hours of Adoration

A.M.	8:00- 8:30	Messrs.	Buchheit and Strzelczock
	8:30 9:00	22	Otter and Muller
	9:00 9:30	99	Danner and Giblin
	9:30-10:00	**	Lawlor and Callahan
	10:00-10:30	99	Kaczka and Gavin
	10:30-11:00	9.9	Leinweber and Beck
	11:00-11:30	99	Walsh and Rydlewski
	11:30-12:00	22	Cary and Goebel
	12:00-12:30	99	Biermann and Ritter
	12:30-1:00	99	Rausch and Szkotowski
P.M.	4:00	Messrs.	Wigley and Graff
	4:45 5:30	99	Stadelmann & Frommherz
	5:30-6:15	99	Beck and Rydlewski
	6:15-7:00	99	Goebel and Laux
	9:30-10:15	22	Hamilton and Ritter
	10:15-11:00	>>	Giblin and Tomaszewski
	11:00-11:45	99	Rausch and Strzelczock
	11:45—12:30	99	Buchheit and Lawlor
	12:30— 1:30	99	Leinweber and Walsh.

FIFTH AVENUE—NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue, New York City, the scene of many notable parades and pageants, witnessed one of the most inspiring and spectacular turnouts in its long history on the 17th of March 1938, Feast of St. Patrick. According to the news' accounts, seventy-five thousand were in the line of march on a bleak, cold, raw, threatening afternoon. The contingent that seemed to attract most attention from the onlookers was a Bugle and Drum Corps from St. Mark's Parochial School, Harlem.

To some it seemed a contradiction in terms to mention Colored people taking part in a St. Patrick's Day parade, but on this occasion they fitted in perfectly emphasizing the Catholicity of the followers of Ireland's patron saint. All along the line of march they received a rousing reception and when passing the reviewing stand at St. Patrick's Cathedral the ecclesiastical dignitaries who were seated there stood up and waved a friendly hand of encouragement to the youngsters. At the Plaza Hotel where this eye witness was standing close to a group of mounted police, he heard one of them cry out: "Look what's coming!" And immediately the entire contingent cantered off to a vantage point to view St. Mark's Bugle and Drum Corps coming up the famous avenue, making history by marching for the first time in a St. Patrick's Day parade in the year 1938.

This magnificently uniformed band of boys and girls owes its creation to the genius and enthusiasm of Rev. James A. Murnaghan, C.S.Sp. Let us hope that when they make their next appearance in public they will be increased a hundred strong. In a letter to the pastor of St. Mark's, Rev. Michael F. Mulvoy, C.S.Sp., the Vicar General of the archdiocese, Monsignor Lavelle, says: "I am writing to express to you the deep gratitude of His Eminence, the Cardinal, for the participation of your parochial school Bugle and Drum Corps Unit in the St. Patrick's Day Parade."

Roman Road. The Roman Road has at present the sides built up all the way round but like some of the Scholastics on Fast mornings, it is not quite filled in.

(Straggler)

Jokes must be of Liturgical Age and Canonical Beauty. (Straggler).

OUR

PROVINCE

La Farge Visits Ferndale

An Experience in Temperance

Homage to the Queen of May

Meditation with John Griffin

Workers Seek Church Daily

Our Mission Band

235th Anniversary

1703-1938

"Arise, make haste, My love, My dove, My beautiful one, and come.

For the winter is now past; the rain is over and gone. The
Flowers have appeared in our land; the time of pruning
is come; the voice of the turtle is heard; the fig tree
hath put forth its green buds; the vines and the
blossoms yield their sweet smell. Arise! My
love, My beautiful one, and come!"

(Cant. II:10-13)

VOLUME SIX

List of Contents

OUR DEAD

EDITORIALS—The Duke Takes Flight, Now Playing 235th Anniversary

Duquesne's Summer Session—1938

La Farge Visits Ferndale—An Interracial Program

Workers Seek Church Daily-Our Mission Band

OUR LEVITES

Innocents Abroad: Rome, Fribourg, Louvain Ferndale Herald Unit Whirligig Kernels from Cornwells

OUR MAIL-BOX

Southern Exposure Africana Here and There

Homage to the Queen of May (Verse)

KILIMANJARO or "Kilima-Ndjaro" Part I

Lest We Forget

OUR DEAD

DURING THE MONTH OF MAY

We pray for:

Father Charles Leroux, died May 1, 1915, aged 59 years.

Father Charles Steurer, died May 14, 1918, aged 83 years.

Father John Moranville, died May 16, 1824.

Brother Pius Bluem, died May 16, 1930, aged 80 years.

Father John Desnier, died May 19, 1909, aged 52 years.

Father John Wietrzynski, died May 20, 1902, aged 27 years.

Father Francis Schwab, died May 23, 1903, aged 58 years.

Father Michael Kelly, died May 31, 1931, aged 50 years.



OUR PROVINCE

VOL. 6

MAY, 1938

No. 5

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PROVINCIAL

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

HOLY GHOST FATHERS. FERNDALE. NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Editorial Office: 65 West 138th Street, New York, N. Y. Printed at St. Joseph's House, 16th & Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Editorials

THE DUKE TAKES FLIGHT

Because shepherd Slovaks hewed trunks of trees to fashion tamburs for village festivals and because the Ottoman Turks, to make their triumph complete, wedded the buritza to the conquered tambur, Duquesne University today lays claim to the finest Tambouritza Orchestra in the country. Only this afternoon (March 26), an NBC national hook-up carried its music over the air. We are informed it is to be a permanent 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon feature.

Lest we be misunderstood, be it here stated, that the success of the orchestra, is not an excuse for a private hapsody on the virtues of music—canned or classic. What we mean to indicate is this: definitely, Duquesne University has emerged ("it's always darkest before dawn"). To be deserving of the name, universities ought to turn out philosophers and artists. The School on the Bluff has come a long way since the days when brick was manufactured on the back-lot and Holy Ghost College was the official Ecclesiastical Hotel for visiting clergymen (days when the scholastics met every cleric of note in the country). The Law School is established in national repute; the Pharmacy School of late years, etc., etc. For the past three years, the student weekly, The Duke, won collegiate 'All-America' rating and if you read the Duquesne Monthly you will observe a tone of sanity refreshingly mature for youngsters just emancipated from adolescence. The little "Giant Killers" of sport speak for themselves.

Now, it is within neither our competence nor our knowledge to comment on the financial condition of the school. To realize that its status as legitimate "work" of the Congregation is beyond question, one need only to glance at what our times call art and philosophy. Literature is given over to sensationalism and propaganda; music to swing; philosophy to hysteria; painting and sculpture to idiocy. The leading exponent of scholasticism makes harsh conclusions based on suspiciously Gallican premises and lesser luminaries spend their wrath in the cause of expediency—squeezing Catholicism in the molds of either Communism or Fascism. The unhandsome head of modernism is everywhere to be met. Money and madness rule the hour.

Yes, Duquesne, gives us clear thinkers and honest artists—it's the most abandoned work in the world!

NOW PLAYING

Two years ago, a fashionable Park Avenue preacher broadcasted a plea for a moratorium on preaching.

This year in England, the last stronghold of Protestantism, moving picture apparatus is being installed in the churches at the rate of one a day. Of course, dontchaknow, only films with a moral tone and uplift will be shown. Parishioners (patrons?) may bring their own lunches (what's the matter with the old free lunch?).

What it all indicates is that the four hundred years old free-for-all in the ring of religion has narrowed down to two rivals—Atheism and Catholicism. The Catholic Church, one of the two charter members of the original troupe and the common enemy, now has an opportunity to breathe and to train its guns on a single target.

Many people, considering the great numbers arrayed against the Church view the spectacle with trepidation. Looking at it dispassionately, one can discount the numbers—haven't they always been as great? The Church's advantage rests on the fact that these great numbers use the same modus pugnandi—their attack can be predicted and anticipated. Where before the Church has had to prepare a defense against every shade of schism, heresy and agnosticism, she now faces a single foe, whose strength is a definite quantity and whose attack is "telegraphed," to use a pugilistic term. The boxer will tell you there's no difficulty dodging a punch you know is coming.

There is no real cause for alarm. Granting the strength of the opposition is in itself a disarming factor—it screws up one's courage, it gains the respect of one's opponent, it spurs the hero on to combat. And with Christ in the van, who is it that shall conquer us? Ad montem!

235TH ANNIVERSARY

On Pentecost Sunday, May 27, 1703, in a rented house on the Rue des Cordiers, Claude Francis Poullart des Places, still but an aspirant to the priesthood, established the community of the seminary consecrated to the Holy Ghost under the invocation of Mary Conceived Without Sin. The inaugural ceremony took place at the Church of Saint-Etienne-des-Gres, before a statue of

Notre Dame de Bonne-Deliverance. (a miraculous statue popular to students of the time). As the young founder, who had also preached the inaugural retreat remarked to his students, it was another Pentecost Sunday in the real sense because, with the founder, they were exactly twelve in number, assembled on the feast of the birthday of the Church, the feast of the Holy Ghost, to consecrate themselves to the most arduous and abandoned ministry in the Church.

The financial problems of the young Institute are terrifying even when read in cold print. When we read how des Places himself had banded the poorest students together so that he could look after their material wants and that out of this nucleus was born the Congregation, we cannot fail to wonder whether there was not more spiritual folly abounding than substantial food. Let it be said here to the eternal memory of the Jesuits of the College of Louis the Great, that without their Christian charity and zeal, the foundation and life of the fledgling Society would have been well-nigh impossible.

The writer does not hesitate to note that the clear evidence of the direct work of the Holy Spirit Himself in the beginning of the Congregation has never been withdrawn. Each one of us has had personal experience of those dark and discouraging periods of our history when no man could assist, when trials and problems seemed insoluble, when calamity, disaster and even annihilation threatened—and what happened? No man can tell; no man dares an explanation; things simply "cleared up" and we went on again. Truly, it was a happy choice when Claude Francis Poullart des Places called upon the Holy Spirit to protect the Congregation. He could have called upon no more powerful protector; he could have insured no more perpetual guarantee for the continuation of the work:

Hostem repellas longius, Pacemque dones protinus: Ductore sic te praevio, Vitemus omne noxium.

DUQUESNE'S SUMMER SESSION—1938

The preliminary announcement-folder for the 1938 Summer Session reveals a wide variety of new and attractive courses. The regular university faculty will be augmented by visiting professors of outstanding merit.

This year courses will be offered in Catholic Action; The Mystical Body; The Catholic Literary Revival with Rev. Francis Beauchesne Thornton of Notre Dame, Columbia and Oxford; Foreign Relations with China by Monsignor G. Barry O'Toole; the History of Spain by Dominic de la Salandra, Ph.D., with degrees from Washington, Stanford and California. Father van de Putte of Ferndale will assist Dr. Carlo Rossini in the field of Plain Chant.

Special courses will be open to students among professional business men and women, study clubs, etc.

Classes June 27 to August 5. Registration June 23-30.

LA FARGE VISITS FERNDALE

April 8—Decadent ages abound in superlatives. Ours is no exception. We are lush in them. A man is either rich or poor; genius or dub; saint or sinner. Mediocrity is rare and despised, and rightly so. Moderation is so unknown that one is given pause when confronted with it.

John La Farge is moderate. We've never met him formally but have had the novel experience of an hour

and a half of temperate entity.

He walks with the right shoulder held a little higher and forward. He is tall and gaunt—the Abe Lincoln type except there is no tragedy in his eyes—in fact, there's nothing in his eyes—nothing that is, except that moderate twinkle. They say eyes tell tales. His will tell you nothing—except moderation. There is no flash of genius in them; they are not bright, they are not dull. You almost form the word tired but no, they are moderate.

His voice is neither strong nor weak; there is nothing striking about it.

He needed a hair-cut but it wasn't long Bohemian style. He just needed a hair-cut.

He is none of your brilliant lecture-room orators. He is informal and even begins his discourse with a humorous anecdote. But he does so because life is a game for him and he enjoys playing it instead of making a job of it.

We had read some of his writings; we had heard of the multiplicity of his talents and working interests. We expected to see some man of robust physique, flashing eye and golden tongue. We weren't disappointed with what we got; we were mystified. He doesn't seem to draw on his physical energies—nemo dat quod non habet; his speech didn't parade dilettanteism. By process of elimination, we find that we are ending with a superlative—he must get his strength where Aquinas got it—before the Blessed Sacrament. And because God is not in a whirlwind—this man is moderate. He is what the Venerable Libermann must have meant by "peace and suavity."

In short, gentlemen, our bet is that John La Farge is a saint.

An Interracial Program (Digest)

An interracial program is that program which applies to race relations. Race relations are those relations which exist between racial groups. The term, racial groups, as used here has a very wide meaning. It concerns a group of people considered as separate in a country. The cause of this separation may be color, nationality, etc.

The purpose of this program is to secure a just and charitable relation between the various peoples of this country. Education is the means proposed to secure this end. Education regarding matters interracial is very necessary. This is evident from the attitude of many both white and colored.

I was asked to address a small group of colored men in Kansas. During my talk they showed little interest.

I wondered what was the trouble. When I had finished one man spoke up and said: "What you say does not apply. The race relations are good here; we all are employed in city jobs." But at the same time there were hundreds of negroes out of work in that city.

This matter is of vital importance. It concerns twelve million people of this country who are considered as a separate group, a group in general underprivileged, with practically no property, whose employment is vicarious, whose education is backward and who live under extraordinary difficulties happening to no other group. There is the matter of insecurity and in certain parts of the country, lack of security against violence.

Why should we be interested in this program? Truly it is an explosive question which involves strong feelings and difficult problems. Many are interested in it from purely emotional, political, or humanitarian purposes. An interracial program based on these or similar reasons ofttimes leads to intense bitterness in the very place where the work has been carried on. Such was the case of the Abolitionists.

Catholics should be interested in it for two fundamental reasons: the missionary reason and the social reason.

The conversion of the colored race is the outstading mission problem of the United States. Outside of the United States the most important mission problem is the conversion of Africa. You (C.S.Sps) are unique in that you are interested in both. But in this talk I am not speaking of Africa.

Why is the matter of race relation important to the colored of this country? Why not disregard these race relations? Why not convert the negro and forget the question of race relations? When they are all in the fold then bring up the race question. Why not tell them for the present to bear the cross; that they will receive their reward hereafter? I think this is absolute bunk! True it is that we must all bear our crosses. And true it is that we will sanctify ourselves here by bearing the cross and that we will receive our reward hereafter. If you can get them to do it that is fine. Many do. But most of them cannot save their souls under present conditions. In one of his encyclicals dealing with present economic conditions our Holy Father said that in the present modern world many without the greatest difficulty cannot save their souls. Why? Because present-day conditions destroy the family and pervert the young. A good idea of race relations can be gathered from the question which one of our missionaries asked me when I was speaking to him about the negro: "How can a family" said he, "observe the Commandments of God and the Precepts of the Church when you have fourteen people living in two rooms?" When you try to remedy these conditions you come up against the white man—the question of race relations is continually coming up. We have, too, the apathy of our own white people to contend with, the lack of interest in the work being done by priests in Africa and in America. This fact is evident from the little support they give us. But if we educate them in the matter of race relations they will be more ready to contribute to the cause.

Education for the negro is very important. In the modern world it is no more possible for the young negro without education to make his way than it is for a white boy in the same circumstances. In fact there is more expected of the negro. A negro stenographer must be first class. But the money for the education of the colored must come from the white race—again the question of race relations comes up. The building of the schools, the buying of materials are all in the control of the white people, so that most of the money ultimately goes back to the dominant race.

Under these conditions we must not take the it-isgoing-to-be-fixed-up-when-you-are-dead attitude. Communists and the non-Catholics are beating their drums. If we too, show interest in the Negroes what will be their attitude towards the Church? They cannot help esteeming it in so far as it shows an interest in them. Yet there are many who are indeed not interested in the negro or mission work. We who work in white parishes realize the advance of Communism through discord. But dissension between two classes is destructive to both. Even prescinding from the matter of the Negro we must look for our own peace. "If you want to keep a man down in the ditch you must go down with him. It has been said aptly that the place of the colored man is not in a barrel which the white man must carefully guard lest the black man gets out and marries the white man's sister. It is true that where the colored man is down the white man suffers. Such has been the case in the South, but even there they are realizing that the condition of the colored is not good for the white man.

But all intentions of helping the colored because of political, emotional or humanitarian reasons will avail little. Our Catholic doctrine and methods of action will help. Let us put the race question where it belongs—put it in our Catholic Social Program. In doing this we will abide by the doctrine of the encyclicals.

Our bases are two fundamental doctrines: the Christian doctrine of human dignity or the supernatural characteristic of man, and the universality of the Church. But what do I mean by universality? Is it that the Church is made up of all kinds of peoples? So is the State of Connecticut. Then the State of Connecticut is the Catholic Church. No, this is accidental to the State, but the fact that the Church is made up of several peoples is not accidental; it is a vital and definitely positive thing. If St. John's does not bother with colored then it is incomplete; it is like a church without a steeple, an altar without candles. In fact the people of St. John's should sing a Te Deum when they receive colored people among the congregation. In the South there are certain laws with which we must conform. The colored people will readily understand our position in conforming with these laws.

The application of these two fundamental doctrines is a point of special interest and importance. But first we have to know the facts about the Negro; these facts are available in a vast number of publications and we

can also receive much valuable information from the missionaries engaged in colored work. Then we must educate the people, but you cannot convert them by logic; you must educate them. This is the interracial program as educating the people with regard to the negro in accordance with the doctrine and teaching of the Church. This is known as a distinct apostolate. The first apostolate is the conversion by the Missionary of the Church. The work of the Holy Childhood is a second apostolate; that is, it is not direct. The work of educating the white man is truly a second apostolate. But the colored man must be taught too. We must teach him that it is a spiritual work and that there is nothing quack in or about it. There should be some priest in every diocese, province, order and parish who would be interested in this.

For those who would readily accept the Negro as a son of God but not at all as a son-in-law, we make a distinction between social equality and society equality. It is a matter of individual choice. No white man has a right to intrude his friendship for a Negro upon the society of his own white friends and no Negro has a right to demand such an intrusion. As for intermarriage, the matter is so far-fetched as to be imprudent, to say the least.

The success of the interracial program depends on individual and corporate action. The individual must show in his own life the Catholic idea of race relations. This will create an interest in the work. For corporate action the question of race relation should be inserted in the program of Catholic Action. I have every reason to believe that in two or three years Catholic Action will sweep the country. There is a new interest in this work. The Negro would have been forgotten entirely if we Fathers had not spoken up for the colored man; nobody thinks of him. The same applies for the Social Action Program. We reminded them of the Negro. Finally they asked themselves: "Perhaps we should have thought of him." True it is. How about negro housing, negro health, etc. We must get all this inserted in the Catholic program in this country. That will be corporate work. Some interracial movement is absolutely necessary if we are to convert the Negro.

Rev. D. N. Murphy, Pastor St. Stephen's Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., writes as follows: Dear Fr. Williams:

Fathers Brannigan, McCarty, and Wrenn have just closed what we in St. Stephen's Parish think is one of the most successful Missions that could be held in any parish.

Your good Fathers have been tireless in their work and have proved an inspiration, not only to the people in this community, but also to the Parish priests. Immense crowds have flocked to the Church during every Mission exercise and I know the community has benefited immeasurably as a result of this splendid Mission.

Thanking you and assuring you of our sincere appreciation,

Sincerely yours,

D. N. Murphy, Pastor.

WORKERS SEEK CHURCH DAILY

Hazelwood Mission Draws Large Crowds
(Pittsburgh Post-Gazette)

April 6—Officials of St. Stephen's Church, Second Avenue, Hazelwood, estimate that 6000 adults and 1000 children have been attending an unusual mission during the past two and a half weeks which has included a comprehensive review of religion with particular emphasis on economic questions of the day.

At present the missions are restricted to men. Many have arrived at the church for meetings as early as 5:30 o'clock in the morning, and the turnout has been so enthusiastic that the church has been overcrowded at each of five daily sessions. Last week unmarried women attended and the previous week married women participated. Discussion leaders include three former faculty members of Duquesne University, Father McCarty, former professor of ethics, Father Brannigan, former vice-president, and Father Wrenn, a former instructor. Father Murphy is pastor of the church.

Our Levites

INNOCENTS ABROAD

(Rome—3-7-38) It's the Feast of all theologians even of Jesuits; the beautiful Gothic church (Dominican) of Santa Maria sopra Minerva is filled with at least 1500 theologians, young and old; His Em., Cardinal Serafini, Prefect of the Congregation of the Council, is officiating at the altar; the Choir of the French Seminary is in the apse behind the altar interpreting the Mass of Pope Marcellus by Palaestrina; the Cardinal intones 'Credo in Unum Deum' and the whole church resounds with one voice, one heart and one soul. On hearing that "Et unam, sanctam, catholicam et apostolicam Écclesiam" sung so well in the center of Christianity by the blended voices of students from every nation almost within earshot of the Visible Representative of Christ on earth, I must admit that my eyes moistened with gladness and gratitude. Rome does that to you—if you only let it "take." Theology can be gotten from books anywhere but in Rome it seems to come at one from all sides.

Shrove Tuesday we visited the Exposition "della Romanita." You'll pardon the Italian but I don't know the English equivalent. It means, judging from what we saw, "History of the World's Greatest Empire from Romulus to Benito." It's excellently done. For those who are studying history at present a few intelligent visits would be better than any books. In the last room there is a complete reproduction of Rome in her heyday

which made me understand why St. Fulgentius exclaimed, on his arrival at the end of the fifth century: "Oh! how beautiful must be the heavenly Jerusalem if earthly Rome is so glorious."

Her glory today, though, is all from within, because her real greatness comes from the fact that the Catholic Church lives here, and the Church is the King's Daughter, all your newspaper comments and radio talks to the contrary notwithstanding. Without the Pope Rome would be simply a glorious ruin. When I first came I liked to romp around the ruins (or knife through the valley, if you like), but after finding nothing but lizards and slugs in their history I realized that the perfume of Rome must be contained in another phial.

(Fribourg 3-25-38) Writing about university life is like asking Schuschnigg to say something complimentary about Adolph. The thing that appeals most to us is the fact that we have Hebrew only twice a week. But then it seems you can get holydays and holidays anytime except Tuesdays and Fridays. At present, though, we are enjoying the second day of a five weeks' vacation—oh my!

I don't know which are more numerous: the religious orders and congregations represented at Fribourg or the different nationalities. You see nearly every kind of habit from Cistercian down or up or over, as you prefer. However, its just a waste of time to look for a Jesuit. At least it seems the Dominicans feel that way about it. The tonsorial appendages of the different costumes are varied to say the least. Anything from the conservative little patch to what someone has aptly described as the "fleatrack." Just a narrow strip of fuzz around the half-way up.

When East meets West—but then, who is East and who West? The Chink who made the journey in fourteen days—2 weeks, a fortnight—not walking but by train; or the cowboy from Colorado? They are here and all in between.

(Louvain—4-3-38) We are not wearing the peaked caps of the Flemish, nor the turbans of the Walloons, nor the berets of the Hollanders and Luxembourgeois, but all the same we count as two of the four thousand and something students who, you might say, justify the existence and importance of the town of Louvain. Students at Louvain have been playing that role for more than five hundred years (1426-1938) now in this historic centre of the Province of Brabant, where two great cultures, Germanic and French meet—but do not mingle.

To form an adequate idea of the University, would require a knowledge of the whole town, for it is neither seated on a Bluff, nor nestled in a Dale, but literally "scathered" all over the place. There are all of thirty-five institutes, in as many different localities, and each may be said to be in harmony with its setting. The "Halles Universitaires" or Administration Building is just a short distance from the famous Gothic Hotel de Ville. Modern Science Buildings are found in the up-to-date post-war section. The Schola Major of Theology is precariously in the line of fire between the Jesuit Church

of St. Michel and Notre Dame aux Dominicains. Our own "Institut Superieur de Philosophie" is the proud occupant of Place Cardinal Mercier, in the shadow of Seminaire Leon XIII. If we do not become Philosophers, at least we cannot blame it upon the environment.

FERNDALE HERALD

This issue finds Spring, after many brisk attacks, fully entrenched in her dominions and valiantly pushing forward to meet her sister Summer. 'Twas the custom in former times to dedicate this season to fiery palpitations of youthful hearts, but this modern age has relegated that custom to the Pages of the Past . . . Feast of St. Joseph: Brothers reclining in the parlor and scholastics doing the chores in the kitchen—a wellmerited change for the Brothers, who deserve tributes words cannot express. . . Mirabile dictu: six scholastics ventured to interrupt their sedentary existence to brave the dangers of an all-day hike. Page the Africans . . . Cecil B. de Mille's world-renowned film, King of Kings the treat of Sunday, March 20. Our Passion Play for the season . . . Remember your first sermon before the assembled community? A lot of the boys are going through their routine of quaking knees and quivering voices for the first time . . . "Interracial Justice can and should be an abiding thought with every priest," is how Father John La Farge, S.J., ended his lecture on the Jim Crow question . . . Palm Sunday and the in-troduction of Holy Week with all its strifes and sorrows and its glorious termination in the Resurrection of Christ on Easter Day . . . A Baptismal Font found its proper place in the Holy Saturday ceremonies for the first time, to make the ritual complete. As yet, there is no practical use for it.

Unit Whirligia

March brought with it a new corps of officers to the Ferndale Mission Unit and found the backbone of the Unit, the Scholastic Body, as eager as ever for Mission activities. The progress of the work with stamps was evidenced by the need for new and roomier quarters, and this past month found the Stamp Department of Ferndale displacing the carpenter shop in the basement with two rooms walled off with plasterboard. All the Unit Mission's finances are built on those little pieces of paper so both we here in Ferndale and our friends "out there" can join in hoping bigger things from Ferndale's Stamp men in their new offices.

At talk by Father La Farge, S.J., on the Interracial Question last week renewed a question often thought of by Ferndale's mission enthusiasts. Why not more and longer letters from the Fathers here in our American missions? The "Africans" send back interesting and meaty letters which have great results in keeping up interest in their work. But you here in the United States are engaged in just as interesting work and are as much in the minds of the Scholastics as those in foreign fields. Topics broached by some of you are as enlightening as those priceless letters from the African missionaries. What about the Jim Crow question in your lo-

cality? Do you meet much bigotry? What of foreign languages? Lynchings? What notable readjustments do you have to make when you first land there? How about more illumination on peculiar angles of your work when you are writing to your friends in Ferndale or to the Mission Unit? It will be deeply appreciated and will do much good to keep alive our Mission spirit.

The Unit was happy to fulfill in the course of the month various and sundry requests of various Fathers. A new field for exploitation was opened up in the discovery that doctors and dentists could be rather easily approached for help to supply our African missions' medical needs. Such-like outlets for our desires to do something for the missions are real finds for us. We would like our Fathers to understand that they are actually doing us a favor by applying to us for whatever small incidental assistance we can furnish. We thus have an object in our mission activities and can feel that we are doing some good for those in the field. The Mission Unit is the natural effusion of Ferndale's Mission Spirit but it can be kept at its best only by contact with the Mission fields. So, do us a favor and keep us in touch with your needs-we'll do all we can to help.

KERNELS FROM CORNWELLS

To encourage reading, especially on matters concerning the vital doctrines of the Church, as well as the Catholic interpretation of social questions, a magazine rack has been installed in the reading room. It is stocked with Catholic Magazines and pamphlets and the interest already shown has repaid the effort . . In keeping with a modern fad, the main attraction of the Laetare Soiree was a spelling bee. Preliminary eliminations preceded the selection of contestants . . . a hand-ball tournament was held to decide the college championship . . . Remodelling of a small room on the third floor provided us with a barber-shop pleasantly appointed for those who come to shed both youthful brown or aging silver. One of our boys, by the bye, is a professional barber ... Joined with Governor Earle and his Pennsylvanians in observing Swedish Founders' Day on April 8. Cecil de Mille's King of Kings, for the evening . . . All are to be commended for the singing and ceremonies of Holy Week . . . With the closing of Lent at noon April 16, the lads residing within a reasonable radius were allowed a three and a half days vacation at their homes.

Father John Walsh, in 1897, was the first American Holy Ghost Father to go to Africa.

Mr. Sonnefeld will be remembered for his comic recitations. He was somewhat prophetic at his last appearance for the "little bug" got nigh forty of us. Straggler.

Mr. Hackett, while shunning the limelight, is deserving of much praise and applause. In his own silent, unassuming fashion, he laboriously toiled to train the newly-discovered talent of last season. In fact, it was through Mr. Hackett's unceasing devotedness that King John was staged at all. Straggler.

Our Mail Box

Southern Exposure

First we had a national campaign led by the Daughters of the Confederacy against the Battle Hymn of the Republic and now they are hot and bothered against the title "Southland" for all states below the Mason-Dixon line. They don't like it and all along we Yankees thought it so reminiscent of mint julep and tall white colonnades . . . disillusioned again . . . I'm pretty sure that Ovid never heard of the word "Southland" but I'm quite certain had he, this line would have been used by him to describe the following story. "Aevo rarissima nostro simplicitas." The Scriptures also had a word for it. Thought the story a good one, so am passing it along for what it's worth . . . Take it away: Rufus is a Negro shoeshine boy and as highly polished as the shoes he shines when making the rounds of the dormitories at the University of Alabama. While polishing shoes he chatters constantly and finally inquires what his customer's home state is. The answers are many and varied but whatever that may be then asks, "How many states is dey in dis country, anyway—'bout 26?" (choose your own dialect). Then, without waiting for an answer he says, "Wonder how many I could call?-Alabama, Jawjuh, Loosiana-lemme see now" (time out for head scratching, jaw rubbing and other indications of painful concentration. You know what I mean. You've seen it many times up there in the front of the room). And then he continues, "Mobile, New Hampschican, Detroit, Tennessee . . . " After this Hampschican, Detroit, Tennessee . . . build-up, when his victim-to-be is enjoying the experience tremendously, Rufus dangles his bait temptingly, "Say, mistuh, betcha ah could call bout 10 in five minutes." The offer generally results in a wager of from 25 to 50 cents on what the student regards as a "cinch" proposition. As soon as the stakes are in the hands of a disinterested holder, Rufus drops his mask of ignorance, rattles off the names of twenty-five or thirty states, pockets his winnings and whistles off to greener pastures . . . and so will I.

AFRICANA

c/o August Feyer's Store Post Office Moshi Tanganyika Territory British East Africa

Dear Friend:

Capetown, Durban, Lourenco Marques, Dar-es-Salaam had each taken shape out of the morning mist and disappeared astern in the sunset before we reached Zanzibar. I do not need to tell you that this missionary was acutely homesick—when the passengers, as a body, disembarked at Capetown. However, self-forgetfulness

is very easy when one's own "chilluns" are thronging around the gangplank dirty, emaciated, ragged, working like dogs for a shilling a day: a shilling and taxed up to a pound annually, herded in compounds at night, dropping in their tracks when the whistle blows, to fall asleep under cranes or box cars, on top of iron ore or coal dust. No bed is too hard or too dirty for sleep so exhausted that a close observer can not see the chest rise or fall.

At Zanzibar we were met by Bishop Heffernan, and two very genial Irish fathers stationed there. After cruising around in streets so narrow that to meet another car meant that some one had to back up, we were whisked away from the magic shops and—massive bronze studded doors (designed, so they say, to resist the impact of elephants on a knock down strike) out into the country. We rolled along perfect roads, past squalid hovels on fine clove shambas, past an unbelievable number of people with elephantiasis, dropsy, or the like—out to a poor farm financed by the government and directed by the Sisters of the Precious Blood, under Bishop Heffernan. We knew that we would see 54 lepers, but there were so many shocking cases of great ulcers and semi-amputation that we were fooled into believing that we had seen the lepers when we had only seen the aged poor. None of us had the heart to ask them to submit to a camera . . . the same was true when we saw the lepers . . . We came away very soberly indeed . . . It was a foretaste of just what we had to expect; but then it seemed particularly awful—so much suffering in so limited a territory—so much poverty behind shops that house a king's ransom in silks and carvings and precious metals.

The five days we spent in Tanga were in a nightmare. The heat would have been supportable; but the house had no screens and every room was swarming with mosquitoes. It was small consolation that only one out of one thousand carries the malarial germ, because the odds were all in favor of the mosquito. Neither priests nor sisters at Tanga have window or door screens. That is an item to be taken care of when they get the money. In the meantime they do the best they can with mosquito nets over their beds-much darned and patched mosquito nets that will let in one to a dozen bombers every night-bombers that interrupt sleep at the first vicious bite. I make an earnest request for an occasional prayer for the mission in Tanga. It is a monument of self-sacrifice, built of durable and expensive materials. The builders could so easily have surrounded themselves with protection at the cost of the building budget!

Now here we are at last after 56 days on the freighter and a journey of 300 miles north to within three degrees of the equator. During the past few weeks we have been given a stiff course in the essentials of the language. There are 150 boys in residence here who are being trained to be cathechists. You should hear them sing the Mass from memory—in Latin! They have no hymnals—taught by ear, but what an ear! Little tikes that have to stand on tip-toe to remove the book from the altar will serve Mass without a mistake, not a word left out or mispronounced . . . Who gets the credit? The

Senior catechists who teach here for about half what they would earn elsewhere. Ultimately, of course, the credit goes to the Fathers who trained the catechists. The home of the six of us is a little building that will some day be a garage, please God. Daily at 6 p. m. after the Litany and a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, we return to it. Then there is the delightful business of trimming the lantern with "dowda." Supper is served by barefoot boys in their nightshirts; then a half hour of reminiscences before we settle down to such personal pleasures as this.

But the thrill that I am most eager to share with you came on Christmas Eve. At 4:30 p. m. on December 24th, when the sun was no longer dangerous, the superior sent me off with a native guide to the nearest mission, four miles away. Arrived there, the superior hustled me out of my perspiration-soaked clothes, gave me some supper, a bit of conversation and a bed. (All our beds are made from the green shoots that grow on corn stalks.) A few hours later, 11:00 p. m., I was awakened for midnight Mass. The other priests had not slept. They were busy with confessions, just as they had been all day every day for the past week—and this is not our largest mission. This is Kibosho, numbering 7,000 Christians. Kilema has 12,000.

While I was dressing I could hear an excellent choir singing the Mass of the Angels. When I went outside, the countryside was alive with lanterns, all coming toward the mission, and an immense throng was already in the big, roofless church. That was amazing, because in my four mile walk I had seen only six native huts.

The Church has no sacristy yet; so, after vesting, we squeezed through the crowd outside and found the inside so full that there was no question of anyone sitting down even if there were enough boards and soap boxes, which there weren't. Mass started, and it was magnificent from the first moment. The choir sang the proper Introit and then intoned the Kyrie. The whole congregation took it up without a break! I can't tell you what that did to me. I had been prepared for it but no warning can prepare a man for that experience. These were the despised African "savages", but they sang as though they saw Our Divine Lord there in the manger. (Certainly it was a fitting Bethlehem.) They made mistakes but they were the joyous mistakes of holy impatience; and in touching contrast there was the thin, tired voice of the celebrant, Father Cromer, celebrating his twentysixth Christmas in Africa.

Now are you ready for a surprise? Three of us gave out Holy Communion while Father Cromer went on; saying his second and third Mass before we finished. My arm was numb.

Here is another notable thing: I saw very few women at the rail in all that time. Sez I, "Hm—must be something wrong." But the next morning! It didn't seem possible that anyone at any of the crowded Masses failed to receive Holy Communion, but now women of all ages with babies in their arms were in the majority.

And such well behaved little tikes—not a howl out of them.

Dear God, it was wonderful but it was also frightening. How can we ever get priests enough for them at the present rate of growth. At present they are excellent subjects, docile and willing to learn. Their practice of the Christian virtues is most edifying when one sees the vulgarities of paganism all around them. By paganism I don't mean only the uncivilized paganism of the jungle, either. The white men can have a greater demoralizing influence.

And what are these native catechists like? Well, for two weeks I had one coaching me in Kiswaheli. He spoke English carefully and well. He knew Speer's Kiswaheli Grammar throughly and he knew English Grammar, better than I do. He is 24 years of age, started learning English here in 1928, and is a gentleman whom I would be content to have as a companion anywhere—bare feet and all. Remarkable? Of course it is remarkable, but those people are not an inferior race. They are intelligent and deeply religious people, but the race to make them solid Catholics is going to be a close and bitter one because the same destructive influences are at work here that are at work in every country of the world today.

To each of you my blessing. It is hard to describe how I feel when after every Mass in which my family and friends are so warmly remembered, I turn around and make the Sign of the Cross not only over the black faces around me but also very carefully and reverently over Pittsburgh, which is just settling down to sleep.

Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus!

J. L.

HERE AND THERE

From the South: "Today is March 26, and it's as warm as . . . well, it's warm. I am really perspiring, everything is in bloom. The foliage on the trees won't be any thicker. Father Hackett had confirmation last night and the poor Bishop just melted . . . "

Father Malloy preached the Lenten course for the Prep students at Duquesne.

Father Sullivan's weekly "sermonette" in the columns of *The Duke* displayed a wistfully *Tabbian* flavor, a modus praesentandi a la *Gillis* and the authority and unction of sincerity. A book of such fare would make a notable contribution to the Catholic Literary Revival.

An unofficial report from Fribourg states that our lads are doing exceptionally well, thank you, and that one of them won the distinction of being the first student in the history of the University to obtain an optime in Hebrew. Who said Americans had strong shoulders and weak heads?

Rev. M.M. Schenning and Supple will be ordained to the priesthood at Rome on July 10th.

Our unofficial archivist has the following statistics: since the establishment of the Novitiate at Ridgefield:

196 have been professed
90 (46%) have been consecrated
79 (40%) are still scholastics
27 (14%) have left
1 died
1 became a Brother
102 have been ordained
67 are not yet ordained

Please pray for Father John J. Todorowski's father who died in Mt. Carmel, Pa., May 9.

R. I. P.

Since its notable appearance in the St. Patrick's Day Parade, the following schedule has been drawn up for St. Mark's Catholic Bugle and Drum Corps: Bronx, April 16th; May Procession, New York, May 8th; Pilgrimage, Torresdale, Pa., July 31st.

On Sunday, March 27, the Most Rev. Martin S. Gillet, O.P., Master General of the Dominican Order was given a reception at St. Mark's Auditorium. The Auditorium was crowded with Colored Catholics. The address of welcome was delivered by the Rev. Michael F. Mulvoy.

We are having continued rains, at times, almost to flood proportions. Could not get into Mansura for Mass this morning, the whole town under water. We are hoping for a cessation soon. If not we fear another flood.—April 6, T. A. Wrenn, Martsville, La.

We had 135 adult converts for Confirmation yesterday. The Archbishop was evidently pleased.—April 6, K. O'C. Keane, New Orleans, La.

Father James A, Marron arrived in Brooklyn, N. Y., Holy Thursday evening, April 14, aboard the S.S. Chincha, of the American-South African Line, for a much needed rest after ten years in Kilimanjaro. A hundred thousand welcomes!

In February the State of Oklahoma gave us new clothes and shoes for all our school children. Since November, (1937) it has been supplying food to feed 175 children daily. The menu consists of soup, potatoes, meat, rice or peas- and cocoa. That's more than the pastor gets. Two women are paid by the PWA to prepare the food and take care of everything connected with the "project", to use a consecrated political term descriptive of all such enterprises.

We are in great need of a new Church... Last year I had 20 converts and this year so far I have already baptized 10 and have 12 under instructions and hope to have 50 converts by the end of the year. We cannot accommodate our people in the small building that serves as our parish church. However, the possibilities

of having a new church are very slim unless some rich bird comes our way. There's no sin in hoping.

At present we have 230 children in school and expect nearly 400 next September. We expect the State recognition very soon. I am trying to raise funds to equip a science room for the High School next year. The painting of the school and convent and a small addition to the bungalow-rectory in the form of a parochial office have taken up much of my time.—April 25, W. C. Strahan, Okmulgee, Okla.

* * *

Brother Francis Mary Long made his profession at Ridgefield on April 28.

Father T. A. Murphy was deacon of honor at the solemn pontifical functions held in the Cathedral of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Oklahoma City, on Holy Thursday and Good Friday and sang the "Christus" role in the Passion on Good Friday.

* * *

Bishop Donahue confirmed 190 at St. Mark's, New York City, Sunday, May 1.

* * *

Pontifical Association of The Holy Childhood reports receipts of \$150,295.72 for 1937, the 17 archdioceses and 89 dioceses contributing to the fund. Of this amount \$86,500.00 was sent to the General Office in Paris, France, representing an increase of \$20,000.00 over the previous year.

HOMAGES TO THE QUEEN OF MAY

John Griffin, C.S.Sp.

The earth its homage brings of lovely flowers Unto the Queen of May, the Mother blest, Whose virgin bosom, like to Eden's bowers, Did to her God afford delight and rest.

How sweetly o'er the earth, 'mid summer's glow, Those flowers of May their fairy mantle spread, As if unto their Heav'nly Queen to show That winter's dreary frosts at last have fled.

With that fair gift, the radiant flowers of May, In splendor o'er all kings by God arrayed, We, too, would fain unto our Queen display Such gifts as ne'er in death are doomed to fade.

With fondest yearning to her Heav'nly throne, While on our lips the words of Gabriel sound, We waft our humble prayer in suppliant tone, Like roses fair in angel gardens found.

Hail! Mary, full of grace; the Lord's with thee; More highly favor'd thou than all the rest Of Eve's fair daughters; thou alone art free From guilt of sin and with all graces blest.

For us, poor sinners, then, ah! let thy prayer,
Most holy Mother of our God, ascend,
Like fragrant incense wafted high in air,
Both now and when our course in death shall end.

Father Francis J. Fitzgerald sails on the flagship of the French Line, the S.S. Normandie, on May 18, at noon, enroute to Bagamoyo. He will leave Marseilles aboard the S.S. Explorateur Dardidier, on June 9, reaching Dar-es-Salaam on June 27, and taking over his post in Bagamoyo on July 1. Bon voyage and every success and blessing to a veteran missionary!

"KILIMA-NDIARO"

A Digest of A.L.R.'s Book

"Au Kilima-ndjaro" is the account of the first attempt of a Catholic missionary to penetrate the territory which is now the scene of our American Province's African labors. Monsignor Le Roy was the intrepid trail-breaker who in June, 1890, struck out into the wilderness and returned with a stock of stories and data that makes "Au Kilima-ndjaro" one of his most interesting works. From it we have formed a few articles on our own corner of Africa, for the interest of our confereres through the pages of OUR PROVINCE.

I

"Kilima-ndjaro" designates an isolated highland a little above the third degree south Latitude, about 175 miles directly in from the East Coast of Africa. On the derivation of the name there has been much dispute. "Kilima" means mountain, all admit, but "Ndjaro" has been accused of meaning everything from "grandeur" and "whiteness" to "the demon of cold." In my opinion the final word on the topic was delivered in a native explanation to me that "Ngaro" or "Ngare" is "of water," and so: "Down there they call this great mountain "Kilima-Ngaro" or "Mountain of Water because from it arise all the rivers hereabouts." The evolution of "Ngaro" into "Ndjaro" is easily attributable to mispronunciation. The variations of the spellings is evidence that no one knew just what the native was saying, for "Ngaro" has been put down as Ndaro, Ndjaro, Njaro, and (abominably!) Ndscharo.

The Portuguese, who had a toehold on the edge of the wilderness at the coastal settlement of Mombasa since 1507, long knew of the existence of Kilimandjaro. "Throughout this country there is a quantity of gold"; "The people eat locusts"; these statements embodied all their knowledge, made up with a little guesswork. In this 19th century the discoverer of the African Olympus is one Rebmann, a German Missionary of the Church Missionary Society. This dauntless Evangelist set forth with eight men and an umbrella into the wilds of Africa in 1848 and came back with a story of having seen a huge mountain, with a superb peak, covered with snow and resplendent as a mass of polished silver in the dazzling sun of the Equator. But back in civilized London, a true scientific soul, Mr. Desborough Cooley, had just devised an ingenious system for filling gaps in the map of Africa and had not alllowed for any mountains in the region of Kilimandjaro. Consequently Mr. Cooley proved conclusively that the missionary had had an apocalyptic vision. Rebman's superior, Dr. Krapf, sallied forth from his station at Mombasa, returned with the proclamation that the

mountain really was there, and was likewise sat upon by the astute geographers of London. No one dared mention the topic for fully ten years, when a German traveller, Baron von der Decken, in 1861, found that Kilima-ndjaro had survived the annihilating scorn of scientists and was proudly giving them the lie, rearing its majestic head to a height of 19,700 feet. London scientific societies put on an air of mild interest and sent out a distinguished traveler, H. H. Johnston, to check up. Unfortunately Mr. Cooley was no more; it would have been nice had he been at hand for the trip.

Johnston revelled over the remarkable scientific aspect of Kilima-ndjaro which remains astounding to every new-comer. In the great altitude of the mountain and in the fact that its perpetually snow-capped peak is located in the Equatorial Zone is found the explanation of the fact that here is a rare combination of conditions which has given birth and development to many curiosities of animal and vegetative life. No other mountain of the tropics raises itself to the line of perpetual snows. Isolated traces of more ancient forms, and peculiar types preserved or formed there, make the region a paradise for naturalists.

But civilized nations do not become interested in a strange land just for the sake of the flora and fauna; politics flourished quickly and the natives suddenly found themselves of great importance to foreigners. For three or four years after 1880 envoys from the Sultan of Zanzibar, from Germany, and from England set out for Kilima-ndjaro driving caravans loaded down with gifts, and bringing interpreters well trained in the use of honeyed words. Up there, each of the twenty indepent chiefs appointed himself, for the occasion, absolute head of the others, received the embassay, took a good helping of the presents, promised unfailing allegiance. On the arrival of a competitive embassy the next month, it was very simple to change allegiance. All in all the natives thrived on the new publicity. It was in faraway London that a treaty was finally made, giving the highland of Kilima-ndjaro to Germany, in 1886. More fur flew over that. The Englishman stood on the plain below and swore that the plain sloped far up the mountain; the German from his higher vantage point on the mountain pointed out how far down into the plain it extended. Two commissioners, one from each country finally decided "How high is up?"

Christianity was not slow in penetrating the newly opened region, but it was under the colors of the Church Missionary Society of the Anglican Church that the first station was erected on the mountain in 1885. The nearest Catholic Bishop, Msgr. R. de Courmont, Vicar Apostolic of Zanzibar, was anxious to plant there the true Faith, but was continually blocked by difficulties. Soon Kilima-ndiaro to the Catholic Missionary seemed a mirage, a realization of the Arabian legend which told of "a mountain of enchantment, now here, now there: you strive to reach it, but never succeed.'

Now however, as we start off on our journey, it really seems as though we shall arrive here. Mombasa is our last contact with known ground. On we go into the unknown, to blaze the trail for the Cross of Christ up the highlands of Kilima-ndjaro.

May the Angel of Kilima-ndjaro aid us and guide us till we reach our goal!

Ed. Note—Since the above was written, Archbishop Le Roy has passed on to a better life. We hope to publish in an early issue of O. P. an appreciation.

Just Imagine: some scholastics spend their recreations gathering nuts around. Maybe, too, some of them are cracked. But I'll bet you anything there's a kernel in every one of them. Straggler.

If I knock the "L" out of Long, won't it be a little shorter? Straggler.

The honor of settling a lengthy and heated discussion among the philosophers on the utility of Old Nick's forked tail must be allotted to Swank Kapp. They were about to declare the question insoluble. What would the critter do without his tail? But Swank stepped in and suggested that he be sent around to Rooney's where they retail bad spirits. Straggler.

LEST WE FORGET Michael A. Kelly

Father Kelly departed this world and entered into

the better life on May 31, 1931.

As his first appointment Father Kelly had been assigned to the Junior Seminary of Castlehead, Lancashire, England. The contagion of his personality and ability; the communicability of his enthusiasm for literature and culture appear to have been caught and appreciated from the first. When his transfer from Castlehead was made known, the students, after some brokenhearted hours, took an unprecedented step. Through the superior they wrote to the Mother house pleading that Father Kelly be left with them. To their unbounded delight the request was granted. Father Kelly loved his work and his boys: he played football and cricket with them, sketched and painted for them, sang their requests in his fine voice and insisted on their singing; rare revels to him were the hikes and picnics enjoyed in the English Lake district where his poet friends had trod and wrote.

While on the Mission Band in this country, later on at Duquesne University, Father Kelly's friends were myriad; he was in constant demand as a speaker, preacher, retreat master for nuns, and as adviser. His Irish wit and genial good humor were ready and unfailing. Despite his teaching duties he found time to write under the familiar initials "M.A.K.", poetry and a considerable number of superior essays. These, like his sermons and culture, are highly and pleasingly polished products. Also published by him, were a commentary on Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" and a book-appreciation of St. Joseph: "A Man Who Was a Man."

From the pen of M.A.K. once came this thought: "It pained God's heart to see His creatures seek in

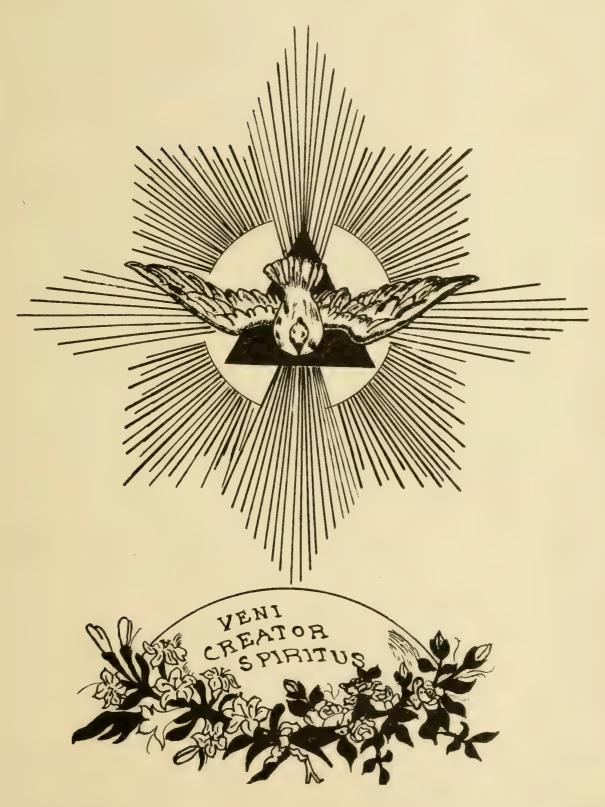
On earth the peace which He and He alone could give,

And so in pity called the weary soul to rest."

Well may Father Kelly thus have written his own epitaph. Please God there be those among us who, in some small way, will mirror the fineness, the utter quality that represents Father Kelly.

Under the above title we hope to publish intimate short biographies of departed confreres. Ed.

OUR PROVINCE



"And when the days of the Pentecost were accomplished, they were all together in one place . . . and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak." (Acts II: 1 and 4.)

List of Contents

OUR DEAD

EDITORIALS:—Trade Marks: Ink! Ink! Ink! Alexander Le Roy, C.S.Sp.
Golden Jubilee of St. Joseph's House
Status Animarum
Rev. Joseph Emile Schultz, C.S.Sp.

OUR LEVITES

Scholastics Abroad Ferndale Herald Kernels from Cornwells

OUR MAIL BOX

Southern Exposure Here and There Africana

Learn of Me! (Verse) KILIMA-NDJARO, II

Lest We Forget

APOSTLE OF MAURITIUS, II

Avis du Mois. The Scapular of Mount Carmel Official

OUR DEAD

DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE

We pray for:

Father John Schroeffel, died June 6, 1925, aged 48 years.

Father Martin Hehir, died June 10, 1935, aged 80 years.

Father Paul Kwapulinski, died June 22, 1927, aged 52 years.

Mr. Michael Kenny, died June 25, 1916, aged 25 years.



OUR PROVINCE

VOL. 6

JUNE, 1938

No. 6

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PROVINCIAL FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

HOLY GHOST FATHERS, FERNDALE, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Editorial Office: 65 West 138th Street, New York, N. Y. Printed at St. Joseph's House, 16th & Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Editorials

TRADE MARKS

Pentecost Sunday is the anniversary of the birthday of the Church. By the grace of God and the unfailing devotion of two thousand years of faithful children, that Church is still creation's greatest gift to mankind. By it, truth is safeguarded, the sacraments, channels of grace, are liberally dispensed, and the way to eternal life kept open. For him who was born a Catholic, it is a heritage; for him who found it after a conflict of hot desires and futile voyaging, it is pure largesse. For all it is measureless bounty: a reward for acting naturally, that is, as God intended. Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus, quae retribuit mihi? And as St. Paul says: "What have you that has not been given you?"

One may leave the Church Militant, Christ's Mystical Body. No matter what his dignity, supposed or actual, the lapsed leaves not a ripple behind him when he wanders. The little it is in the power of anyone to give to the Church and hence to God, is strictly speaking, owed, for "no man can say the Lord Jesus, but by the Holy Ghost." If anyone think himself to do a favor to the Church by attaching himself to it, he is greatly deluded. In return for baptism and all the graces of the other sacraments dispensed for his every spiritual need and conditioned for his eternal salvation, what has a man to give? Himself? As the Church teaches, without grace no man can perform the merest supernatural act. Now the Church, being a supernatural society, is not concerned with natural acts . . . they are out of its orbit. Therefore, if a man give himself to the Church and to God, he must be himself elevated to a supernatural plane and without the Church how may this be done?

Why all this humility? Because humility is the acknowledgement of the truth. And the truth is that all Catholics are bound by a quasi-infinite debt of gratitude owing to the Church and to God, for grace makes one's reward quasi-infinite, that is, our eternal reward will be the beatitude of God himself, Infinite Beatitude, in proportion to our finite capacities. This gratitude takes expression in unswerving loyalty to God, the Church and the truth. It comes before self, father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife, children, friend, and country. For blasphemy it offers benediction; for idolatry it offers homage; for injustice it offers charity; for vice it offers virtue; for hate it offers love. It is not hid but shines as a light in darkness; it is not passive but active; it is not

specialized but diffuses itself to all men alike. It is the product of Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety, and Fear of the Lord. It is Loving, Joyful, Patient, Benign, Good, Long-suffering, Mild, Faithful, Modest, Continent and Chaste.

This is not humility that grovels: it is the humility of personal honesty, the noblest sentiment of an intellectual creature. It survives the test of gratitude, the most repulsive of natural virtues; it is the foundation of all loyalty. Humility is the chrysalis, gratitude the larva and loyalty the brilliant adult. The three are necessarily bound up and each is indispensable to the others. There can be no counterfeit: pride cancels both humility and loyalty; ingratitude destroys all three; selfishness is the trade-mark of treason.

In a limited, yet true sense, humility, gratitude and loyalty mark the members of the Congregation. For, to be true to ourselves that we may not be false to any man, has not the Congregation made us? Do we not owe to it our education, religious character, missionary spirit and priestly dignity? Who, after God and the Church, has done more for us? Since Pentecost is also the anniversary of the birthday of the Congregation, it may well serve as a day on which to pledge anew our fealty to both Church and Congregation; a day on which to purify motives for loyalty; a day on which to honestly thank God for Himself, the Church and the Congregation, both for what they are in themselves and for what they have done for us.

INK! INK! INK!

If all the ink, paper, time and energy now being squandered in ineffectual strivings with modern windwills were to be concentrated on an unashamed Apolegetic Defense of the Church, it would be a consummation devoutly to be desired and a certain panacea for all our so-called "modern" ills. When sixty millions of the peoples of this country own no religious affiliation, what in the name of all that's sane, can Justice, Charity, Cooperation, etc., etc., suggest to them? Is there a moral standard if there be no God? Are there rights and obligations if this world is but an accident and a mere survival of the fittest? When any slick writer can command an audience and all slick writers actually do so with diametrically opposed principles, what is to be expected? Reason commands that there be unity of teaching because there is a unity of duty and right, because morality is eternal and universal in its application. In

the Church alone is that unity to be found, for it alone teaches that there be a God, that He has established a moral order and that He wants men to know it and keep it.

ALEXANDER LE ROY, C.S.Sp.

They told him he didn't have the missionary spirit but he went on to spend twenty years in Africa and thirty years more as head of a vast missionary organiza-They chained him to a rostrum in Pondicherry but the shackles fell from his feet and in 1877 he stood on the eastern coast of Africa and said, "Now I've begun!" He was the first priest to scale Mount Kibo, rising to an altitude of 19,700 feet, the highest peak in Africa. He became blood-brother to a savage, to the ever asting gratitude of the missionaries who followed him. In 1892, he was made a Bishop. In 1896 the boy who lacked the missionary spirit was called to head one of the greatest missionary congregations in Europe. He withstood the onslaughts of the Religious Persecution in France, maintaining not only the prestige of his Society but actually expanding both its personnel and foundations. This may have been enough for an ordinary priest-but Alexander Le Roy was insatiable. The French Academy was compelled to recognize his eminence in Science and Literature; the French Government made him a Knight of the Legion of Honor; the King of Belgium appointed him a Commander of the Order of Leopold II; and in 1921, Pope Benedict XV raised him to the dignity of an Archbishop.

And now, after 84 years, Alexander Le Roy, the self-styled "Norman Cosmopolite," the African missionary, author, explorer and scientist, one of the greatest champions the Negro ever boasted, has gone home on his last safari. May his soul rest in everlasting peace!

He was born on January 19, 1854, at St. Senier de Bruvron, in the diocese of Countances, in Normandy, and baptized Alexander Louis. Preparing at the Junior Seminary at Mortain and at the Senior Seminary of Countances, young Alexander, like many before him, first became interested in the cause of the oppressed and lowly, by a reading of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In quest of a missionary Order which would satisfy his desire to consecrate himself to the salvation of the Colored Race, Le Roy set out for the Novitiate of the Holy Ghost Fathers at Langonnet in Brittany. This Society, whose sole purpose is the evangelization of abandoned peoples, especially the colored, was then, as now, one of the greatest missionary organizations in Europe.

It was at Langonnet that the youthful zealot fought the first of a long chain of victorious battles extending over sixty years. After the customary year of trial, his Reverend Novice Master informed him kindly that he lacked the all-important "missionary spirit" and that, if after six months of further trial and meditation he evinced no further marks of it, for his own good and for that of the Congregation, he would do better to pursue his fortunes in another walk of life. What he did in those six months to reverse the Novice Master's opinion, must await the publication of his Memoirs and the biography prepared by the French Academy even before his death. For at the end of the six month's added trial, he was accepted, pronounced his vows and even-

tually ordained on the 10th of August, 1876, at the age of 22. Years later, when Le Roy was Superior General in Paris, and his former Novice Master was spending his last days there, the Novitiate incident became a source of continual and mutual amusement for both priests.

Now prepared for the African missions, another barrier confronted Father Le Roy. Considering his extraordinary talents in philosophy, art, rhetoric and science, his Superiors decided to devote his genius to the education of aspirants at its Junior Seminary at Cellule. His insistence for a missionary appointment, moved his superiors to send him to Pondicherry, India, but to a similar post, plus that of Dean of Studies. Later in the year, his unflinching demands for active missionary work prompted his appointment to the Rectorship of the Society's college on the Island of Reunion, east of Madagascar, in the Indian Ocean. Finally, in the same year, his pertinacity completely unbent the decision of his Superiors, who sent him as a full-fledged missionary to Bagamoyo, East Africa.

According to his own admission, he brought with him all the current ideas on the black populations: fetichist peoples, without religion or morality, with no family life, stupidly adoring animals, trees and stones. It was the period when, by the gate of the Zanzibar coast, the "mysterious continent" was opened, with Livingstone, Samuel Baker, Speke, Grant, Cameron, Stanley, Emin-Pacha and Victor Giroud as the first explorers of the International African Association, and the heroic pioneers of the Catholic and Protestant Missions. It was the time of slavery with huge cargoes of poor Negroes being sold into Persia and into the cane fields of San

Domingo.

In his preface to "The Religion of the Primitives," Archbishop Le Roy wrote: "In this world thus revealed to me, a world that may be considered primitive in many of its characteristics, everything was an object of observation and study for me; and I can truly say that, during the twenty years I lived there, scarcely a single day passed without bringing me some new element of instruction, correcting an idea, clearing up a doubt, modifying an hypothesis, furnishing an explanation, verifying a fact, disclosing a clue, removing an error, or revealing a new discovery." Scholar by nature and missionary by attraction, Father Le Roy realized to perfection his every opportunity. As a very young missionary in the Fernand-Vaz region, his efforts to publicize a local species of coffee-tree growing to a height of twenty feet, has resulted in its widespread cultivation from Java to New Caledonia. His books, "The Religion of the Primitives" and "Kilimanjaro" have become an invaluable aid to ethnography and "The Pygmies," refutation of the evolutionary theory that the little Negroes were scarcely removed from the animal state. But, as George Goyau points out, one of the greatest debts of gratitude mankind owes to Archbishop Le Roy is his constant effort to improve the moral status of the African woman.

His numerous journeys carried him from Somaliland to Mozambique, from the Tana to the superb mountains of Kilimanjaro, which he scaled in 1890; from the islands of Zanzibar, Pemba and Mombasa, to the Masai

plains and the interesting mountains of Taita, Pare, Mguru, Usambara and Uruguru.

On June 2, 1892, he was elected Titular Bishop of Alinda and Vicar Apostolic of Gabon on the opposite coast, where, under the cover of the great equatorial forest or along the shores of rivers and lakes or on the sunny plains, there mingled other black populations, alike in many respects but so different in appearance, habits, and language as to offer a curious field for study. It was here that he especially observed all the humiliations to which the black woman was subject. One of the greatest joys of his missionary career was to obtain from the French General Resident in the Cameroons, measures that tended to end these odious abuses—measures equivalent to the civil recognition of the Pauline Privilege.

After nineteen years of active work, he was elected on May 24, 1896, Superior General of his Congregation. He immediately set about reorganization and expansion. All went smoothly until 1905 when the fierce religious hate of French socialists and radicals exploded into the infamous Separation Law, forever divorcing Church and State, abolishing all unauthorized religious orders and confiscating all educational establishments maintained by religious orders. This was a severe blow to religion in France. But the resourcefulness and courage of Bishop Le Roy knew not limitation. When he received the official order to leave, he took it with him to the Government Chambers together with another more venerable and important paper. That other proved to be a Parliamentary decree of 1734, granting official recognition to the Congregation. An earlier Superior General, Father Bouic, had fought the Government and the Jansenists for eleven years to obtain the document. So the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary remained in France, alone of its kind, but completely triumphant.

Bishop Le Roy held the Society together and gave it new impetus. The number of establishments rose from 140 to 335; the personnel from 1130 to 1663; the number of aspirants quadrupled and the Missions thrived. All this in spite of the fact that great calamities worked havoc with property and personnel. In 1902, thirteen lives were lost in the earthquake in Martinique; in 1920, eighteen, including a Bishop, perished in the wreck of the "L'Afrique;" the Great War paralyzed the East African Missions, and to the great sorrow of the man who had been appointed Chaplain-in-chief of the French Armies, he saw the members of his own Society lined up against one another in deadly combat.

But this physical and intellectual giant carried on. His books, lectures, and articles attracted world-wide notice. The French Academy honored him for Science and Literature. The French Government decorated him a Knight of the Legion of Honor. The King of Belgium appointed him a Commander of the Order of Leopold II. In 1921, Benedict XV, in recognition of his rehabilitation, defense and administration of the Congregation raised him to the dignity of an Archbishop.

In 1925, at the age of 72, asthma broke down the almost superhuman dynamo. He resigned and all hope

of recovery was abandoned. But, in the words of his successor, Bishop Le Hunsec, "His love of the Congregation kept him alive for thirteen years,"—years occupied in writing his Memoirs, and literary and scientific articles. For the members of his Congregation, his will to live was an undisguised blessing. His advice and encouragement became bywords. The merest Novice could write freely and frankly to him. He was the household god in the hearth; he was an ever-present protecting angel, guiding, admonishing, inspiring. A picture of his great leonine head, with its handsome beard and patriarchal gray locks, broad and open countenance, large, frank and friendly eyes, is the portrait of a king—as his name implies.

When he was dying, on April 20, not of asthma but from old age because he refused to let anything materially evil conquer him, Cardinal Pacelli sent him a telegram with the Holy Father's last Benediction. The venerable patriarch merely nodded recognition. A few minutes later, however, as if jocosely, he asked for his glasses and read the telegram himself. That may have been the skeptical scholar solving his last doubt, but those who knew him, are certain it was the expression of wonder and astonishment that the great Pope should so remember an old broken-down missionary. He died in Easter Week, April 21, very quietly—as if he were falling asleep. On April 25, he was buried from Notre Dame de Paris, a rare distinction, with the Apostolic Nuncio and eleven Bishops among those in attendance. In the afternoon, his body was laid to rest in the cemetery of the Senior Seminary of the Holy Ghost Fathers at Chevilly.

The religious, priest, missionary, Superior General, Bishop, Archbishop, scholar, scientist, lecturer, author and explorer had started out on his last safari. The champion of the most abandoned race, the blacks, had withdrawn from the lists. He who believed that Our Blessed Lady would come down into Purgatory to remove those who wore her Scapular, on the Saturday following their death, had died on a Thursday. We who believe with St. Therese, the Little Flower of Jesus, that good missionaries go promptly to heaven when they die, know that Alexander Le Roy went to heaven the moment he fell asleep.

STATUS ANIMARUM

1937		
	Colored	Other
	Missions	Parishes
Families	6,675	15,987
Souls	33,902	97,890
Baptisms, Children	1,325	3,133
Baptisms, Adults	686	205
Easter Communions	17,266	29,969
Communions during the year	357,954	651,007
First Communions	2,058	1,426
Confirmations	1,384	349
Catholic Marriages	311	543
Mixed Marriages	166	62
Sick Calls	5,667	5,294
Burials	468	506
Children attending parochial	schools 7,406	6,759

GOLDEN JUBILEE AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE

The Golden Jubilee celebration of St. Joseph's House for Homeless Boys was concluded on Sunday afternoon, May 8, with a procession and assembly on the campus presided over by His Eminence, D. Cardinal Dougherty.

About 1200 watched as the 200 boys of the Home formed in procession. They were led by a group dressed in medieval costumes and bearing the image of St. Joseph.

His Eminence gave Solemn Benediction, assisted by

Fathers Kettl, Kletzel and Sheridan.

It was the climax of a week of festivities, beginning on Wednesday, May 4, with a Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving, with Father Kirkbride as celebrant and Father Brannigan as the preacher. In the evening reception, Monsignor Cornelius P. Brennan, Ph.D., representing His Eminence, extolled the work accomplished by the various Fathers in charge of the institution during the 50 years of its foundation and particularly that of its present Director, Father Park.

On Thursday, Mass for all benefactors, living and dead, was celebrated by Father Fandrey, with Father Williams the preacher. On Friday, Father Holt celebrated Mass for all the boys of the home, past and present, and for the professors and employees of the Home. Father Stanton preached the sermon. In the evening, Father Van de Putte addressed the newly-graduated in the High School Auditorium. On Saturday, a Requiem Mass was celebrated for all the deceased boys and employees of the Home.

A pageant in commemoration of the Golden Jubilee was given for children on Sunday afternoon at Mercantile Hall and repeated on Monday evening for adults.

An added note of joy was receipt of a notice from the State Board of Education, officially accrediting the High School.

17 July, 1859—1938, April 17 REV. JOSEPH EMILE SCHULTZ, C.S.Sp.

For the year 1859, an entry in the baptismal register of St. George's Parish Church, Brunstatt, Canton of Mu.house, Upper Rhine province, diocese of Strasbourg, Assace, signed by G. Goerig, pastor, reads: "Today, the 17th of July, 1859, I baptized Joseph Emile, the son of Francis Joseph Schultz and Marie Barbara Heiter, born on the same day, the sponsor being Emile Merx and Susanna Muller."

The civil document further states that Joseph Emile was born at two o'clock in the morning, which fact is solemnly vouched for by Martin George Schultz and Gaspard Schultz. Joseph was the third born of a family of eight children, two of whom were to become religious and missionaries. One of his sisters became Sister Camille of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Clirny and died in the missions on June 9, 1935.

Joseph got his early training in his home parish of Brunstatt. In the atmosphere of a thoroughly Christian home his missionary vocation was fostered. He began his secondary studies at Cellule (1878-1880) and after

being dispensed from military service (Jan. 17, 1880) returned there the following year as a postulant in the Congregation, taking the name of Dominic (1881-1883). His preparations for the priesthood began at Chevilly in 1883. Tonsure, minor orders, subdeaconship and deaconship were conferred upon him by Bishop Duboin in the novitiate chapel there. The priesthood he received in the Scholasticate Chapel at Chevilly, Nov. 1, 1887, Bishop Picarda, the Vicar Apostolic of Senegambia being the ordaining prelate. On August 26, 1888, he pronounced his first vows at Chevilly. Naturally Chevilly was always very dear to him.

His first appointment was to Zanzibar, East Africa, (1888-1890), where fever impaired his health. However, he was able to complete over fifty years in the priesthood as a missionary and professor in his native France and in the United States: Beauvais, Suyssinet; Morrilton, Ark., Millvale, Tarentum, and Cornwells, Pa., and in Detroit, Mich., at St. Mary's and at St. Joachim's. His knowledge of German, French and English extended the field of his usefulness threefold. On January 6, 1892, at Marienstatt, (near Morrilton) Ark., he made his perpetual vows.

His confreres of the early days testify that he was a musician and bandsman of marked ability having played several instruments in his younger years. Next to narrating his varied experiences as a member of several military organizations his chief hobby was to dilate long and often and with animated enthusiasm on the interesting episodes of his career in the Congregation. His criticisms of his confreres, crisp and witty, seldom bitter, were always joined with more than a generous measure of praise for them.

Painstaking and thorough in his many assignments he commanded the respect and admiration of all by his regularity and punctuality, his love of order and neatness, traits all the more remarkable because they receive slight consideration in our day entailing as they do great effort in the beginning and much self-discipline.

All his personal papers were found carefully kept; the documents of his birth, military papers, appointments, faculties, and letters of special interest from his superiors. One letter which gave him great comfort was from the Archbishop of Detroit, Most Rev. Edward F. Mooney, D.D., who wrote on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee:—"I regret exceedingly that an engagement made several weeks ago to dedicate a new church will make it impossible for me to attend the Mass in which you will offer again to God the golden sheaf of the years and thank Him for the manifold graces they have brought.

"I cannot, however, withhold an expression of appreciation for that part of your priestly service which has been given to the Diocese of Detroit in various assignments here, a word of personal congratulation and good wishes—and a selfish request for a memento in your Jubilee Mass.

"May God bless you with abounding consolation for the years this day recalls and also with strength and grace for continued service." Father Schultz was an ideal man in a community always eager and willing to do his share of work and more even when age and infirmities were upon him. The common exercises were a joy to him and his uniformly pleasant disposition reflected brightness on many a dark day.

On his Golden Jubilee day, Nov. 1, 1937, Father Schultz celebrated two solemn Masses. It was his delight to say the children's mass every Sunday because he was specially devoted to them and they in turn were greatly attached to him. Teaching them the catechism was always a labor of love. Last Christmas he sang the Midnight Mass and though tired he was well able to say his second and third Mass that day.

Four times everyday the school children waved to the smiling, kindly old priest who sat at the window of the community room to greet them on their way to school, to lunch, back to school again and homeward bound. Like the policeman on the beat he was not only a familiar fixture but a very dear friend to all of them. His many penitents revered him for the good priest he was.

On Palm Sunday, April 10th, 1938, Father Schultz contracted a cold. Because of his age and other infirmities, his confreres, Fathers Beriault and Montambeau, had him removed from the rectory to Jefferson Clinic close by. Despite the care and attention of the Doctors, nurses and his confreres, a congestion set in which rapidly developed into pneumonia. On Holy Thursday he seemed to improve very much. As a precaution the last blessing was now given although he was anointed Palm Sunday evening. Each morning Father received Holy Communion with great eagerness and manifest devotion. He was visited regularly by all his confreres in Detroit. When Father Hoeger came in, Father Schultz looked up from his oxygen tent and shouted out: "Happy Easter! Pray for me, will you? and pray for that guy there!" (pointing to Fr. Montambeau), then dozed off from fatigue. At 4:15 Easter Sunday afternoon a change occurred, the physician was summoned, restoratives were administered but in five minutes Father breathed his last without a word, without a struggle, in calm and peace, an evidence of resignation to God's will and absolute freedom from the cares of this world.

The following afternoon the body was brought to the rectory where friends from all over the city came to pay their last tribute of affectionate regard. On Wednesday the remains were carried to the Church in solemn procession. At 8 o'clock that evening the office of the dead was chanted by his confreres and the visiting priests.

Thursday at 10 a.m., the last solemn services were held with Father Wuest as celebrant, Father Thiefels as deacon, Father Strittmatter as sub-deacon, Fr. Ackerman, master of ceremonies and Fathers Schillo and Montambeau, acolytes. An elequent eulogy in French and in English, was preached by Father Eugene J. Caron. The Archbishop of Detroit gave the final absolution. Burial was in the priests' plot in Mt. Olivet Cemetery. The secular clergy, the Jesuits, Sylvestrian Benedictines,

Redemptorists, Augustinians and Precious Blood Fathers had representatives in the sanctuary. There were present also confreres from Bay City and Detroit, Mich., Dayton, Ohio; Emsworth, Pa.; Alexandria, La.; and New York City.

Our Levites

SCHOLASTICS ABROAD

(Rome. 4-17-38) "And these words seemed to them as idle tales: and they did not believe them." Nor would you believe me if I tried to describe the pomp and grandeur and glorious pageantry of a "Solemn High" Canonization. And there came to Rome Gents and Tribes of every tongue and nation to hear the words which proclaimed to mortals here below that three of their fellowmen had come out of great tribulation, and had washed their robes, and had made them white in the blood of the Lamb. As regards St. Andrew Bobola, Polish Jesuit martyred by the Cossacks whose body is still preserved incorrupt over in the Gesu, the Sacred Congregation stated that his was a compendium of all martyrdoms. The other two Saints were Confessors, John Leonardi, Founder of the Clerics Regular of the Mother of God, and Salvator da Orta, Spanish Franciscan Lay Brother.

We were not only present but were in the procession carrying candles as Canons of the Collegiate Church of St. Eustache. The procession formed in the Room of Beatifications which looks out on the Piazza just above the main entrance. On turning to enter the huge bronze door the sight of the basilica was as it were a sea of glass like to crystal due to the countless, pendent chandeliers whose twinkling prisms presented a spectacle of beauty surpassed by the starry skies alone . . . The entry of His Holiness: like Jeremias Ah, Ah, Ah, nescio loqui. The Swiss Guard in scarlet coats, gilded helmets, shining boots and flashing swords; others in coats of mail and waving plumes who carried fearsome-looking halberds; the various order of dignitaries; the tiara-bearers; the long imposing line of prelates in white copes and mitres; the Deacon and Sub-Deacon of the Greek Rite wearing Double-of-the-first-class "kalemaoukions" studded with diamonds; many, many others too numerous to tell. At length Pope Pius, whose title, Gloriously Reigning, was most evidently attested; And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many round about the throne. and the living creatures and the ancients: and the number of them was thousands of thousands, saying, with a loud voice: VIVA IL PAPA!!! The bearers of the Sedia Gestatoria brushed my surplice as they passed; the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth raised his hand in benediction; I thought of you all; I blessed myself.

(Fribourg, 4-28-38) This Swiss air does peculiar things to people. Here it is 6 a.m. and instead of just rolling out of bed—we did that at 4:30—we are crunching the pebbles of the drive way under our hobnailed shoes. Who has the knapsack? Here it is. So we are sure of edibles and drinkables wherever we may roam. Soon we've clattered over the Pont de Perolls and have struck across the fields. Now we start up, gradually at first and here the path is cushioned by a carpet of pine needles. Abruptly the path ends, and we are clambering over and slipping on huge bowlders that hide all their roughness under a thick coat of moss. Up and across a wide patch of snow which still nestles in the bosom of mother earth despite the call of Old Sol to put on its Summer frock and go babbling gaily down to the stream below. Now we're at the top. The top; but there in front of us, still blanketed deep in snow, are peaks compared with which ours is but a hill. And yet these that we see are but some of the lesser Alps. Then the view behind! That incline up which we have just come. The plain far below with its green fields and white winding roads; with Fribourg set in a cup-like hollow but gradually overflowing the brim and beginning to flow out on the surrounding saucer. No thoughts of university here, only a deep appreciation of the beauty God has placed in this little country; with a prayer and hope that you all may see it someday. Perhaps the hour and a half sleep and five hours hike have not been too great a price? But we still must walk back.

(Louvain. 5-1-38) One of our neighbors across the street, who usually on Sundays keeps his doors and shutters hermetically sealed until almost noon, was up bright and early this morning and spent a half-hour tacking a red flag on the front of his house. I suppose that the most charitable interpretation would be that he wants to be in the spirit of the Liturgy to celebrate the feast of SS. Philip and James, Apostles and Martyrs, but on account of its being May First I am inclined to suspect other motives. Obviously, it is all for our benefit because the objectionable bit of bunting is not in a position to be seen conveniently from the street. During the forenoon, I heard a bit of marching-music in the town but I believe the inevitable rain has made home look better than soap-boxes. I can chalk it up as one time I am perfectly satisfied with Belgian weather . . . We are now concentrating on the July Jam-Session. Our Exams are all oral—twelve in one day. We'll be counting on the support of your prayers. There is plenty of matter to be digested by that time, since there were no Exams at the end of the first semester.

Ferndale Herald

How much faith must be placed in proverbs, sayings and the like? Once upon a time in a moment of poetic rhapsody a mortal man after his finite mind embraced the panorama of the seasons, gave vent to this spectacular brain-child "April showers bring forth May flowers." This had such a catching lilt that it became a universal by-word of truth. The verity of this might be borne out elsewhere but in Ferndale it reveals an extreme lack of knowledge of actuality. Perhaps when June

makes its entrance these difficulties will dissolve: but at present "May showers" are not in accord with the above time worn adage.

Incidentally, a glance through the Journal the other day certainly revealed the daily atmosphere of our Senior Seminary. Here are a few random extracts from it.

Easter vacation—the majority of the scholastics spent their free hours in the general improvement of the property. A new rock-hewn wall stands majestically at the entrance in silent testimony of their ability and prowess . . . Happy remembrances of Cornwells—Father Brennan and his new 'talkie' are a grand success—they transported us to Bally Old England with "The Lloyds of London." . . . Music, lights, curtain, announcing the world renowned Gordon acrobats—thus did the backdoor generosity repay itself in an evening's entertainment of circus stunts galore—a galaxy of shining stars! . . . Schola chants the Solemn Requiem Mass of Father Carroll, pastor of Westport, Conn. . . . Opening day of baseball with a grand prize at stake for the winner two days vacation—Hold your hats and watch them play!!... In crisp New England humor, Father Marron, an African missioner, gave a graphic insight of the mission land—a propos, Father Fitzgerald bade Ferndale au revoir—He returns this month for the land of the Black . . . Translation of the Bulletin Mensuel a scholastics—French idiom? . . . Prescinding from any practical outlook "Compensationism is the only rationally defensible moral system"—the negative side convinced the judges that Probabilism still has a hand in such affairs—as for the audience Ho-hum—was Spring in the air? . . . Flash—eclipse of the moon at 2:00 a.m. May 14—yes some had the astronomical bug and sacrificed an hour sleep. Shades of Morpheus, are you to no avail? . . .

CALLING ALL OUR AFRICANS

Do you wish us to continue sending you a bundle of magazines each month? If so please send us a list of your favorites. Failure to reply will indicate that you desire your name to be removed from our mailing list.

MISSION UNIT, Ferndale, Norwalk, Conn.

KERNELS FROM CORNWELLS

Week of May 1. Today marked the opening of the Forty Hours' Devotion. Several confreres from Philadelphia attended the dinner on Tuesday.

The Fathers were present at the celebrations marking the Golden Jubilee of St. Joseph's House; several apostolics who graduated from there also took part.

On May 11th the Fathers assisted at the Graduation Exercises at Eddington.

Founders's Day, May 20th, was duly celebrated—a Free Day. "Wake Up And Live," a movie was given the pre-

vious evening. The day itself opened with a Solemn Mass in honor of the Holy Ghost.

So far this season only three baseball games have been played due to the inclement weather. Our average is .666, marked by one defeat at the hands of the Kirlin Club and wins over Lansdowne and St. Joachim's.

Among our visitors this month were: Fathers van de Putte and Collins as well as two secular priests from Brooklyn, Fathers Mooney and Poole, who brought us

some prospective vocations.

Again we wish to remind the confreres that now is the time for vocations. Just a word from an interested priest may be the beginning of a religious and missionary vocation. Let it be to our Congregation.

A solemn Mass of Requiem was sung by Father Riley, the superior, for Archbishop Le Roy, on May 14th, the

entire community being present.

Our Mail Box

Southern Exposure

Dixieland, home of the mint julep which unlike the proverbial children is heard of but never seen; home of the 'Mammy" who had her birth in the hustle and bustle of Tin Pan Alley; and last but not least, home or at least a stopping off place of torrential rains and tornadoes. The Southerners may walk slowly and may be perfect ladies and gentlemen but the winds never went to the same school. It really is an experience to sit down at mid-day and see the clear skies suddenly darken and to watch the massive oaks bending over under the onslaught of a mighty wind and to know that some place nearby is being blown into kingdom come. You just sit and hope. And perhaps to lighten the tension someone will say, "Boy, oh boy, that wind's no sissy." And after it's all over we notice that the greater casualties are among the poor Colored folks. But out of the tragedy there always seems to come a little incident with a comical slant. During one of these tornadoes a Colored woman got a free ride on the back of one of these twisters. She was carried half a mile. I give you her story. "De wind blew down mah house, lifted me up an' carried me half a mile down de road," she said, "Ah landed on mah feet runnin! Dat was de fastest ah ever did travel." ... Swing Low Sweet Chariot ... and Bend Down Sister ... "Consistency thou are a jewel" (or something). And with this Tuskegee Institute and the Negro figures in the Southern News. One Southern State wants to ship them back to Liberia (from whence they never came) and another State wants to keep them. Concerning the whereabouts of many graduates of the above mentioned Institute we read, "... a very great many students leave the South . . . (They) are nearly always energetic and active leaders of their race, and their services are needed in the South." A problem which the South will someday solve . . . Consistency thou art a . . . we saw this,

P. S. A rather "late" news flash... St. Monica's at New Orleans copped first place in the basketball tourney, Holy Ghost took third place.

HERE AND THERE

Lo! The Poor Editor!

The Editor of "Our Province":

"St. Catherine's, Little Compton, R. I., p.11, OUR PROV-INCE, Vol. Six, April, 1938, Number Four: is history a la King George, i.e., 99 8-9% Fiction, 1-9% near truth." Ed. Note—Thanks, Father; how about an authentic history? "The Catholic Church of Marskville, i.e., the white Church, is a religious monument that any city might be proud of. It is one of the finest, though not the largest of the State, costing about \$100,000." (Report of the Deputy Clerk of Court of the County of Avoyelles in Marksville, La.)

Rev. Mm. Supple and Schenning were ordained deacons at St. John Lateran's on Holy Saturday, April 16.

Father James Carroll, vice president of Duquesne, observed the silver jubilee of his ordination on Sunday, May 1, with a Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving in the University Chapel at 10:30 o'clock. He was assisted by Rev. John F. Enright as archpriest, Rev. William O'Donnell, C.S.Sp., as deacon, Rev. Oliver D. Keefer, as subdeacon and Rev. E. J. Quinn, C.S.Sp., as Master of Ceremonies. Very Rev. J. J. Callahan, C.S.Sp., president of Duquesne, preached the Jubilee sermon.

Baroness Catherine De Hueck, noted authority and lecturer on Communism, has established a Catholic Center at 48 West 138th St., New York, where a Lending Library is being gathered with the cooperation of the De Porres Club. In the October, 1937, issue of the "Interracial Review," the Baroness' timely article on "The Lay Apostolate and the Negro" had pointed out the need and value of such Catholic social centers in Harlem.

The Apostolic Consecration of eleven young Fathers will take place in the Chapel at Ferndale at noon on Saturday, June 18.

Your charitable prayers are requested for the happy repose of the soul of Father Lavery's brother-in-law... Father McGoldrick's mother is still seriously ill and you are asked to continue your kind prayers.

Father Daniel P. Bradley, C.S.Sp., pastor of St. Monica's, Tulsa, Oklahoma, recently received the title of "Colonel," on the staff of Governor E. W. Marland, "in appreciation of his great work amongst our Colored citizens." "Father Bradley has had a career so unique and so successful that national recognition has come to him as an organizer, builder and missionary." More power to you, Father Dan!

AFRICANA

The pass-word out here is slowly, slowly, SLOWLY!—no matter what you are doing.

Umbugwe, one of the missions being re-opened, is 180 miles inland from Moshi and Kilimanjaro Mountain, and lies in the far western section of the Vicariate. Its history is tragic. The tide of war passed over it. In 1934, it was scourged with a frightful famine. The poor natives could be seen every day walking in great crowds to Babati, Bereko and even as far as Kondoa, distances of 25, 50 and 75 miles, hungrily seeking corn and mtama flour. It has been closed for the past five years but kept as a sort of out-station: simply because there weren't enough Fathers to go around. Since Bishop Byrne was this year presented with ten more Fathers, five Americans and five Europeans returned from leave, he decided to reopen Umbugwe and Ndareda. Unbugwe is plenty hot and infested with mosquitoes (page Father Lucey!). The natives are handsomer but looser, yet, withal, quiet, peace-loving and pastoral. Their huts are made of wattle and daub: long, narrow and low. The roofs are of beaten earth, inclined sufficiently to allow the rain to run off . . .

Last October, a party of four began the Mt. Kibo climb. A Scotch Minister and an American Holy Ghoster (editors don't dare mention names!) succeeded in scaling the peak to peak into the wonderful blue ice that lies in the crater. (Who'd ever dream a Scotsman would go so high for his fun?)

Non-Catholics send their children to our schools not in order to say that they are attending a private school, but because our schools run away with Government exams. In Kenya, the district school in a solidly Mohammedan territory was offered the H.G.F. The job was accepted, not because we have men to spare but because it is an opening wedge and a token of superiority. It is a frightful blow to a Britisher's self-esteem to discover that a blinkin' Yank can be more conversant with English letters . . . Of course we suspect that the Holy Ghost is sitting in the game at least as a kibitzer. After all, there is no logical reason why Oxford and Cambridge should come off second best all the time . . .

Hard words have been used about the Wachagga. I find him very human, friendly, kind, reasonably clean, of sufficient intelligence and at no time a fool or a tyrant even though he sit in the chair of Moses... As for the babies, they get me where I live. The odds are about even that, while giving out Communion, I'll "bust" into a silly grin. At the rail, the little putzer's face is pressed against the mother's. One confident little hand reaches out and the variety of friendly gestures is delightful. I tell you, it starts the day off right!

Father Joseph Murphy is on the high seas en route for America from Kilimanjaro. He intends to combine business with rest on a tour of the United States with Bishop Byrne, who will arrive from France in the Fall.

"LEARN OF ME!" John Griffin, C.S.Sp.

O Heart of Christ! of all good hearts the best! To Thee invited, lo! we come to rest-To place our hearts' desires within that shrine-To find the peace and joy that's wholly Thine! There beats no other heart in human breast That can to souls impart these treasures blest, Unless with Thine united it abide, In fires of love, as gold the purest, tried. What wonder, then, that peace and joy have fled Far from the lands, where men, by passion led, Have ev'ry impulse of Thy Heart denied And slaves remain, like Lucifer, to pride, No heed give they to all that history tells Of how Thy glorious martyrs broke the spells Of bloody tyrants with no other shield Than that sweet meekness which Thy Heart doth yield. By Thee instructed, these brave heroes knew That "blessed are the meek," whose courage true To gain possession of the land above Could death and torments bear in peace and love. But now, alas! unholy lust of power And pride satanic in each heart doth tower O'er all the heav'nly instincts that Thy grace With faith and love for Thee hath giv'n our race. "Away with Christ! He shall not be our king!" The impious cry unhappy man doth fling, Like Jews of old, at Thee, Redeemer blest, Who all from death and ruin fain would'st wrest! Who else but Thou, dear Lord, can ever save The millions, who in hate and slaughter rave? How can these hearts by rage and fury toss'd And in the angry sea of passion lost, Once more to joys of gentle peace return, Unless, O Sacred Heart, from Thee they learn To live as God's dear children, humble, meek, And God's dear reign in ev'ry heart to seek?

KILIMA-NDJARO II

In Mombassa, the capital of English Zanzibar, we hoped to hire with ease a band of porters and strike out into the unknown. But we found the preceding expeditions left to us only a motley crowd of escaped slaves, robbers, liars, drunkards, vagabonds, deserters and such-

like, whose special vocation in life is to hire themselves out to travellers, receive an advance payment, and disappear. All I can say of the results of our hiring is that our band was a very unstable one throughout the trip. Generally they amounted to about forty. Besides them, our party was made up of Msgr. de Courmont, Father Gommenginger, Father LeRoy, and our unforgettable cook, Selimann. "What were we doing with forty porters?" you ask. Besides his own eating utensils, private provisions, and his rifle, each one bore on his head or shoulders about 70 pounds of our store, of which a cross-cut might reveal such things as mirrors, thread, various cloths, chains, beads, fishing hooks, matches, candles, nails, a portable altar, powder (three barrels!), shot, and, not least of all, rum. Thus equipped to subsist ourselves and to make friends with any savage, we fare forth from Mombassa, July 17, 1890.

The first stage of the journey led us through the territory of the Wa-digo or Digos. This tribe of the Bantou family are characteristically small in stature, shrivelled up, loose-limbed and not very heavy. During our eight day stay with them, we received almost everywhere an agreeable welcome, but there are Digos and Digos, depending upon the influence of Mohammedanism upon them.

The usual Digo pagan or fetishistic village is buried deep in the protection of a thick forest, reached only through a narrow corridor hewed out through the otherwise impenetrable jungle. Near the entrance to the village there stands a large earthern jar, the Rain-Jar. Special veneration of this assures the village of no lack of rain. A little water must be always kept in the vase, some cloth must be offered there occasionally, or some essences burned. If one objects to the sorcerer that there is still a great shortage of water, he can always maintain that without his marvelous vase there would be still less. Nearby in the woods is the dwelling of Mwanza. From it on certain days there come such blood-curdling screams that everyone seeks safety indoors—the Mwanza is passing by! What is the Mwanza? Nobody knows, yet whatever it asks must be given it immediately; its spokesman to the laity is, of course, the sorcerer or the chief. who are often the one man. Hold your breath, while I reveal the creation of dread Mwanza. Suppose you are the sorcerer. You take a log of soft wood about a yard long, hollow it out, stretch over its top a skin; through this skin you pass a piece of catgut, one end fixed inside the cylinder, and the other tied to a stick. Then saw this cord back and forth, stretching it and releasing it, through the skin and you have a Mwanza that will make anyone's hair stand on end and send him flying to your feet, crying "What does the Mwanza want?" And that you deign to tell him.—Just the thing for the European potentates to control their Lords and Senators!

The Digos are rather peaceable, but raids of the Swahilis compel them to cultivate the use of arms, of which their most potent is the poisoned arrow. On the preparation of this poison I was given picturesque details by an old warrior. "There exists a certain tree which was just for this purpose. A complete branch is taken, chop-

ped into very fine pieces, soaked in fresh water in an earthern jar, kept at the foot of the tree. The mixture is continually stirred, and from time to time there is added some snake's venom, poison from the skin of a toad, leaves, grass, dust from the roads, some shade This was getting involved. "Yes, in order that for the man who is struck by the arrow, everything maye be death, poison, and perdition. If he wants to lie down in the shade of a tree to recover, the shade will be poison. If he goes to lie down on the grass it will be poison. He cannot lie on the roads for the dust of roads will be poison. The water he drinks, the leaf he chews-all poison. Nothing can ease him, all is poison, he is done for." The situation seemed well covered. But there was

LEST WE FORGET Henry McDermott

Delightful humor and genuine contentment in a priest and religious? How can it be? Surely men who lead unnatural and mortified lives cannot be truly happy. They are bound to be selfish and irritable. If they do have a smile for us it is forced and superficial. Such is the judgment of many people in the world towards religious and priests. However we Holy Ghost Fathers can offer the life of one of our Fathers in direct contradiction. Only seven short years ago we lost our dearly beloved Father Henry

Father McDermott was born in the diocese of Galway on the 17th of March, 1864, of a family of small merchants. After his primary studies he entered Blackrock College where he earned the degree of Bachelor of Letters. He began his theological studies at Chevilly and completed them in Pittsburgh where he was sent in 1887. He returned to France where he made his Novitiate and received the priesthood and made his profession. The latter was in 1891. His first appointment was to Holy Ghost College in Pittsburgh. Here he remained six years. Then he was sent to St. Joseph's House in Philadelphia. After two years he returned to Duquesne University (formerly Holy Ghost College), where overwork undermined his health. Heart disease brought about his change to the superiorship at Ferndale, where he died on January 9, 1931, at the age of 66.

Father McDermott was Religious happiness and serenity personified. A more sympathetic, kind, and smiling man could be found nowhere in the American Province. Warm humor and good fellowship were dominant traits he carried through life with him. Father Henry, as he was known to friends, was a man of solid piety and faithful as a Religious to the smallest detail of the rule. Perhaps these two qualities were the secret of his good humor. Just being a faithful Religious and Priest is enough to make any man happy. How can it be otherwise? A man who is morally certain that he is in good standing with God, sees God's Will in everything, and so takes things as they come with a smile of love, how can

he be other than happy?

To whom does all this point more than to Father Henry: he who took everything in stride with a smile; he who a few moments before his death could gather strength enough to make a humorous remark? He kept smiling to the very end. The peace of God was behind all his humor. Anyone who was at Ferndale at the time of his death can verify his happy departure. It was just that. It was he himself who always spoke gayly of his imminent departure to his heavenly home. May God rest you and keep you, Father Henry, you who have taught us how to be happy in the service of God.

a remedy, he informed me, a powder made from a certain root, but the difficulty was that one seldom had time enough to apply it after being struck. "If you prick a tree with a poisoned arrow," he said, "by the next day all the leaves will have fallen off." "And a man?" I asked. "He is already dead." A specialist in Paris has examined a sample of this poison and judged its action to be the shocking of the nervous system, and then the stopping of the functions of the heart and lungs. He placed little faith in the story of a counteracting remedy.

So we leave the Digos to pay a visit to their mortal enemies, the Swahili, who have established themselves in Digo territory at Gassi. To the court of the Ali Babi of this land we now wend our inquisitive way, though we must pass his Forty Thieves to see him:—the great

and cruel Mbaroukou at Gassi.

OFFICIAL.

May 26, 1938.

Father John M. Lundergan, C.S.Sp., Master of Novices, Holy Ghost Novitiate, Ridgefield, Conn., has been appointed administrator of the province during the absence of the provincial.

C. J. PLUNKETT, C.S.Sp.

APOSTLE OF MAURITIUS

Student Days

The question of choosing a college for young "Lal" was not immediately considered by his parents. We have already mentioned an uncle, the Abbe Laval, once a professor of humanities at the little seminary of Evreux, who had been exiled during the Revolution. This uncle was now a cure-dean at Tourville. There was always to be found seven or eight lads at his house to whom he gave academic lessons. To him Lal was sent. We know the kind of man he was from the reminiscences of one of his former pupils, the Abbe Coquerel: "I have never seen a soul so good, nor shall I ever forget his profound humility, his unassuming knowledge, his lively faith, his zeal for holy church, his respect for his confreres and the goodness of every fibre of his being.

Small wonder then, that the impressions made by this personality influenced Jacques throughout his life. Small wonder that, in spite of the chagrin Jacques occasioned his uncle because of a certain effervescence of youth to which he gave full fling, he returned, in the end, to the path traced out for him by his uncle.

Lal spent three years with his uncle. The solitude of any rectory is excellent for initiating a child in literary studies, but it is not sufficient to complete a youngster's training in character building. At college a young man gets to know himself and others better by engaging in numberless competitions. The corrections of his masters, the criticism and ridicule of comrades, serve to dampen and smother self-love, correct the judgment, excite emulation and blunt the susceptibility common to boys, by gradually maturing them in an atmosphere surrounded with picayune responsibilities.

Lal was about seventeen when his uncle who had been a professor there, decidede to send him to the seminary of Evreux. It was not so much because Lal had shown signs of a vocation but rather because his uncle was certain that if he had one, it would be discovered there.

But things didn't go on so well. Lal flunked both the examinations and the re-takes. He had become melancholy. He was lost in the gay and living atmosphere of a boys' school. It was considered best for him to leave.

Laval pere was not one to yield to boyish abnormalities. No sooner had the lad returned home, when his father took him aside. "So, Latin broke your head, my dear? Well, we shall see what a little work will do to your muscles!"

Lal learned his lesson quickly. Begging to be allowed to try once more, he resolved to amend his ways. His father now sent him to the College Stanislaus. In this atmosphere so full of life, where hearts as well as minds open and expand, the lad found his *metier*. When he came home on vacation all remarked the change that had come over him. They were charmed with his simplicity and goodness.

Life seemed bright but its denouements are not long absent. Orphaned from his earliest years by the death of his mother, he now lost his father. It was just at a time that he was becoming the honor and consolation of the family. The lad was deeply moved.

With varied success he completed the course in humanities and philosophy and in August, 1825, was awarded his Bachelor of Arts. It was the first tangible recompense of his good conduct and application. The diploma was found after his death together with some of his other belongings. He never adverted to this first success but often in later life he was heard to praise his old masters of Stanislaus and his philosophy professor in particular.

We now come to the period in the life of Laval when he was faced with the definite choice of a state of life. To each of several inclinations he gave mature reflection. To leave the country in quest of dubious fortunes in America, his good sense vetoed. To renounce the world and devote his life to the sacred ministry he feared to face because of its dread and awful responsibilities. He decided then, on medicine. His worthy uncle left him free in his choice, remarking, "We need good priests, it is true, but we also need good physicians. Christian doctors can do much good."

But medicine was to be but a stopping place in his life. In vain, as we shall see, did the hesitations of nature, the allurements of the age and the artifices of the enemy of all good, strive to thwart his destiny. We shall see him like Saint Paul in "ictu oculi" transformed. We shall hear him say, "what wouldst thou have me to do?" and with that, offer himself to the service of God in the most abandoned of His works.

He sailed through his medical studies at the University of Paris, keeping himself unsullied in the milieu of vice and religious hate that was the Paris of 1825-1830. In the latter year, he received the diploma of Doctor in Medicine. His thesis, still preserved in the archives of the Congregation, was Articular Rheumatism, and dedicated to his father, mother and uncle. He had intended to continue his studies in Paris for a year or two but with the outbreak of the Revolution, he left for Saint Andre, near Evreux, where he hung out his shingle in September 1830.

AVIS DU MOIS

The Scapular of Mount Carmel

In the 13th century the Carmelites had to leave Mount Carmel and Palestine because of Saracen Persecutions. Taking refuge in Europe, they were threatened with extinction and so had recourse to the Blessed Virgin. Saint Simon Stock, an English Camelite and Superior General of the Order, implored Mary for a sign of her protection. She appeared to him and gave him the scapular as a safeguard against corporal and spiritual dangers, together with a promise of a happy death.

To this double promise, another was added. Pope John XXII was favored with a vision of the Blessed Virgin in which she said:

"If any of the religious or confreres of Carmel are kept in Purgatory to expiate their sins, I shall go down and deliver them on the Saturday after their death."

This brown scapular of Mount Carmel, shown by Mary to St. Simon, is, as you know, a modification of the Carmelite dress. The Church has attached numerous indulgences to its wearing on condition that one join the Confraternity of Mount Carmel. But, if the first scapular is worn out or lost it is sufficient to replace it by another previously blessed.

Finally, we have the scapular medal, which has on one side the image of the Sacred Heart and on the other, that of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Blessed and indulgenced—and that can be done by any priest who has faculties to invest in the scapular—it replaces the scapular itself and it is not even obligatory to wear it about the neck.

Let us not neglect any of the means we have been given to gain indulgences to insure our eternal salvation.

A. L. R.

Word has just been received announcing the death of Father Francis A. Retka, on June 6, in Pittsburgh, Pa. R. I. P.

Father Joseph A. McGoldrick's mother died in Philadelphia, June 5. R. I. P.

OUR

DROVINCE

Ex-classmates! Attention!

We pass on a challenge

Eight Years Record

The deeds of 'Colonel' Dan

Avis Du Mois

A. L. R.'s last column

NEWLY-CONSECRATED, PICTURES ON PAGE 6 AND 7

"And they sung a new canticle, saying: Thou art worthy, O Lord, to take the book and open the seals thereof; because thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God, in thy blood, out of every tribe, and tongue, and people, and nation, and hast made us to our God a kingdom and priests, and we shall reign on the earth." Apoc. V. 9-10

VOLUME SIX
NUMBER SEVEN

List of Contents

OUR DEAD

EDITORIALS:—Bull Sessions; Nouveau Priest Eight Years Record Ex-classmates! Attention! Golden Jubilee of Brother Godfrey Reluctant Samaritan (Verse) Dedication of Negro Church

Newly-Consecrated

OUR LEVITES

Scholastics Abroad Ferndale Herald Kernels from Cornwells

OUR MAIL BOX

Southern Exposure Around the Province

APOSTLE OF MAURITIUS, III
Avis du Mois
Notice
KILIMA-NDJARO, III
Gone are the Days

Ministers in Catholic Social Action

OUR DEAD

DURING THE MONTH OF JULY

We pray for:

Father Patrick McDermott, died July 3, 1918, aged 59 years. Brother Terence Schnell, died July 5, 1918, aged 60 years. Brother Rudolph Goeckler, died July 5, 1902, aged 74 years. Father Basil Kuhn, died July 11, 1897, aged 43 years. Father Anthony Thome, died July 12, 1936, aged 64 years. Brother Placidus Nohr, died July 22, 1905, aged 34 years. Brother Adolphus Wolf, died July 22, 1909, aged 46 years. Brother Wenceslaus Senger, died July 28, 1882, aged 45 years.

FOR AUGUST

Fathers Rumback. Simon, Salles, Feger, John Kelly, McEneany. Brothers Lobos, Kapp and Rena.



OUR PROVINCE

VOL. 6

JULY, 1938

No. 7

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PROVINCIAL FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

HOLY GHOST FATHERS, FERNDALE, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Editorial Office: 65 West 138th Street, New York, N. Y.
Printed at St. Joseph's House, 16th & Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Editorials

Bull Sessions

The good old summer-time is as notorious for its small talk as it is for its vacations, picnics and reunions. It is the season for the ever-popular "bull session"—three month's schedule prepared by nine months of "hotstove" training. Everybody gathers round, sharpens his knife and literally "goes to town." Nobody is spared; the only way out for you if you're sensitive, is to sit in. Honor among robbers: if you're present, you'll be spared.

After it's over, the unanimous opinion is: 'it's the best way of letting off steam.' Imagination, exaggeration, plagiarism and ribbing are employed to effect a congregational catharsis. Sounds good. But how do you feel when you make your examination that night? As often as not, instead of a catharsis, a moral headache bespeaks a constipation resulting from hastily digested prevarication and uncharitableness.

An African confrere has a shocking title for the "bull session." He calls it a sitting of the "Keep It Mean Club." We hesitate to go as far because a conscious avowal of such a frank sobriquet, would entail the sacrifice of a recreation from which we all gain so much amusement. We wonder whether there'd be much fun in our get-togethers without a little lie here and there and an unkind thrust lustily turned around in the wound? Doesn't sound so good. The "bull session" could do very nicely if entered into with a golden-rule motivation and shouldn't require an alkalizer to neutralize its after effects. Weekly confession is difficult enough. To draw a moral: the less matter, the greater the catharsis.

Nouveau Priest

The accepted cliche is that all young clergymen are a conceited lot, out to make a million before nightfall. Maybe we are wrong but we believe it about time to come to their defense. If you'll recall those last few days before your canonical exams and the moist minutes before, during and after your first confessions, we feel you'll see our point.

Young Father Newly-consecrated is that timid, his reflexes set up an immediate defense mechanism of arrogance and conceit. He's afraid of his pastor, his program, his penitents—more so than he feared his examiners in the scholasticate. The props are gone: he is on his own: he is bathing in responsibility for the first time and he finds the waters troubled and unkind. He looks for guidance but often as not finds a cowboy out to break this "young horse."

On June 19th, eleven young men left Ferndale on their first appointments. It may be you'll find them telling you how the parish should be run within a week of their arrival. But that's because you are in their eyes the enemy. Your part is to be kindly and paternal; your advice is expected and you'll surprise them if your kindness is less than that they have known from their professors. At any rate, string along with them if only to try out our theory. They are not at all conceited but humble, willing and capable young men who want to like you and get along with you and help you and help the work.

We have just received word that Father Theophile Meyer, C.S.Sp., aged 81, pastor of Sacred Heart Church, Emsworth, Pa., was killed in an automobile accident on June 30th.

EIGHT YEARS RECORD

(OKLAHOMA EAGLE)

The most impressive thing about Father Bradley's St. Monica's parish, is not the spiritual accomplishment of making 1,000 converts. This young priest in the charming simplicity of his heart and character, feels that in bringing this large number of souls to God that he is merely adding to the pages of Catholic Church history in America, already replete with seemingly miraculous expansion.

It is rather with the constructive achievements in a material way that this story must deal. For from the very beginning, Father Bradley's pastorate has been characterized by a non-sectarian brand of charity, in a large measure responsible for substantial donations from everywhere and anybody.

Father Bradley's first service to the community was a free employment agency. Thousands of penniless Negroes, hungry and roaming the streets looking for work, were as he well knew, good material for criminal development and easy prey for communistic propaganda. And so, since 1930, no phone call has ever gone unanswered in regard to employment.

One realizes that it was in keeping with Father Bradley's duty as a Catholic priest to establish a school for young Catholic converts. But in so doing, Father Bradley exceeded his obligation for his school took in all comers.

Imagine if you can how disastrous it would be for the white race if nearly all our mothers had to be working ones, in order to clothe and feed their children. This condition is the usual one in the colored district and with so many mothers of school children away from home all day, Father Bradley had to furnish free lunches to many of his pupils. And he continues to feed these children daily, helped by charitable minded wholesale houses and grocery stores, that give him perishable food stuffs at the close of the day.

Father Bradley's dream of a gymnasium for his boys is one of the finest practical ideas to keep under-privileged youth under the right influence. For a student of psychology, like this priest, knows full well that excellence in athletics and morals are closely interwoven. The boys are given instructions in boxing, wrestling, and basketball, several times a week. As Father Bradley's early hobby was baseball, he plays with the boys frequently and is earnestly trying to develop big league talent. Football in season is not neglected and there are few sports possible for the boys to play that are not encouraged.

The valuable training that the little girls receive from the Sisters will be of great use to them as they grow up, for they are being taught careful conversation and good learning. It is only after coming in contact with these children from St. Monica's school, listening to their well-phrased and polite conversation, that one realizes how eager they are for the culture given them by the good Sisters.

Father Bradley opens the door of his old cottage to all who seek his aid regardless of sectarian affiliations. He is their spokesman in the cause of the Negro district before government officials. More than that, Father Bradley is to all Tulsa, a man of high ideals and purposes, unswerving in his allegiance to the lowly, to whose welfare he has dedicated his life.

EX-CLASSMATES! ATTENTION!

To Whom It May Concern:

We recently received a letter from Africa whose authorship, must, for obvious reasons be with-held, charging ex-classmates of African confreres with gross neglect in the matter of correspondence.

To us it seemed incredible that boys with whom, for thirteen years we matured mentally and physically, fought and played, rejoiced and wept, hoped and despaired, should hold friendship and natural ties so cheaply. The writer's words, however, gave us pause. In fact, to quote: "I challenge you, as Editor, to bring this matter to the attention of the offenders." And after all, a challenge is a challenge and we hope we are honorable.

It may be that the party of the first part exaggerates. We hope so. It may be that he speaks the whole truth—in which instance, this notice may be of some service.

THE EDITOR.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF BROTHER GODFREY

Brother Godfrey Huber celebrated the 50th Anniversary of his profession in the Congregation on Ascension Thursday at Cornwells. A Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving was sung and the address to the jubilarian was given by Father Williams.

Brother Godfrey was born January 12, 1865, at Lanshut, Southern Bavaria, Germany. His parents were Philip Huber and Maria Vogginger. On completion of his schooling, he helped his father on the farm. He came to America in 1883 and lived for a time with friends of the family at Latrobe. Here he met Father Gross, C.S.Sp., then stationed at Glenfield, Pa. The priest counselled Brother Godfrey to enter the novitiate of the Holy Ghost Brothers at Holy Ghost College, Pittsburgh.

On Pentecost Sunday, 1888, he made his profession. He remained at the college for four years and spent two years at St. Mary's, Sharpsburg. His next appointment was to St. Joseph's House in Philadelphia, where he remained for 10 years. He proved an excellent steward and a humane and highly successful disciplinarian.

Since 1906, Brother Godfrey has been connected with Holy Ghost Apostolic College in the role of chef. Rare is the Father or Brother of the American Province who has not enjoyed his excellent meals. In 1931, he was sent to Ferndale to die, but he thought the command unwarranted and spent the next two years laughing at death and building himself up to return to Cornwells. He returned to Cornwells in 1933 and if you tell him he's getting along in years, he just smiles and says he'll still push around as long as Brother Titus is in circulation.

He is just another argument for the proposition that longevity is the reward of hard work—manual work at that. Congratulations, best wishes, thank you for your grand service, and God bless you, Brother Godfrey!

DEDICATION OF NEGRO CHURCH

(Alexandria Daily Town Talk)

The colored Catholic congregation of Mansura was honored yesterday, the Feast of the Ascension, by the presence of His Excellency Daniel F. Desmond, Bishop of Alexandria and a group of 17 other Catholic clergymen, who took part in the dedication of the new

Church of Our Lady of Prompt Succour. The new edifice was erected through the benefaction of Dr. J. J. Sullivan of Boston, Mass. Dr. Sullivan had planned to be present, but due to the death of his sister, was unable to be present.

The general master of ceremonies was Father Wrenn, the local pastor, assisted by Rev. Edward Wilson, C.S.-Sp., assistant of the new parish.

This is the first church in the Diocese of Alexandria to have been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary under the title of Our Lady of Prompt Succour. Some forty years ago Pope Leo XIII designated the Blessed Virgin under this title as the official patroness of the State of Louisiana. The altar of the church was donated some years ago to St. Patrick's Church in Lake Providence by Father Nothofer, and since its architectural lines did not conform to the new St. Patrick's, Father Plutz very appropriately suggested that it be sent to Mansura. The altar is surmounted by a beautiful statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succour which was donated by Mr. J. Reece of Buffalo, N. Y., a friend of Bishop Desmond's.

RELUCTANT SAMARITAN

Poor Cham! I heard you long ago! Pray cease!

I heard you long ago across the sea

I heard you yesterday from old Dixie.

Poor Cham! My heart is crying for surcease!

Poor Cham! I'll come—grant me a moment's lease!

I heard you swell the tom-tom's melody

I heard you chanting thraldom's threnody.

Poor Cham! My heart is breaking piece by piece!

I heard you just today in Harlem Town

I heard you just today in Harlem Town.

Poor Cham! Your dancing feet cannot conceal

Existence tortured, grudgingly conferred.

I heard you moaning when they beat you down—

Poor Cham! Am I a beast that cannot feel?

God! No! I come with succor long deferred!



FATHER HARCAR

"Doc" and "Mike." We challenge your ability to go hay-wire while he's around. "Don't worry about it"—that's Mike Harcar. If you want a thing done, Mike's the man you want.



"Duke." Dapper, debonair, daring and diminutive. Seems unable to really get angry-that twinkle in his eye would disarm even a jizzle-bug. Has only one enemy —the flu.



FATHER K. DOLAN

Born in New Britain but swiftly growing out of it. If you try to take advantage of his sunny disposition, don't be surprised to find a terrific forehand return bouncing off your shins. "Kay; 'Blondy.'



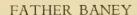
FATHER MULLEN

"Bill" is really too venerable to banter, but his modus pugnandi is so terrifying as to be overwhelming. We pity the pastor who gets him-he'll have to buy a hobby-horse to supply his riding exercise-"Bill" will not be ridden.



FATHER BROOKS

"John" to his friends. "The best boy in the parish" for a long time. Red hair would be an anomaly to this even tempered lad if it didn't enhance his looks.



"John"—for his advice: "Jack" for his horn playing or his Monday morning "Pep;" "Quomato" for his poetry. Wants to be first Primate of all the Africas but the nearest he'll get will be a dream of an armoured knight and a great white charger.



FATHER LEONARD

"Moose." As big hearted as his frame: as bad a liar as Munchausen: as crazy about plastering as a duck about drivel. Stands to lose a carton if the A's finish higher than fifth. A Squarr-Clubber in good standing—3/4 inch.



FATHER MILFORD

"Lefty." Athlete and strong man. Used to play a hot clarinet. Has been a perfect gentleman ever since committing social error of removing from Hazelton, Pa., to Irvington, N. J. Finally admitted to Ferndale Ancient Order of Squarr-Clubbers in his last year-7/8 inch.



FATHER FUSAN

"Musty"—after the famous Musty Suffars. Master of all trades, piker at none. He might show you some of the snaps of plays in which he took part-ask him before that "clerical dignity" begins to make him sensitive.



FATHER CONNORS

"Chuck." Power, drive, speed, chasis like a locomotive. In case you don't know it, was scholastic editor of O. P. from June, 1936, to February, 1938. If you want a wit to make that Forty Hours' Clerical Dinner a success-ask Charlie to come.





FATHER WERSING

"Dick." Has a flare for the merest suggestion of romance, poetry, drama. Wants to go to Africa in the worst way. (Apologies to M. S. City of New York) and if he gets his wish, there ought to be enough r, p and d for him to write a camp-fire book.

Appointments:

Africa:-Fathers Leonard, Dellert, Fusan, Mullen.

Puerto Rico:-Father Milford.

Duquesne:-Fathers Harcar, Baney.

Tuscaloosa:-Father Dolan.

Tuscaloosa.
Opelousas:—Father we...
New Orleans (St. Monica):—Father
Appointment pending:—Father Connors.

Our Levites

SCHOLASTICS ABROAD

(Rome. 5-9-38.) A bit out of chronological order but this one could keep. The story of the Tall Prince and the Little Flower came true on the loggia of the Seminary, March 23rd, when no less a dignitary than His Eminence Cardinal Pacelli blessed the statue of St. Therese given to the Seminary by her own sister, the present Prioress of the Carmel of Lisieux, Mother Agnes of Jesus. His Eminence spoke to us in his pure, elevated, distinguished style, in French (being an orator in any language and reading Bossuet a half-hour daily, 'on dit'), pointing out the two reasons why we are here and the two things in which we will be chiefly aided by our heavenly patron: to acquire holiness and wisdom. Nothing new, you say? Right you are. But do we ever tire of hearing it? Can we ever have enough? To add another blessing to the occasion, Mother Agnes sent a telegram which the Superior read after the ceremony.

Afterwards I wondered if Francis Libermann in his most fitful slumbers on the plank that he called a bed in the dusty garret which served as antechamber to a pigeon-roost bordering the Via del Pinacolo-I wondered if he ever dreamt that the Cardinal Secretary of State of His Holiness Pius XI would visit that very room, unchanged by its transposition to the loggia of the French Seminary, and say a prayer before his statue. That's what actually happened. But then, things change so in a hundred years—a little foretaste of the

'novissimi primi'' New Deal.

(Fribourg. 5-29-38.) I don't see why these people can't live up to the reputation they've acquired through all the nice pictures and stories put out by the travel agencies. If one of those picturesque costumes makes its appearance a foreigner can't even get a look at it for

the crowd of natives that gathers to see the curiosity. Instead of being on the rue de la Gare or rue de Lausanne, one may as well amble along 5th ave. as far as picturesqueness is concerned.

Then a bit of jay-walking may end up in an argument with a Ford, Chevy, Buick, etc., etc., and the danger of being cloven by a bike is almost infinitely greater. You still might run into a tram if you escape the other two dangers; however, if your run into it too forcefully it might topple over and then its crew will probably finish you off.

However, there are a few oddities. I was in a goodsized drug store the other day that didn't sell bath tubs (you thought I was going to say bath salts). Salut.

P. S. A new danger to life just cropped up. They are taking the cows up to the mountains for the summer and they go right thru the main street. The danger isn't so much from the cows themselves as from what they leave behind.

(Louvain. 5-30-38.) Now you must not get the idea that we are all "heathens and publicans" just because we celebrated May Day. Not only have we done penance, but my feet tell me we have even wandered into the realm of supererogation. Like the pious folk of old, we have dusted off the old pilgrim's staff and taken to the road. The third Rogation Day is the date of the annual Pilgrimage of the University students to the shrine of Our Lady of Montaigu—famed for several centuries for its miracles and apparitions. A really large number turned out for the twenty-mile hike, in spite of the intermittent drizzle. We left Louvain at nine-thirty P. M. All along the route the different groups alternated between reciting the Rosary and singing (not always hymns). Immediately upon our arrival at about two-thirty A. M., Mass was celebrated in the Basilica, and Holy Communion distributed to at least five or six hundred students. After breakfast at dawn, we followed the outdoor Way of the Cross. By train we were rushed back to Louvain just as the sunrise was welcoming in the Feast of the Ascension.

But you are wrong if you imagine we slept all day. Instead we helped to celebrate the "Rerum Novarum" Feast, another annual affair, with a Solemn Benediction in the Collegiate Church of St. Pierre, followed by a parade of the uniformed groups of workers, J. O. C., etc., and culminating in a Mass Meeting where music and oratory provided fitting interludes for pageant and pantomime.

All of which—to show you that in spite of wars and rumors thereof, there are still some parts of Europe which remain old-fashioned anough to be civilized.

Ferndale Herald

Ferndale 1; Maryknoll 5—'nuff said! . . . Africa and Puerto Rico represented at dinner today in the persons of Fathers Marron and Guthrie . . . Father Provincial's last visit before the General Council . . . The novices bus-ed to Ferndale—two months to go so cheer up, lads . . . The big man from the South, Father Cronenberger, gave us a great talk . . . Carpets better than ever for Corpus Christi (Oh, yeah? sez ye olde timer)... Father Joe Murphy, an ad for Kilimandjaro if there ever was one—good to see and welcome home!

KERNELS FROM CORNWELLS

May 26. Brother Godfrey celebrates his Golden Jubilee. There was a fine turnout of the confreres, both clerical and lay, to rejoice with our Venerable Jubilarian. The Community and the Jubilarian are very grateful to all who joined us in our celebration.

Father Kavanaugh of the Hartford Diocese came to Cornwells this year to make his Retreat. Before leaving he gave the boys a "talk" on the sign language. So please do not discredit any of our boys in your parish when you catch them making meaningless passes at each other.

On our guest-list this month, we mention a passing visit from Brother Edwin, President of the University of Scranton, formerly St. Thomas' College.

Our season is now coming to an end and thoughts of home and friends edge their way in between the perfect and pluperfect tenses and many a swinging gate comes between the genitive and dative of porta, portae. And with the spring days, late though they were, the boys are working hard to get the property in shape. We can boast of our well-groomed estate.

June 7. With an extra day given in honor of Brother's Jubilee, this evening's dinner was given to the departing class by their immediate successors. This was followed by our first Graduation Exercise. And shades of Cicero and St. Augustine! The Salutatory begins, "Reverendi Patres, Venerabiles Fratres et Amicissimi Socii." Yes, it was in Latin (with "ponies" distributed for the benefit of the youngsters) and given by the lad who had come off with highest scholastic honors. The program consisted of the Reading of the Marks with the Graduation exercises. And with this final gesture, sixteen more lads bade farewell to Cornwells, and we say, God speed, may you all appear at Ridgefield on August 1st and persevere to that great day, six years hence.

And so, the halls have once more become silent, awaiting the step and the tramp of the lively gait of youth in September.

Are you sending anyone to fill the vacant places of the sixteen who graduated?

We are consecrated to be the temples of the Holy Spirit, an unutterable privilege, which is weighty enough to sink us with shame at our unworthiness, did it not the while strengthen us by the aid itself imparts, to bear its extreme costliness . . . Newman.

I will give a new heart and put a new spirit within you, and I will take away the stony heart out of your breast, and I will give you a heart of flesh. I will put My Spirit in the midst of you, and I will cause you to walk in My Commandments and to keep My judgments and to do them . . . Ezechiel

Our Mail Box

Southern Exposure

Who said the southern Negro was lazy! During Social Security investigations in this part of the country a Negro was found holding down two jobs; night and day shifts plus two Social Security numbers. When questioned he said, "Ah took de night job 'cause ah didn't know what to do wid mah spare time"... And then we meet more frankness with a vengeance. Recently a new pupil came to our first grade. She was seated but a few minutes when catechism class began. The Sister asked her who made the world. She got no answer. The child looked and looked; that's all she said. Then getting no answer the Sister, answering herself back, said, "God made the world." The little child looked up to Sister and said, "I know nothing about God." Who said it can't happen here? ... Southerners are always most friendly wherever you meet them. Should you perchance have a passing acquaintance with a deaf mute and he gives you a handful of assorted knuckles to shake everytime you meet him, be it ten times a day, put him on your "Below-the-Mason-Dixon-Line-list" . . . That's what I like about the South . . . The A. F. of L. recently had its state convention in our town to which Whites and Negroes came as delegates. The sessions were held in the city auditorium with the Whites on the ground floor and the Negroes in the balcony. The meeting had just been called to order when one of the officers on the platform quoted the constitutions of that great organization (C. I. O. notwithstanding) whereby there were to be no discrimination made between race, creed and color. He then invited the Negroes to take part in the discussions not from the balcony but from the ground floor. To the French it would be Beau Geste. (If I'm wrong don't let Father J. O'R., who made Cornwells a place of happy memories, see this copy because that would bear out his prophesy of my being, "An old fraud.") I can be more sure of this though, "Cor Unum et Anima Una", for the Labor front at least . . . of am I?

AROUND THE PROVINCE

We wonder whether a certain schoolmate of Ferndale days will press suit for copyright infringement on "Colonel" Dan Bradley.

Duquesne's first home-grown musical show "Heil Maxie" had a fair success at the Nixon in Pittsburgh. Several of the songs are already radio favorites and are being plugged by the Mills Music Publishing Co.

Father Roach Spoke of "The Franciscan Sisters of Atonement" over WIP on Sunday May 29.

Panic took possession of Ferndale on May 27, when a reporter from the "Bridgeport Post" called requesting permission to photograph "the plaque recently erected to the memory of Jacob Libermann, a Norwalk Jew who had donated and endowed the property and buildings to the Holy Ghost Fathers"

Approximately 300 students, the largest class in the history of the University, received diplomas at Duquesne's sixtieth annual Commencement Exercises at Memorial Hall, Oakland, June 8. His Excellency, Fulvio Suvich, Italian Ambassador to the United States, addressed the graduating class.

Father Gavin preached a most inspiring Retreat for the Young Fathers and Scholastics, June 13-19.

Father McGurk presented Diplomas to 31 graduates of the McDonell Memorial High School in Cheippewa Falls. Father Hyland delivered the principal address, describing education as "the preparation of the whole man for his whole destiny."

The Fathers Retreats at Duquesne and Ferndale were well attended and favored with beautiful weather. The conferences of the Retreat Master Father McGlynn were reported as extremely practical and the conduct of the conferes edifying.

Your charitable prayers are requested for the happy repose of the souls of the following:

Brother of Father Wingendorf

Aunt of Father Joseph Griffin

Young Father Hackett pulled a proverbial "fast one" on us all when he had his appendix removed on March 7. The Ferndale Retreat was the occasion of the revelation of the fact and to judge from his appearance, Father Joe, which always likened his physique to that of a broken-down racehorse, it was a justification of what the doctor ordered. Twenty pounds heavier, he is actually cherubic in appearance.

APOSTLE OF MAURITIUS

ш

DR. LAVAL

Dr. Laval began his medical career at Saint Andre in 1830. He soon made a good reputation, due as much to personal qualities as to his knowledge of medicine. He gained the favor of rich and poor alike, by his devotion and generosity. Money, which is oftentimes the only consideration in the medical profession, did not affect him. He considered himself well repaid by the poor if he could bring some relief to them in the alleviation of their pains.

As a good Catholic, Dr. Laval saw in man not merely an animal organism, as did the materialistic doctors of his time, but saw rather, beneath the suffering clay an immortal soul, redeemed by Christ. He considerately, therefore, always saw to it that a priest came to tend to the spiritual infirmities of a patient, when he himself could do nothing more for his material infirmities.

It was only natural that the irreproachable conduct of Dr. Laval should occasion for him the hostility of an irreligious society. The revolution of 1830 was a triumph of voltairianism. Religion was not physically but morally persecuted. The demand of Voltaire "Ecrassez l'infame," "Crush the Church" was being carried out by persiflage, derision and mockery of anyone who professed himself a christian.

As a student, he had been shielded from attacks on his adherence to the Church. But in the irreligious atmosphere of Saint Andre he began to find it too difficult and irksome to remain good and gradually became lax in the observance of his religious obligations. He did not become excessively lax but he did yearn to taste the pleasures of this world. He made a success of worship at the shrine of pleasure, and soon became the life of the party wherever he went. But all along he was unhappy and waged a continuous battle with conscience. He could not quiet that insistent mentor's demands even in a varied round of what the world offers as pleasure.

Calumny it was that brought him to the sacraments. He was attending a sick young lady, whose illness necessitated frequent visits. As is the way with the world, which being itself evil thinks all else evil, these visits were interpreted in a malicious way. So did the world

treat one who turned to it for consolation which it promised but never bestowed. This unwarranted suspicion wounded him deeply and he resolved to break with the heartless world. But although he consulted a learned moral theologian at the Evreux seminary to get his advice, he still hesitated to go to confession.

To avoid the disagreeableness he met with at Saint Andre, he removed to Ivry-la-bataille in 1834. But there his reputation preceeded him, tarnished as it was by calumnies. However a certain Dr. Postel, who believed in the young man, graciously shared his numerous clientelle with him. He settled down and since he had no wife to spend his earnings—nor had he any intention to marry—would soon have placed himself in easy circumstances by his medical skill. But the dream of a peaceful life was not to be his. He saw himself working so hard that he exhausted several horses in making his professional visits. He saw that gold did not tantalize him. He saw that he did not care for marriage. He saw, and this clearly, that his life was devoid of aim or end.

What a fool to labor for no purpose! He therefore, resolved to come back to the sacraments and begin again to work at his salvation. But human respect still held him in its toils and he heard Masses in churches somewhat a distance from his district where he was not well known.

However, as in most affairs in life, we say "cherchez la femme," so here also, God made use of a Madame Fulgence Simon to bring Dr. Laval to His service. This devout widow conducted entertainments at her house, where piety and not pleasure was the end in view. Into this assemblage of pious persons Dr. Laval was introduced, while professionally attending the sister of Madame Simon, with the result that he soon began to take a practical interest in religion and its obligations. He began to read the religious books which he had never discarded in his former days of indifference. At the suggestion of a neighboring cure, Father Lethard, he went to confession. It was about this time that there began to grow in him a special devotion and love for the Blessed Virgin which was to last him throughout life.

The conversion of Dr. Laval was sincere and fruitful. He soon became the talk of the town. His friend, Dr. Postel, diagnosed his case as a softening of the brain. But his victory over human respect was at last complete and he no longer cared for what the world thought.

His conduct was such a contrast to his former life that many thought he was scrupulous and that the heat of fervor would soon abate. But this was not to be. Some time after, on returning from a round of visits to his patients, his horse plunged over a precipice. The fall should have killed horse and rider, but Dr. Laval escaped with only a slightly bruised leg.

He now began to think of the priesthood but felt himself unworthy. However, in preparation he made a general confession making use of a book on the examination of conscience, for said he, "I have been so bad that I don't remember all my transgressions." He afterwards made known his intention of becoming a priest and this was a source of chagrin to his family, who attributed it to a passing fancy. His friends on the other hand approved and congratulated him on this decision.

And now, at long last he had found himself. At the age of 32, on June 15, 1835, he entered the seminary of Saint Sulpice. When he left for the seminary his presence and skill were missed by the people to whom he had so well ministered; and in later life his letters from the missions were to pass from hand to hand, recalling many deeds of kindness and charity.

AVIS DU MOIS

Our Dead Will Pray For Us In Heaven

The older we get, the greater the number of friends and acquaintances we witness going to their graves. Soon it will be our turn and our Purgatory will be the less painful in proportion to the help the prayers of those we left behind will bring us.

Well and good! Let us do for those who have gone ahead what we expect to be done for us. Let us pray for our dead!

The Church with her indulgences and mementoes in the Liturgy reminds us of the faithful departed. She also wishes the bodies of those to be honored who have been baptised and sanctified by the sacraments and who will appear before the Great Judge.

Where are those we knew and loved: parents, confreres, masters, pupils—all those who depend on us and justly so?

Where are they? God only knows. Their bodies had been dust, and dust they are again, but what of their souls?

Called to the Tribunal of the Sovereign Judge they know that "happy are the dead who die in the Lord."

Have confidence in the word of Our Saviour. He has promised "a hundred-fold in this world and eternal life in the next" for those who have quitted father, mother, family and country to follow him.

How happy to die with the certitude of this promise!

Our Venerated Father Laval had this certitude in his last hour. "No, Jesus," he said, "you will not reject your missionary." He responded to the priest annointing him: "Laetatus sum in his quae dicta sunt mihi. In domum Domini ibimus."

But in spite of all, before going to heaven, must we not as our dead have done, spend a necessary time in Purgatory? Necessary, yes; but may prayer and penance, the Sacrifice of the Mass, Communion and indulgences move the goodness of God to shorten it.

Let us pray for our dead. When they go to heaven, they will pray for us.

A. L. R.

(Ed. Note.—This was the last Avis written by Monsignor Le Roy. A strange coincidence that the last three Avis should have been on Death. Perhaps the holy man had a premonition of his own approaching end.)

NOTICE

1. All are asked to address complaints about reception of Bulletins, Death Notices and "OUR PROVINCE" to:

"OUR PROVINCE"
Holy Ghost Fathers
Ferndale, Norwalk, Conn.

2. The confreres are reminded that the 20th of each month is the dead-line for copy to be printed in the next issue. The editors also wish to take this opportunity to recall the standing invitation to all confreres to submit news, comments or articles which would be of interest to all.

KILIMA-NDJARO

Ш

The mild Digo peoples have two enemies constantly harassing them—the Massai and the Swahili. Their worst scourge at the time of our trip (1890) was one Mbaroukou, who was furnished with arms as an agent of the English and belied his name "Benediction" by using his power to build up a profitable slave trade. Three-fourths of the Digos were always in slavery. So lucrative was this field that the Mohammedans voluntarily refrained from making Mussulmans of the Digoes so that they could continue to exploit them. This explains why so many tribes along the East Coast remained fetishistic even while under the control of Mohammedans who are usually anxious to spread their religion. Mbaroukou chose ideal quarters for his operations. The little fishing town of Gassi was inaccesible to large steamers and from its hidden port one night's trip sufficed for the transportation of the "merchandise that works and talks" to the thick groves of the Isle of Pemba where the larger slave ships moored. If on the way out the smoke of an English steamer appears on the horizon, there is nothing simpler than to tie a stone to the feet of the slave and toss him overboard. Under the floorboards of the boat there are always five or six tightly bound and gagged unfortunates to make the trip worth while. The exploitation of the natives in this way is diabolically systematic. The families are given a time of peace during which the children multiply and mature; then at an appointed time a raid is made and four children out of six are carried off; the other two are left to reproduce.

Little wonder then that the continuation of our journey inland took us through miles upon miles of deserted territory; a land depopulated by Mbaroukou. It was in this territory that our caravan was subjected to its first attack. It was in the middle of the night when all were asleep that someone was aroused and raised the alarm. We leaped up and by torchlight saw the invaders already putting our porters to rout. Those sorry

blacks were running about, beating their legs, throwing off their clothes, rolling on the ground, crying and screaming. And as one stood absorbed in this interesting spectacle, the invaders, the huge black ants known as the Siafou, had clambered up your legs, up to your chest, into your beard, and into your hair. The ferocity of these African ants cannot be imagined. Their function in nature is to destroy dead carcasses and woe betide the living being that is mistaken for a corpse! Formidable pincers are employed with infernal maliciousness. Ordinarily they are seen crawling around peacefully enough, each going about his business. But sometimes, for some reason known only to themselves perhaps to found a new colony—they line up in a regular army formation and march. Then is the time to be careful, as we learned from that first attack. Annoy them in the least and they fall to with indescribable fury, to be beaten off only with great difficulty.

We were still smarting with the welts raised by the ants when we arrived some days later at the island of Wassini, in the section known as Voumba. Tradition has it that the Persians once colonized this territory and there are still standing some ruins which are distinctively Persian. It was to these former white travelers that reference was made by a group of excited natives who approached us within half an hour of our arrival. "Long ago," was the burden of their plea, "before our fathers or our fathers' fathers, white men were here and they built a well for us, the only well in a place where fresh water is precious. Then they left and immediately the Devil took possession of the well. Now you white men are returning. Put the Devil to flight and enable us to draw water from that well." Evidently here was a serious case. I obtained the extraordinary powers from the Bishop and set out for the well, accompanied by a band of natives, porters, children, old men and old women. After a quarter of an hour's walk we came upon some ruins which were evidently Persian and beside them was the well. The eldest of the band raised a trembling hand and pointed, whispering, "There it is!" Father Gommenginger burst out laughing like a heathen, making it hard for me to remain serious. Very solemnly I ordered dead wood and dried leaves to be cast into the infamous hole. Then, by luck, I noticed a footpath worn to the foot of a tree close by. I divined that there was their box where offerings were made as part of their fetish worship. The blacks were thunderstruck when I demanded that they destroy the box and renounce the worship of the idol there. "Who showed him that box?—He is surely a mighty sorcerer!" they cried. One of the Christians of our party destroyed the fetish, and then I, by now impressed with the whole business, made a large Sign of the Cross over the infernal well. An extraordinary sound was heard from the tree over the fragments of the fetish; everyone fell back, afraid; then, slowly, beating the air with its large wings, a huge bat, or sort of vampire flew over the mouth of the well, wheeled about, and flew off. The audience was petrified; all felt as if they had seen the Devil face to face. Without wasting any time, I threw some handfuls of lighted straw into the depths and as the flames leaped up and the smoke poured forth. the

mouth of the well seemed truly a vent of Hell. It will be understood that this operation was meant to drive out the bad air from the hole, and not the Devil, for I had been rash enough to say that I would go down and drink some of the water myself and declare it ready for public consumption. When the fire died down, I clambered down a makeshift ladder and reappeared with a gourd full of water. It smelled and tasted strongly of rotten eggs, or, if you want, hydrosulphuric acid. But that was easily explained by the long subjection of the well to the dominion of the Most Sulphurous One. I tasted it and passed it around to five or six of the braver spirits in the crowd; gradually their fear broke down and even descended the well. I like to think that from that day to this Satan has kept far, far away from those people. That evening an old cock was sent to me as recompense—will anyone say I didn't work for it?

"GONE ARE THE DAYS?"

To begin with, the REAL Marley was not dead! He wasn't even sick. Not at all; he was merely playing hide and go seek (the twerp) with the famous London fog and his friend Scrooge. And that friend had lost all desires to play in his quest for money, (after all, fun even came high then). That's why he forgot London and that's why he forgot his early friends. Marley, the one whom I claim was in a fog, hiding of course, saw this and wanted to help him but the fog was always too thick for friend Scrooge to see him; (Got tired playing I guess; for they did start out playing hide and go seek, you know) but luck must have been with Marley on that Xmas day—er—Eve. Perhaps the fog had cleared up; perhaps Scrooge forgot money for the moment; Perhaps—well, who knows, the fact is that Scrooge finally did see Marley. And Marley didn't want anything either! Thats what I call being a pal. He wanted to give this time—a memory; in fact many memories which Scrooge had forgotten and because he had forgotten he was just an old meanie. Remember the little kids who were singing? Scrooge didn't 'low no trumpet playing round there. No Sir. But before the nite was over he was a changed man. And what did it? Memories. (If the truth were known it was a hot trumpet. Man oh man, can they break you down).

Now what brought this on? (What brings anything on?) Believe it or not, News from Our Province! It tells me that Ferndale is changing. For the better of course and that's fine. Ferndale never did cede first place to anyone. (Unless it was to the baseball team from Maryknoll. Darn clever those Chinese). A Moon Gate! Ah, and a couple more. We were never allowed down the woods after dark. Look what we're missing. That will be a memory for someone. Like the "Hole." Remember? The "O.P." also tells me that the corridors

have been renamed. I began to wonder who the Saints were. Pitied some of them in fact. But who will ever forget, the old timers I mean, such names as Chinatown etc., etc.? A new generation will have forgotten it but some of it will always remain. I don't know what Saint was given the work of watching over said Chinatown but if it was St. Thomas he certainly wouldn't mind. After all China did produce one great philosopher. (Did Chinatown?). And "Shanty Town," a new addition since I left. Who lives there? Most important, who now calls it his own? St. Christopher? He certainly would get a good giggle out of that. Poor Saint! Why must we always think of him as one from over the tracks. A haloed Mickey McGuire. And there's old "Infirmary Drive." And who has that? None other than our own St. Patrick! Is that a dirty crack, sez he? Now you can't tell me that worms are anything like snakes. I should know. Isn't there some Saint who worked in a salt mine? There must be; so why not give St. Patrick another assignment? He drove the snakes out of Ireland and I think if he were put in the Scullery he'd be just as successful at driving the rats out (not referring to manual labor lunch periods). And the Mountain of God! the fourth floor in the new building. Could it be St. Michael? And what happened to Paternoster Row? Or is it no longer the abode of those who were neither fish nor flesh? Always was considered a place apart though, so that was some consolation. A good place to write sermons-or was it? All these places were sources of many memories. And still are and always will be for each generation will always find something new in them. If there should be some who have forgotten this remember Scrooge. (He had his Marley. Damon had his Pythias, if you know what I mean.) He got lost in a fog. Who knows but that the Saints are there to lead the others out of it.

MINISTERS IN CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION

Encyclical "Divini Redemptoris"

60—To apply the remedies thus briefly indicated to the task of saving the world as We have traced it above, Jesus Christ, our Divine King, has chosen priests as the first-line ministers and messengers of His gospel. Theirs is the duty, assigned to them by a special vocation, under the direction of their Bishops and in filial obedience to the Vicar of Christ on earth, of keeping alight in the world the torch of Faith, and of filling the hearts of the Faithful with that supernatural trust which has aided the Church to fight and win so many other battles in the name of Christ: "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our Faith."

61—To priests in a special way we recommend anew the oft-repeated counsel of Our Predecessor, Leo XIII, to go to the workingman. We make this advice Our own, and, faithful to the teachings of Jesus Christ and His Church, We thus complete it: "Go to the workingman, especially where he is poor; and in general, go to the poor." The poor are obviously more exposed than others to the wiles of agitators who, taking advantage

of their extreme need, kindle their hearts to envy of the rich and urge them to seize by force what fortune seems to have denied them unjustly. If the priest will not go to the workingman and to the poor, to warn them or disabuse them of prejudice and false theory, they will become an easy prey for the apostles of Communism.

62—Indisputably much has been done in this direction, especially after the publication of the Encyclicals Rerum Novarum and Quadragesimo Anno. We are happy to voice Our paternal approval of the zealous pastoral activity manifested by so many Bishops and priests who have with due prudence and caution, been planning and applying new methods of apostolate more adapted to modern needs. But for the solution of our present problem, all this effort is still inadequate. When our country is in danger, everything not strictly necessary, everything not bearing directly on the urgent matter of unified defense, takes second place. So we must act in today's crisis. Every other enterprise, however attractive and helpful, must yield before the vital need of protecting the very foundation of the Faith and of Christian civilization. Let our parish priests, therefore, while providing of course for the normal needs of the Faithful, dedicate the better part of their endeavors and their zeal to winning back the laboring masses to Christ and to His Church. Let them work to infuse the Christian spirit into quarters where it is least at home. The willing response of the masses, and results far exceeding their expectations, will not fail to reward them for their strenuous pioneer labor. This has been and continues to be our experience in Rome and in other capitals, where zealous parish communities are being formed as new churches are built in the suburban districts, and real miracles are being worked in the conversion of people whose hostility to religion has been due solely to the fact that they did not know it.

63—But the most efficacious means of apostolate among the poor and lowly is the priest's example, the practice of all those sacerdotal virtues which We have described in Our Encyclical Ad Catholici Sacerdotii. Especially needful, however, for the present situation is the shining example of a life which is humble, poor and disinterested, in imitation of a Divine Master Who could say to the world with divine simplicity: "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air nests, but the Son of Man hath nowhere to lay His head." A priest who is really poor and disinterested in the Gospel sense may work among his flock marvels recalling a St. Vincent de Paul, a Cure of Ars, a Cottolengo, a Don Bosco and so many others; while an avaricious and selfish priest, as We have noted in the above-mentioned Encyclical, even though he should not plunge with Judas to the abyss of treason, will never be more than empty "sounding brass" and a useless "tinkling cymbal." Too often, indeed, he will be a hindrance rather than an instrument of grace in the midst of his people. Furthermore, where a secular priest or Religious is obliged by his office to administer temporal property, let him remember that he is not only to observe scrupulously all that charity and justice prescribe, but that he has a special obligation to conduct himself in very truth as a father of the

UR

PROVINCE

Dedicated to the Memory of

Africa

Number

John Walsh, C.S.Sp.

The Province's

Pioneer African

VOLUME SIX
NUMBER EIGHT

List of Contents

OUR DEAD

EDITORIALS: -- Salutatory; Apologia

1. DEDICATION

The Province's Pioneer African

II. WORKS

Statistics of Kilimanjaro Vicariate of Kilimanjaro Tanga St. James Seminary The Native Sisters

Health

III. WACHAGA

Wachaga Behaviour Portrait of a Wachaga

IV. TALES

How Not To Pray An Expensive Experience Appolonia

Confreres who would like to get in touch with the newly-appointed missionaries before they leave the country, can do so at the following addresses:

> Rev. Edmond Leonard, C.S.Sp. 23 Linwood Street New Britain, Conn.

> Rev. Sylvester Fusan, C.S.Sp. 67 Prospect Street Etna, Pa.

Rev. Sylvester Dellert, C.S.Sp. Pleasant Valley Sharpsburg, Pa.

Rev. William Mullen, C.S.Sp. 1724 S. Frazer Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. Kenneth Milford, C.S.Sp. 825 18th Avenue Irvington, N. J.

OUR DEAD

DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST

We pray for:

Brother Methodius Lobos, died August 5, 1915, aged 37 years. Brother Aloysius Kapp, died August 5, 1921, aged 35 years. Father August Rumbach, died August 9, 1924, aged 72 years. Father John Simon, died August 12, 1920, aged 35 years. Father Dominic Salles, died August 13, 1884, aged 45 years. Father Andrew Feger, died August 18, 1923, aged 61 years. Father John Kelly, died August 24, 1912, aged 37 years. Brother Liberto Rena, died August 25, 1912, aged 24 years. Father James MacEneany, died August 30, 1888, aged 31 years.

For September: Fathers Schmidt, Laengst, O'Rourke, Sztuka, Dooley. Brothers Rauscher, Becker.



OUR PROVINCE

VOL. 6

AUGUST, 1938

No. 8

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PROVINCIAL FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

HOLY GHOST FATHERS, FERNDALE, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Editorial Office: 65 West 138th Street, New York, N. Y. Printed at St. Joseph's House, 16th & Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa

Editorials

Salutatory

We intended to begin with something nice like: "O dear Heroes, We Salute You!" (tune of da da-da thee saluting!) but our memory is good and we desisted. Memory No. 1: one very talented epistolary merchant has already jilted Miss O. P. because of her gushings over some of his "um-ums". Memory No. 2: the story of the new preacher who began his first discourse with: "My dear people: I was going to address you as "Ladies and gentlemen" but I'm afraid I know you too well."

Instead, we're simply saying we're happy to be able to devote a full issue to Africa, and thereby, we hope, manifesting a genuine interest in the work, as well for the work's sake as for the esteem in which we hold you. We wish to express our thanks to all who co-operated in making this issue possible and assure you that if at any future date you supply us with copy sufficient to make another number, we shall repeat.

To non-Africans, we hasten to explain that we intended no exhaustive treatment of the African Apostolate but rather an expression of sincere good-will, warm friendship and honest co-operation.

Apologia

Judging from the tenor of recent letters from Africa, the present editor of O. P. is being consigned to the "dog-house" by old friends. Eheu fugaces! In cognizance of which, therefore, we take it upon ourselves to depart from accepted usage, let down our hair, and beg a hearing before conviction.

Firstly, be it understood that the function of an editor is an impersonal one. He expresses the established policy of the "mag", he defines its stand on all questions—his personality enters in only in his interpretation of that stand. Thus, when he maintains that swing is a nuisance, he must make cruel abstractions from his own favorite bands and singers (don't get us wrong—we definitely abhor certain can can ensembles). His job is to point out that music deserves an honest rating according rather to merit than to maudlin. If he falls upon Esquire it's because he knows there's a definite campaign under way against both prejudice and pornography in this country and the "mag" must be modern and Rightist. Departure from impersonal editorship is caddish for people are expected to affix their signatures to published personal views.

Secondly, an editor is an editor because the "mag" wants a hearing. No hearing, no job. Now there are hearings and hearings. Employers definitely want a certain kind of hearing. Editors must eat even as missionaries and moral theology defends contracting certain kinds of employment for sufficiently grave reasons. What can be graver reason than the need of clean cell, a bowl of soup and a pack of cigarettes? WPA has become exclusive as well as over-crowded, so that for three squares a day, one must needs carpe diem.

Finally, to take a leaf from the book of modern behaviourists, adult psychology reaches fixation at the tender age of five and remains inflexible throughout life. To all our friends in Africa, then, we say, "You know me. Al", and please remember that we hold friendship dearer than words, have passed the age of five, and have no intention of changing, editorials to the contrary notwithstanding. As the lads from Maryland put it: fatti muschit, parole femine: "Deeds are male, words females."

O what a life 'twould be and bleak, Our dismal daily paths to seek Sans laughing tongue in solemn cheek!

Dedication . . .

The Province's Pioneer African

(John Walsh, C.S.Sp.)

John Walsh was born at Bally Donohwe, in the county and diocese Kerry, Ireland, July 8, 1868. While still very young, his parents took him to America. His story is obscure but a couple of "off the record" tales have been unearthed to enliven the dry dates.

Tale No. 1: John was a tall, husky chap and a great pitcher. He was admitted to the junior scholasticate at Pittsburgh on January 30, 1887. In those days, the scholastics summered in Glenfield, Pa., on a farm. Together with other farm products, cottage cheese became a favorite immediately. But it apparently wore out its welcome for we hear that the lads soon took to devising means to prevent its appearance on the table. In those days, as now, the apex of recklessness was the wagering of desserts. Five or six lads would collect at a safe distance from the back-porch off the kitchen and begin the betting. A baseball was then produced and the target—lo! and behold! what but the newly-churned cottage cheese, hanging from a peg on the back-porch, still warm from the stove, clean in its cheese-cloth bag, soft and dripping! The wind-up-the throw-There it goes! A flying white-horse of cottage cheese, five desserts lost, but hooray! no cottage cheese for supper! John, as the hagiographers groan, being a great pitcher, soon battened on desserts!

Tale No. 2: John afflicted the community (they slept in dormitories in those halcyon days!) with a peculiar nervous disorder. We have no record of how the lads combatted it but years later in France, where John did his theological studies, they took him to a doctor for a remedy. So we must pass up the sock stories, and other methods of torture which are developed to a high degree of refinement in boys' schools. It seems that this peculiar affliction was a melodic one: John, once fallen asleep started off with the E flat of the Kyrie and refused to let up until the Ita Missa Est. And this every night! Of course, if he were a good singer it would not have been so bad, but it must have been quite trying!

After four years in Pittsburgh, John was sent to Chevilly, where he did his philosophy and theology. He made his profession on the 15th of August, 1896. He then returned to America.

After a visit with his relatives, John Walsh, despite all the exhortations to the contrary, volunteered for the African Missions.

Father James Sheridan spoke over WIP's "Catholic Period" on Saturday, July 2. His topic was "St. Joseph's Home."

Shortly after his arrival in Sierra Leone, he was appointed to Bonthe, Sherbo. His robust health he put to good use in the teaching of catechism, building of chapels and schools. The fervor and conviction with which he labored remained in the memory of the natives for a long time after his death.

All went well until May 5, 1897. His holy biographer says he then was imprudent enough to doff his flannels for the first time. Looking at it in the maturer light of forty years later, we would rather call the imprudence, "American impatience with impedimenta", because Americans certainly were not as familiar with fever as they are today. At any rate, he went down with fever on May 8. His biographer says that he evinced an extraordinary impressionability at this time, which had no little to do with precipitating fatal results. Rather, let us call it surprise and shock at this supposed weakness, for Americans at the age of 29 cannot understand illness.

The fever did not appear to be very serious, but he decided to make his weekly confession that night. On the following morning, they found him very ill. Perspiration had ceased and the fever was devouring him. He was asked if he would consent to receive the last sacraments. "Right," he replied, "I was just about to ask for them." Shortly after receiving the blessing in articulo mortis, he went into delirium and died several hours later, on May 9, 1897, at the age of 28 years and ten months.

The mission bell announcing his death, brought a great throng to the mission. Everybody worth mentioning was present at the funeral services on the following day: from the native chiefs and European officials down even to the Wesleyan minister of the place.

He labored not long but "fulfilled a long time in a short space." He was a volunteer; he loved the work; he was an American. There was nothing extraordinarily eminent about his life to discourage future American missionaries from imitating his example. He is the American Province's Pioneer African and we are proud of him. Father John Walsh, look down from heaven, and ask God to bless us and our work, and especially, shower down for us, your apostolic zeal!

We learn that we may hope for more works from the pen of Father Edward Leen, C.S.Sp. In addition to the three already published four more have been planned in a proposed series of seven volumes on the supernatural life. Six are to be from the presses of Sheed and Ward, and one from P. J. Kenedy & Sons. He has privately promised a book of meditations on the priestly and religious life...

Works

Statistics of Kilimanjaro

Personnel	Works
Priests . 44*	Schools 260
Brothers 11	School Children 19.547
Religious:	Hospitals 6
European 40	Beds 90
Native 41	Dispensaries 11
Seminarians:	Services to Sick 120,521
Senior	Orphanages
Junior 82	Children
Catechists	Homes for Aged
Population 425 000	Inmates
Infidels	Training School
Mohammedans 100,000	Home for Lepers
Heretics, Schismatics 32,000	Tionic for Lepeis
Catholics	LEADING MISSIONARY SOCIETIES
Catechumens 4,016 Status Animarum	IN AFRICA
Baptisms:	
Infants 2,931	
Adults 1.418	C.S.Sp
In articulo mortis 1,530	White Fathers 21
Communions:	Afr. Miss. Soc. of Lyons
Paschal 14,403	Franciscans 11
Devotional 664,839	Capuchins
Marriages:	Oblates 6
Religious 277	
Mixed	Jesuits 6
*Nine Americans appointed last year and this	Mill Hill Fathers 4
makes the total 53	La Salette

Vicariate of Kilimanjaro

Historical

The history of the Vicariate of Kilimanjaro began on the 15th of August 1890. On that day, the Vicar Apostolic of Zanquebar, Bishop de Courmont, said the first Mass on this mountain and dedicated the country to the Blessed and Immaculate Mother of God. After a prolonged journey as far west as Machame, the Bishop decided to begin the work of the evangelization at Kilema. He appointed Father Auguste Gommenginger, then 33 years old, founder of this mission and returned with Father Le Roy to Zanquebar. The territory of the Vicariate remained under the jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic of Zanquebar until 1906, when it was separated from Zanquebar, and with the present territory of Bagamoyo and Kondoa Irangi, formed into the Vicariate of Bagamoyo.

1890-1906

During this period very solid progress was made. Bishop de Courmont established the missions of Kilema (1890); Kibosho (1893); and Tanga (1896). Bishop Allgeyer succeeded Bishop de Courmont and during his charge, established Gare (1897); Rombo (1898); and

Mlingano (1902). We have not to speak here of his great work in Kenya.

1906-1910

From 1906 to 1910 when Bishop Vogt, Vicar Apostolic of Bagamoyo was charged with the territory, three more missions were founded; Kondoa Irangi (1907); Ufiomi (1907); and Kilomeni (1909).

1910-1922

In 1910 the Vicariate of Kilimanjaro was erected by Our Holy Father, Pius X, of blesssed memory. Bishop Munsch was appointed its first Vicar Apostolic. Great progress was made before the war, four missions being founded in four years: Mashati (1912); Uru (1913); Kiswani (1914); and Umbugwe (1914). The war disturbed everything in the Vicariate and when it ended, it required a long time to recruit personnel and to rebuild the ruins. In the difficulties that arose and the changes brought about by the war, Bishop Munsch thought it wise to give over the administration to other hands and in 1922 he presented his resignation to the Holy See.

1922-1936

In 1922 Father Henry Gogarty was appointed Apostolic Administrator and went to work to clear the debris, secure compensation for war damages and rebuild. His first years were strenuous. He travelled much in his efforts to become acquainted with his territory. He studied and wrote at length in an effort to obtain compensation from the Government. Success attended his efforts and many stations, closed since the war, were re-opened. In 1924 he was appointed Vicar Apostolic and was consecrated in Dublin. He sought help in America and received generous support. He founded the Native Seminary of Saint James in 1925; a new mission in Arusha in 1926 and the Saint Patrick's Training School for Catechists in Singa China in 1928. A new Mission was opened in Ndareda in 1928 and the Mother House and Novitiate for Native Sisters at Huruma in 1931. Exhausted by his labors, he went to Europe and on the 8th of December died at Montana, Switzerland. In 1932 his successor Bishop Bryne was appointed and consecrated in 1933, reaching the Vicariate in December of the same year. In 1935 the mission of Kondoa-Irangi, with its annexes Haubi and Mondo were ceded to the new Prefecture of Dodoma.

In August 1936, the Silver Jubilee of the Vicariate was celebrated by a Eucharistic Congress at Kilema and a Triduum of Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament in all the Missions of the Vicariate on the 14, 15, and 16 of August. The Apostolic Delegate presided at Kilema. With the Delegate were present Bishop Munsch, first Vicar Apostolic, Bishop Hilhorst, Vicar Apostolic of Bagamoyo and Bishop Byrne.

Father Auguste Gommenginger, the "Apostle of the Wachaga" was also present to thank God after his 46 years of labor and prayers. Father Rohmer and Brother Cere, two of his companions from the earliest days were by his side.

Now begins the second quarter of a century. All efforts are centered on the building of a strong native Church—by training of a devout, humble native Clergy; the formation of holy, devout native Nuns—and zealous Catechists. The future holds great promise. May God bless the work.

Tanga

It seems a bit ironical on my part to be writing an article for publication so soon after my verbal entanglement with the new editor of the O. P. It seems a bit psychological on his part that a complete number of the O. P. should be dedicated to Africa. One of the planks of his platform was to get more mail out of the "boycotting Africans." Well, he certainly pulled a fast one, and here I am subscribing to his ingenuity. At least to the boys back home it seems he has delivered the goods. That's all that counts. To him, from Unkie, a big, black African orchid.

I have been asked by Father Mangan to present to the readers of O. P. a verbal picture of the 'ball-park' here in sunny. Tanga. Father Bish doesn't know that I have already exhausted both myself and my list of adjectives during the past year going ga-ga over Tanga in my letters to the "Dale." From the pen of such a stern critic as Father McGlynn I have been given to understand that I had provided the scholastics with a good insight into Tanga.

Be that as it may, at this writing I am in no mood to duplicate it, or to go into an ecstacy over Tanga to provide "oil for the lamps of the scholastics," as we have just finished a hot and strenuous Holy Week.

As no mention was made of any restrictions of length or subject, I am in a quandary, because as you know from past letters that when I get going on Tanga and suburbs, I get going and out comes all the dirt with the flowers.

As acting-chief-mate of this coast-guard station overlooking the peaceful Indian Ocean, I

tried to pass this assignment onto Cadet Watkins, but said Cadet in all the insubordination he could muster up, told me whose duty it was to take care of the "Log." Promptly, I assigned him to deck duty whilst I went below to make out this report, the order for which having emanated from Headquarters.

To begin with, there is no breeze on the portside tonight, nor on any other side for that matter, and I might just as well be in a submarine at the bottom of the sea, for Tanga at times can become very devoid of ozone.

A simple glance at the chart tells us that Tanga in its highest spot is about fifty feet above sea level, whereas some of the other missions are perched some four or five thousand feet above us. I had always thought that the opinion of the connoiseurs of the weather as to the hottest spot in this vicinity, leaned toward Dar es Salaam some 70 miles down the coast. Recently I was put straight by a resident of said town who at once passed the distinction onto Tanga.

Some genius once said, "see Naples and die." The adage here seems to be, "see Tanga and fly." At least that is what everybody seems to do except those who can't do much about it. One thing more is certain, besides death, and that is that all of you Africa-bound scholastics will one day pass through "Beautiful Tanga."

As you must know by now, Tanga is the port of disembarkation for all those who make the great journey. Being second in importance to New York in the lives of missionary sailors, Tanga too must have its Grover Whalen, and I'm Grover. I have treasured letters attesting to

my abilities in this capacity. Maybe I'm young at the game, but Tanga is still home to any visitor, especially confreres, regardless of na-

tionality.

Whilst Tanga is no metropolis, it is neither a part of the jungle as most of you think. It is a normal little town, one horse if you will. There is a Main Street, post office, hotels, railway station, hospital, stores, banks, police station, jail, radios, electric refrigerators, paved streets, motor cars, taxis (no trolleys) and last but not least, Churches, the one and only and two

or three of the opposition.

Since I have mentioned churches to churchmen, I realize I must be explicit. Shamelessly, I boast our "ball-park" in comparison to the others, is like the Polo Grounds to the Baker Bowl. We have a plant here of which any Holy Ghoster may justly be proud, though it is crying to heaven for improvements along certain lines. The location is beautiful, right on the sea, with plenty of grounds, and as Cadet Watkins says, "a church and rectory that would do

justice to any American town.'

One American passing through several years ago, is quoted as saying that "Tanga is the show-window of the Vicariate." Another American, an inveterate and long-standing enemy of all insects, on passing through, cast aspersions, designating it a "pesthole." So you see, it's all in your point of view. But take it from me, it's one thing to pass through and another thing to live here. The climate is a bit rough on one but you feel sheepish to complain when you see little white youngsters romping around as though they were in their native England or Germany; and little tots being wheeled in carriages without a murmur, oblivious of the hardships, real or otherwise, which surround the daily life of a white man in this section of the mortal coil we call the world.

Just the other day, I expressed an opinion which Cadet Watkins quickly seconded. It seems to me that out here, lean men get leaner,

and fat men, fatter. Well?

To get back to the mission. Spiritually, the work is a bit discouraging. The biggest drawback is the presence of Islamism. It seems to me that our duty on the coast lies more in preserving Christianity than in spreading it. Although standing still is equivalent to going back, still it is extremely difficult to make additions to our flock. We scarcely know our parishioners for they are nomadic, coming and going. They come to the coast in quest of work and the almighty shilling, and since the African is a born hater of labor and all its works and pomps, he doesn't stay long.

Another evil is the sisal plantation. The owners go inland to recruit laborers and sign them up for a year. Many of the men are Catholics who leave their wives behind. The plantations are miles from any Catholic church and since it is too far for them to walk to us, we go to them. The owners cooperate with us as often as not. Some go so far as to build chapels, but here is the rub. There are so many chapels to visit, that visits to an individual one can be made only at great intervals of time.

At present there are three Fathers officially attached to Tanga. Father Noppinger has been in Korogwe for the past six months engaged in building a new church. One Father remains in Tanga for Sunday masses. That leaves one Father free to go on safari.

Korogwe is an outstation of Tanga and 62 miles distant. About 50 miles from Tanga is Potwe, also administered by Father Noppinger. Tangeni is 35 miles from Tanga; Mlingano, 20 miles; Mkembe, 35 miles and taking care of four large plantations. About 15 miles from Tanga is a mud church which takes care of Pongwe and Maweni; and six miles from Tanga is Amboni, just over the theological limit and freeing the people from the obligation of walking to church. Off in a southerly direction on the coast is Pangani, about 30 miles away.

The smallest number of Christians in any one of these outstations, with the possible exceptions of Tangeni and Amboni, is 100. All are clamoring for Mass on Sundays. All these stations are in the pori where it is good and hot. True, we do not have many Christians but those who do come under our wing are widely scattered and we have to go there whether there are fifty or five hundred. That is why we have no scruples in possessing a good Ford V8.

The majority of these places will be small help in spreading the faith for the people are merely working out their contract and will go home when the contract is finished. Then we will get a new batch. That is why I say the work is a bit discouraging. When you get to know your people out here, life becomes a little happier, but we on the coast never get to know

Well anyway, I fooled you this time. I didn't mention anything about our beloved Goans, but like the poor they are still with us—and how!

A native servant was sent to his former master for a letter of recommendation. He returned to his new employer carrying the following message: "'Daudi' steals less but also lies less cleverly than the usual run of native."

The fourth season of the Ferndale Lay Retreats opened on July 8, with the Danbury and Ridgefield contingent attending. Six week-ends are again scheduled with a Retreat for boys between the ages of 13 and 18, August 9-11, an innovation this year. Father Edward Smith is preaching the first three Retreats and Father Gordon Knight the second group of three.

St. James Seminary

Studies

Education in Africa, though making strides, is still in its early stages, and the village schools, as a rule, have only as high as the fourth and fifth standards. The more promising pupils are sent to the Seminary or Singa Chini. In Singa Chini they learn the various trades or prepare to become teachers and catechists. Those who come to the seminary begin in the fifth standard and follow a curriculum, graded according to ability, and conformed to Governmental regulations in view of the "Teacher's Certificate." Last year four out of five made the grade.

In the seminary, the study of Latin begins in the fifth standard, going through grammar and syntax and the various books until the twelfth standard. English is begun in the sixth standard (every native likes to speak English) and many of the boys become quite clever in the use of the "King's." Kiswahili begins in the fifth standard and is the Governmental language of the territory. There are five or six different tribes represented and all speak the tribal tongue. But Kiswahili is beginning to supplant the tribal languages and will be shortly the real language of the people, since the school language will definitely supplant the tribal tongues. All in all, the lads are adept in learning languages.

Mathematics is more difficult. At present, they cover the fundamentals: fractions, decimals, proportion, graphs, mensuration, etc., equivalent to the standard for secondary schools. In Algebra, quadratics is covered, and in Geometry, the first book of Euclid. It is not an easy program for a people still in its first generation of formal education. Other subjects: Hygiene, Geography, Citizenship, Method, Music, and of course, Catechism, every day in every class. History is mostly local, that of the Empire and in the near future, World History will be introduced. Once a week there is a class in ceremonies.

The Seniors cover the regular course prescribed for Major Seminaries. There are two years of philosophy, six of theology and one of Probation.

Life at the Seminary

Like that of seminaries the world over: early rising, (meditation for the Seniors) morning prayer, Mass, manual labor, breakfast, classes, examen, dinner, recreation, classes, manual labor, visit to the Blessed Sacrament or Benediction, Supper, recreation, study, night prayer—and so to bed.

And for the differences! The boys cook their own food, two being assigned each day in their turn. The menu is but a continual repetition of bananas, maize meal and beans. Meat once a week, with rice and meat on feast days which to them is what ice cream and cake is to an American. Other things are being gradually

introduced: oranges, tangerines, potatoes, onions, lettuce, etc. But if some kind soul would donate a small sum to buy a few farming implements, we could start to increase our gardens and fields, and produce ALL of our own food. (Speaking as bursar: "May that day soon come!")

The boys work in the fields twice a week, but with a virgin soil in the bush, much clearing must be done. A field sufficiently large to produce all necessary food has not yet been attained. (N. B. If Ferndale is not using their stump-puller, we would gladly accept it as a welcome gift!) We have land, we have the workers, but that is not enough. We need a few tools but have not the "where withal" to buy them. The boys, incidentally, chop their own firewood, and do the various odd chores that must be done in an institution of this kind.

Clothing. The boys wear khaki shorts and white shirt. In June or July when it gets chilly, the richer students wear sweaters. No shoes or stockings but in the rainy season, home-made wooden sandals come into use. This is a school custom for ordinary folk do not mind sloshing bare-footed in the mud and mire. The Seniors wear a white cassock for Mass and festive occasions, and a khaki one for ordinary occasions.

The Buildings

Not imposing. The Fathers' house is rectangular with verandah all around the first and second floors. The first floor has a Father's room, a Brother's room, dining room, community room and a Senior classroom; the five rooms on the second floor are occupied by the Fathers.

The Sisters' house is small, housing two European Sisters, and contains the kitchen for

preparation of the Fathers' food.

The Boys' school and dormitory building is made of bricks prepared on the property. The six rooms on the first floor are inadequate for accomodation of eight classes. The same inadequacy maintains for the second-floor dormitory, housing ninety-four boys. At great expense, beds were bought for all last year, to spike the native custom of rolling up in one's blanket and sleeping on the floor-very unhealthy. The dining room is a "beaut"! Three walls are made of brick and the fourth open to all comers! The tables are long with seats attached—like picnic benches! The tableware: tin bowl and tin plate with a spoon and a fork (there is nothing to cut, ergo, no knives). At each end of the hall (?) is a blackboard for classes are held there when mess is over.

The kitchen is the beauty spot of the institute. Two walls support an iron roof, and there are two built-in fireplaces, where huge pots are perpetually simmering with cooking.

Nuff said!

The Chapel is the only respectable-looking building of the lot. Made of cement blocks, it was erected yast year through the generosity of a priest of the Hartford diocese. It is 80 x 25, light and airy, a bit bare but clean.

That is a short description of our seminary. Difficulties are manifold but especially financial. The "Opus Petri" and whatever else we can get our hands on, limits our budget to less than three thousand a year! If we hope to house the increasing numbers, there simply must be a new

school and dormitory. A new kitchen, pardon, A KITCHEN, and storerooms, farming implements, books of all kinds necessary for a seminary—are needed. Father Kilbride's Dodge, a gift of ten years ago, is looking for a gong to kick before falling apart. It was a god-send but it has seen its day and the expense of keeping it alive, is prohibitive. So when you come to Africa and meet any of the Fathers on the road on Shanks Mare, treading their weary way hither and yon, say a little prayer for a successor to Old Faithful, who has given up the ghost.

Native Sisters

The title chosen for the new Congregation, "Sisters of Our Lady of Kilimanjaro," was happily selected to perpetuate as a living memorial, the solemn consecration of the beautiful white mountain to Mary Immaculate. This consecration had been made years previously, on September 4th, 1890, when Bishop de Courmont, first Vicar Apostolic of Zanzibar, reached the slopes of Kilimanjaro.

The professed Sisters wear a white habit with a broad blue cincture. A crucifix is worn, which hangs from the neck by a narrow blue ribbon. The Novices and postulants wear a distinctive dress, though there is only a slight variation in the case of the former.

Their Mother House is at Huruma, where the young candidates fulfill their years of preparation. They are directed in their formation by two Sisters of the Precious Blood. Their entire religious training is entrusted to white Sisters. Their rule has been approved by the Vicar Apostolic, and each professed Sister receives a copy of these rules at the time of Profession. Father Van Dongen who is Superior of the native Seminary of St. James at Kilema Chini, has been greatly responsible for the splendid work done in the drawing up of the rule. The three simple vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, taken at profession, are received by the Vicar Apostolic, who is their ecclesiastical superior. After profession, they are sent to the various missions, but the number which each mission receives depends upon the demand and particular need they have for them.

In the missions they live in their own community, in a well constructed house apart from the white Sisters, but conveniently close to all the houses on the convent grounds. They are under the direction of the Superior of the white Sisters, having at the same time an Auxiliary appointed from their own group.

The faithful observance of their rule in the mission, assures them of the means required to advance in spiritual life. Their work is guided by the white Sisters, who have instructed them in a manner which enables them to render splendid assistance. The work entrusted to their

care depends greatly on the size, position, etc., of the mission to which they have been assigned. Some help the white Sister in charge of the hospital in the care of the sick, and the devotion with which they give themselves in this work, compels the admiration of those about them. Many of the old people are unable to speak or understand the language which is now used as the medium of speech with the natives, namely Kiswahili, and as these native Sisters can converse with them in their own tongue, many souls are brought to the knowledge of the truths of religion and are baptized. In some cases they have begun to teach in the schools, and means are being taken to have future teachers among them in greater number. Others assist in the material prosperity of the mission by their work in the gardens, etc. The zeal with which they do the work entrusted to them, reflects the ever-present thought that they are living and working for God.

However, their true worth cannot be measured by the assistance they render in the material side of the mission. Who, but their Divine Spouse, appreciates to what extent their very lives, their example, their trials and their prayers are the means by which the Vicariate is being abundantly blessed by Him. We may say without hesitation that their very presence asserts great influence over the minds and souls of their own people, for it gives them striking evidence of the Oneness of the Church.

The main building is modest in design and lacks architectural adornment, but is well-suited to its particular needs. It is surrounded with flower gardens, long avenues of carefully spaced trees, vegetable gardens, orchards of tropical fruit trees, and even those of European species are being coaxed along by the Sisters in charge. The soil was stubborn in the beginning, but the unceasing attention which it has received has produced results. A large grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes has been built from the stones found on the property. Exceptional skill on the part of the white Sisters in planning this work, together with the zealous labors of the native Sisters, has lead to the conversion of this former wilderness into a miniature garden of Eden.

Health

To summarize in so brief a space the medical side of the missions is to do so vital a question an injustice.

When one considers the high infant mortality rate and the deplorable state of the health of the Africans in the interior one could write a volume. But all the unfortunate results come solely from ignorance. This ignorance leads to many venereal traps. Syphilis, gonorrea and yaws are rife. About ninety per cent of the population suffer from syphilis, congenital or otherwise. Gonorrea is brought back by the young men from their travels and spreads like wild-fire in their villages. Yaws affects the innocent victims of someone's madness—the babies.

Ignorance of hygiene causes an alarming amount of tuberculosis. The people sleep from seven in the evening until four in the morning in a stuffy over-heated hut. They come out in the morning very scantily clad, into the cold air that precedes the rising of the sun in Africa. The reaction is too great and the chest is affected. When they are caught in the

rain, they never change the poor cotton piece they always wear. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish between tuberculous and spyhilitic ulcers with the resultant difference in treatment and effects.

Ignorance of a balanced diet causes many deaths from malnutrition and rickets. Only when they can be made to realize the importance of this, will they have strong and healthy babies.

Malaria, yellow fever, typhoid, typhus, dysentery, all sound tropical and dangerous to the prospective missionary. But with a little care and precaution our fears can be reduced to a minimum.

Nevertheless, a knowledge of the ordinary ills of the body and their remedies gets one, sometimes, a great insight and knowledge of the native mind and soul. And psychology helps also. Like the native who was offered an injection for two shillings and refused. The Sister merely turned around to her cabinet and came back with the same injection for five shillings which the native gratefully accepted and—was cured!

Wachaga

Wachaga Behaviour

Husband and Wife

The wife may not scorn or ridicule the husband even if he deserve it.

If the husband strike his wife, she may not retaliate although she be doughty enough to make hash of him. If the wife draws blood from her husband or if she bites him, she may not associate with him until she procures two goats and slaughters them.

If, on the first day of marriage, husband and wife quarrel and the wife runs off, she should not run to her father but should go to the person who witnessed the marriage that morning. He hears the case and tries to settle the argument

The wife may not present her first-born to her parents or elders until the parents have prepared a grand feast in its honor.

When the wife through anger breaks a cooking pot, she should slaughter a goat before she may return to her husband's good graces.

If the husband, in anger, roots up a number of plants in the garden (strange?) those which survive may not be eaten until the husband slaughters a goat or a cow.

Father J. F. Martin, C.S.Sp., sub-director of scholastics at Fribourg, has been appointed Director of Scholastics at Castlehead, England.

A woman may not bring forth issue in the house of her parents. This is considered a very serious offense.

Children and Their Parents

No child may marry or be taken in marriage before his older brother or sister.

The first and last born may not wear the clothes of their Father while he is alive. Those in between, if any, may do so.

No child may be circumcised until those ahead of him have gone through the ceremony.

In the division of a will, the first and last born take the lion's share. Those in between are willed a very small portion. These latter may not complain because such a division is considered strictly just.

When children slaughter cattle or goats, each member of the family from the father to the last born, receives a portion according to his rank. Likewise, in the distribution of beer, each receives according to his rank in the family.

It is the duty of the father to guard and take care that his children behave well. In the absence of the former, the eldest boy assumes this responsibility, the mother acting merely as an assistant.

Father Lithard, C.S.Sp., has just published a 25 page study of the Spirituality of the Venerable Libermann, demonstrating the Venerable Founder to have had a definite spiritual doctrine.

Portrait of a Wachaga

He is congenitally lazy. I once asked a native, a Christian, why he didn't take the shoots from the fruit trees in the bush, plant them around his hut and so provide, in years to come, for his posterity. "What?" he replied, "plant trees for them?" indicating to three or four little ones, "and what will I get out of it?"

Goat owners are amusing on this point. Having built a goat-shed, they will not remove a fork-full of dung but compel the goats to habitate the shed until access to it is no longer possible. They will then abandon the shed and

build another.

They are not unconscious of this vice. Four carpenters were once hired by a Father to construct a ceiling. They had been hired by the day. The first day measurements were taken and three planks cut. More of the same the next day. On the third day, a spokesman was sent to the Father. "Please, Father," he pleaded, "hire us on piece-work. We'll never finish the job otherwise."

You can't ask them too many confessional questions. They grow suspicious thinking you are "taking them for a ride" and lie like the very devil himself, even going so far as to deny what they have already confessed. And speaking of confession, their humility is amazing. The penitent, if he cannot whisper, bellows out his sins courageously. When you tell him he might be heard, he replies that he has committed the sins and doesn't care who knows he's a sinner. Those in line, too, are consoling and amusing. If the penitent is a shouter, they, like little children, stop their ears with their fingers.

Ambition and initiative are unknown to a Wachaga. Other tribes work carvings, weave mats, etc.—but not this bunch. Yet they are reputed to be the most intelligent on the East Coast because the children always come off with the highest marks in the Government exams.

And gossip! I once stopped a small boy on the road, asked his name, his destination, the health of his parents, etc. He stopped the first person he met and repeated our conversation verbatim. Likewise when he got home. That night, at every curve in the road, every crossroad, in front of every store in the village—places of convention for squatting native—the conversation was repeated. They have nothing else to do. It's all because the men can be interested in no hobby or game besides occasional hunting, while the women, who are really the monkey-wrenches in the process of civilization, refuse to do anything but their routine work and gossip.

I've been asked about the accent of the African in speaking English. As a rule, they speak as a foreigner does, carefully and choppily. One delightful exception, a Minorite in the Seminary, is the American Negro in speech with "Yow suh, Fadder" etc.

And here's something! Equanimity is society's most treasured jewel; it is the shibboleth for one's good name and a passport to all good gatherings. Quick temper is a social sin. A priest, that is a white priest, who is perceived to be angry, not to speak of striking a native, immediately loses the respect of the Wachaga. They will tell you that a white person with all his opportunities for culture, education and wealth, who cannot command his will, isn't worthy of anyone's respect.

The African is often accused of horrible sexual excesses. On speaking of this to an intelligent native, he very disgustedly replied, "you white people have more sex on your

tongues than we have in our bodies."

The Wachaga will rarely strike a white man. The merest stripling white boy with a fair knowledge of the art of Queensbury, could tear a Wachaga giant to pieces in open combat. The Wachaga can neither hook nor jab nor drive a direct blow, but of course, keep out of close quarters because he uses his fists like hammers

on an opponent's head.

But worst of all, he is the most ungrateful creature breathing. He believes the white man owes him the earth. On this point, I believe there is an extenuating circumstance. The early explorers and missionaries were so anxious to conciliate him and bring him into the Church with presents, he now takes it for granted. Even now on big feast days, great crowds of children may be observed in some missions standing around the Church with outstretched arms awaiting gifts. We are naturally financially embarrassed by this attitude. Why, in the old days, the support of pastors and Church was even omitted from the catechism! The Americans are slowly stamping out this nonsense.

These are just a few peculiarities. But, lest we appear to disparage the Wachaga, it must be remembered that they are several thousand years removed from civilization. Just recall how the Christian ideas of poverty and charity hit the supposedly cultured Greeks and Romans. But these people must be understood in the light of "minus" to be appreciated. They are excellent Christians. It is rare for a man to confess being away from confession for more than six months. The average Wachaga goes to the sacraments every two weeks. Many go daily. Grace literally floods this territory. And no matter how low one is sunk in the purgative way, there is nothing more inspiring than to see a Christian Wachaga approaching, perhaps halfnaked and filthy, with the certain knowledge that he will greet you with "Laudetur Jesus Christus."

Father Geldoff, C.S.Sp., vacationing with relatives in this country after eleven years in Belgian Congo, is making the prescribed 30 days Retreat at Ridgefield.

Jales

How Not to Pray

At Moshi there was a very fair lunch, a chat with Father Albrecht, and then the rain came down again. I stretched out on his camp-bed for a siesta, woke to find the rain stopped and the temperature down about 15 degrees. Now, it was not quite three o'clock and I knew that the old-timers refuse to walk between 10 and 4:30. My dilemna was this: did St. Joseph drop the temperature 15 degrees so that I could start out now, or did he drop it that I might read my office in compartive comfort? Just then, along came two of my boys. Were they waiting for sun-down as usual? No sir! O. K. I wouldn't either. We started out.

And so did the sun! Within fifteen minutes you could have fried an egg on the top of my head. Within a half hour, I was afraid to bend down to look at an unusual chameleon, but I was using every possible excuse to slow down the boys. My head was so hot and there wasn't a bit of shelter around. We were in the pori, the hottest part of the world, where the highest vegetation reaches no higher than one's shoulder. Of course, the ant-hills came higher than that but who wants to rest in the shade of an ant-hill? These babies are carnivores!

Well, all things material ought to end and in an hour and a half, we reached home. To all greetings I said "Phooie:" In my room I shed the perspiration-soaked clothes, crawled into bed with a hot towel and hoped for the best. Next morning, thank God, everything was hunky-dory but I had learned a lesson: St. Joseph expects a guy to use his squash even on the 19th of March. If anyone catches me on a long safari between 10 and 4:30 again, he may call the wagon.

An Expensive Experience

We live and learn. To one of the missions, a new Superior was appointed. He found a "new" second-hand Ford attached to it. Now, Father's experience with cars up to then had been that of merely riding in them. A native with less experience was taught the essentials of driving. After a few short trips, an occasion called for a longer one. Remember, the Father and the native knew only how to start the car, put it in motion, and keep it more or less on the road. On the return-trip, they got a flat. Sometime later, it dawned on the native that the steering had become difficult. Still later, an inspection was decided upon. The flat was discovered. But it was decided to go on. The tire soon wrapped itself around the axle, and the inner-tube became a pretty red ribbon. As misfortune does not come as a single spy but in battalions, the other tire went flat.

And the saddest misfortune of all: another car with a group of Fathers happened along. A huddle was indicated. It was decided to abandon the Ford pro tem and the luckless pair rode and "were rode" back to their mission. The greatest misfortune lies in the fact of the chance meeting. A good yarn like this cannot be lived down in a hurry. It becomes a tradition. The moral of the story is: there are private institutions for people who pride themselves on their sanity.

Appolonia

African girls are strong and sturdy. Day after day carrying loads of 150 lbs. on their heads for miles, makes for strong muscles. Long hours with hoe and spade despoils the African "sweet young things" of the grace and feminine daintiness of their white sisters. They are the peers of their male masters in most forms of labor. The prize, the Queen of Them All, is Appolonia. Strong as an ox, her muscles are those of a Joe Louis and her fists the size of a Hercules. She is the "character" of the mountain, and not without reason.

Born a slave girl, she has had a rough life. She has had to battle alone and this has given her a self-reliance and left her without fear of anyone or anything. Her temper is as hot as her strength is great. She fights her way out of difficulties the only way she knows: with her fists. Size, weight, sex or ability are not considered worthy of attention when Appolonia is mad

Gradually slipping from bad to worse, our really good-hearted but misguided queen of strength opened up a "joint." It was a nasty nest; a house whose fame was ill. Appolonia, denounced from the altar as a public sinner, her "home" interdicted, the children calling her "pig", became unhappy.

Repentant, she finally knelt for three Sundays doing public penance. However, she is still in the purgative way and the eyes of all remain upon her.

Always to be found in some scrape, her latest runs like this: Years ago, she adopted a boy (good-hearted and good-natured Appolonia). However in the family in which she and her 20 year old Franz are living, there is a daughter. This lass became the mother of a bouncing black baby and proudly pointed out Franz as its father. Appolonia is amazedly incredulous and the family insists upon Franz's discontinuing to 'live' with Appolonia. We also must ask Appolonia and Franz to live apart for the good of everybody, especially the 'eyes of all.'

Will Appolonia wade in and beat up the family, the priest and everybody in reach? We are certain something is going to turn up soon and if this scrape blows over, there'll be another to look out for within a couple of weeks.

OUR

PROVINCE

OUTSTANDING EVENTS

- 1. Bishop Byrne will ordain nine deacons to the Priesthood at Ferndale, September 15.
- 2. Father Charles Connors has been appointed to continue his studies in Rome. Messrs. J. P. Gallagher and Joseph Rengers have been appointed to continue their studies at Fribourg. All three will sail for Europe on the 22nd of September, aboard the "Isle de France."
- On August 15, at Ridgefield seventeen Novices were received into the Congregation by profession of first vows. Father McGuigan addressed the newly-professed.
- 4. On August 15 and 18 ten scholastics took perpetual vows in the Congregation.
- 5. The Annual Retreat for scholastics and ordinandi will begin at Ferndale August 31st. Father Marron will give the conferences.
- 6. The 1938-39 school year at Ferndale will begin September 8th.
- 7. Father William Mullen sailed August 24th for Ireland. He will visit his father and then sail for his appointment in Kilimanjaro.
- 8. Fathers Leonard, Fusan and Dellert will sail for Africa on the "M. S. City of New York," October 1st.

VOLUME SIX
NUMBER NINE

List of Contents

OUR DEAD

EDITORIALS:—Wanted: Clowns
Letter of Superior General
Profession
Very Rev. Francis A. Retka
Southern Exposure

OUR LEVITIES

Scholastics Abroad: Ferndale Herald Lest We Forget

Apostle of Mauritius IV

Celibate (Verse)

Kilima-Ndjaro IV
September 11, 1919

Lay Retreats

OUR DEAD

DURING THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

We pray for:

Father Eugene Schmidt, who died September 5, 1895, aged 41 years. Father Charles Laengst, who died September 5, 1899, aged 44 years. Father Cornelius O'Rourke, who died September 15, 1932, aged 71 years. Brother Geran Rauscher, who died September 18, 1907, aged 46 years. Father Paul Sztuka, who died September 21, 1930, aged 42 years. Brother Clemens Becker, who died September 26, 1882, aged 56 years. Father Patrick Dooley, who died September 29, 1918, aged 39 years.



OUR PROVINCE

VOL. 6

SEPTEMBER, 1938

No. 9

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PROVINCIAL FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

HOLY GHOST FATHERS, FERNDALE, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Editorial Office: 65 West 138th Street, New York, N. Y. Printed at St. Joseph's House, 16th & Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Editorials

Wanted: Clowns

In the May 6 issue of the recently-gone-pink Commonweal, Donald Hayne's name appears under the caption, "An Ingredient Sadly Lacking." We quote:

"One used to think that humorlessness was one of the marks... whereby an earnest Marxian might be known. Judging by certain phenomena of recently increasing frequency, however, one might be justified in thinking that it has been taken over by more than a few zealous defenders of the Catholic cause... Are we beginning to take ourselves too seriously?... Let a play be written about a Canon whose faith suffers a little from intellectual arthritis and the busy classifiers sit down quickly and write 'B' or 'C' or whatever classification they have for the particular hell reserved for attacks on the priesthood... What next?... When a sprightly magazine or a harmless school-master-playwright is assailed for touching upon the idiosyncracies of prelates, it is refreshing to remember that a comic song about a very distinguished ecclesiastic could be sung a few years ago in the music-halls of Catholic Belgium, but that last year, when a genuine politico religious crisis arose due to M. Degrelle's identification of his policies with Catholicism, the Belgian people rallied loyally behind their Bishops... If humor is rightly defined as the juxtaposition of incongruities, is there anything more astoundingly jolly than the fact that clods like us were redeemed by the dying of our God?"...

If our readers fail to find humor in this quotation, we refer them to the original—with our best wishes. The whole article, alarmed because we are beginning to take ourselves "too seriously", is about as solemn as a vestry committee deciding upon a new pastor to be "called". There is the essence of Protestantism; no privilege of forum: the laity "wear the pants." Speaking of vestry meetings, the author might well sit in on one of them to acquire an objective view of what he himself advocates. Sometimes what sounds reasonable in our mouths, rings ridiculous in the mouth of another.

What drew our particular attention to this article was the "harmless schoolmaster-playwright . . . touching upon the idiosyncracies of prelates." Of course it's bete noire again: Paul Vincent Carroll and his "Shadow and Substance." All the pros and cons of this play, judged the "best foreign play of the year" by the same critics who chose "Of Mice and Men" (shudder, shudder!) as the finest American production of the current season, get, literally, in our "hair." The play may be beautiful—conceded. But as Ruskin said: "In ancient and medieval art, Truth was first and Beauty second; but in modern art, it is the reverse." And wasn't it bound to be the result of private interpretation, the progenitor of the subjectivist, "self-centered, introspective, egocentric, individual, driven insistently to express not that which is beyond and above himself, but simply and frankly—himself?"

Need Catholics air their linen in the market-place? If Messrs. Carroll, Hayne and the Commonweal hold briefs against the clergy, they might be reminded of the existence of the ecclesiastical court. The case of "Peter Whiffen" is indication aplenty that ecclesiastical sanction and discipline still boast a terrible vigor. But if they believe their protestantism to be more effective before a court of play-going rabble, let them remember they are self-appointed teachers and not of Christ. St. Paul was familiar with the ilk: "for there shall be a time, when men will not endure sound doctrine: but according to their desires, they will heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears: and will indeed turn their hearing from the truth but will be turned into fables." The shadow is usually greater than the substance and although oft mistaken for it, never really is the substance; the emptiness of a barrel is greater than the barrel but people pay only for the barrel.

Letter from Superior General . . .

Chevilly, July 28, 1938

My very dear Fathers and Brothers,

I hasten to announce to you the results of the elections, which, according to schedule, preceded the General Chapter; and I do so, not through the medium of the "Bulletin" but by a special letter, to express to you the more fully, the sentiments I feel on this occasion, and to share with you still further, the task of him whom you have for the second time placed at your head.

Monday, the 25th of July, as expected was the day of the election of the Superior General and notwithstanding my unworthiness, the votes required by the Constitutions, were found, reunited under my name. In the afternoon of the same day, a telegram arrived from Rome, assuring us that a Bull from the Sacred Congregation of Religious has approved the act of the Chapter and the same evening, I was installed Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Holy Heart of Mary for a new period of 12 years.

The following day, Tuesday, the 26th of July, the following were elected: the Very Reverend Fathers Joseph Janin and Joseph Jolly, assistants;—Adolph Cabon, Emile Muller, Francis Monnier and Francis Griffin, counsellors.

I take upon myself the task of renewing here, to the two departing members of the Council, Rev. Fathers Louis Lena, 1st Assistant since 1919, and Louis Bernhard, the expression of the gratitude of the Congregation for their proven and devoted service.

In taking possession of my charge, I have repeated to the General Chapter what I had said in 1926: "If the good God chooses inept instruments, He must Himself do the work by more than ordinary means." And I confess that, in the course of these last twelve years, I have distinctly felt the special help of Providence.

The work which we do is not, really, ours, "our" work, but the work of God, as our Venerable Father loved to say. It is so much a divine work that at certain times, it surpasses our natural forces.

At every moment in the growth of our missions and the general turmoil of affairs, we meet new and unforseen contingencies—complicated situations, humanly without issue, with poor weapons and with supports which give way. If our confidence were not completely in God, we should be the most imprudent, the most rash

of men. But we have always been able to advance without fear, because we have strongly and exclusively leaned upon God: Deus in adjutorium spei meae.

And I hope that this confidence is shared by all those who participate in the general Administration, by all those who represent it in the Provinces and Districts and by each one of you, my dear Fathers and Brothers. In our work, no one may presume to do the part confided to him by the resources of nature alone: "Nisi Dominus aedificaverit domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui aedificant eam." If God should not build with us, all our work would be in vain.

Consequently, I beg of you to increase your prayers for the Congregation, for those who direct it, and for all its members.

But prayer is insufficient; we must earn heaven's help by the sanctity of our lives. Let us sanctify ourselves, then, by keeping ourselves from every deliberate fault, by overcoming temptations through the integral practice of our religious life, by storing up merit through fidelity to the duties of our state, regardless of how small and insignificant they seem.

To overcome all obstacles, even those which appear insurmountable;—and, even if they are so temporarily, with our Venerable Father, standing at the foot of the wall, let us, like him, in all patience and confidence, wait for the wall to fall. Then we shall be able to follow the way God has mapped out for us and we shall arrive at the goal of our efforts.

Right now the General Chapter is carrying out its duties in mutual charity, perfect accord, and fervent desires for furthering the ends of our dear Congregation.

Every day we have the good fortune of renewing these sentiments at the tomb of the Venerable Father and in the memory of the practical virtues of those of our confreres who sleep near him in the peace of the good God.

May the Holy Ghost always inspire us and keep us worthy of the Consecration we made Him of all our being, our strength and our life!

May the Holy Heart of Mary show her maternal heart for every one of us and keep us united with the messengers of her mercy among abandoned souls.

It is with these sentiments that I bless you and renew for you the assurance of my complete devotion.

L. Le Hunsec, C.S.Sp. Superior General.

Profession

Perpetual Vows

at Ferndale (August 15 and 18)

Mm. Francis Mullin Stan. Grondziowski Thomas Clynes Joseph Sweeney Regis Jacobs

Mm. Joseph Lang Daniel Dougherty Hilary Kline John P. Gallagher George Reardon

Temporary Vows

at Ridgefield (August 15)

Mm. Paul O'Donnell Charles Flaherty Paul Murray Joseph Zdanowicz William McElroy Walter Mroz John J. Gallagher William Nebel

Mm. Thomas Connor Leonard Trotter Herbert Schuster Andrew O'Rourke Harold McNeil John Hennessy Charles Pergi Robert McGinn Henry Schoming

RECEPTION

at Ridgefield (August 14)

Mr. Francis Patrick MeenanMr. Henry McCann Robert C. McCraley Anthony Chwala Albert Kandur James Fortman Edward Davis Paul Edward Cronin Edward Marley Joseph McGinley Francis Gartskiewicz

Andrew Jas. Missenda Roy Aloysius Burkhart Frederick Woehrel Edward Bernacki Joseph Toner Aland Joseph Varga Alfred A. Assaiante James Francis Pergl

William Francis Hurney is to be received later.

Mass for the Intention of the Superior General
Father Baney 4
Father Brooks 5
Father Connors 6
Father Dellert 7
Father Dolan 8
Father Fusan
Father Leonard
Father Milford
Father Mullen
Father Wersing
Father Harcar

Our Levites

(Fribourg) Fathers Schenning and Supple are up from Rome and Messrs, Kanda and Walsh are down from Louvain after a Balkan Tour. We are going to remain en famille until mid-October when the Romans return to the French Seminary and the Philosophers to Louvain . . . It may be of interest that Father Federici and Mr. Moroney were awarded Bachelors degrees in theology in the July exams . . . that Father Federici has been appointed sub-director at Fribourg and will make his Apostolic Consecration sometime in October-which means his studies are terminated . . . Here is what the Louvain boys have to say about their visit to Knechtsteden: "German hospitality is really without peer. The scholastics are jolly com-

Ferndale Herald

panions. Some of them speak English fairly

well so we can talk."

Forty Hours' Devotions, the first in Ferndale history and closing the school year, the prevacation retreat preached by Father Gavin—ye scholastics heaved ho for another round of vacations. Retreats for the Fathers, followed by week-end retreats for the men of Ridgefield, Danbury, Stamford (2), Waterbury, Norwalk and Bridgeport, and for a little variety, one on August 9-11 preached by Father Gavin this time for about seventy-five boys from Stamford and vicinity. Who said Ferndale was delightfully quiet in the summertime? What with the scholastics returning in contingents of various sizes and seventeen newly-professed swelling the ranks. August 24 saw us seventy-three strong, and saw the new novices on their first visit. Sorry to lose John Gallagher and Joe Rengers but our loss is Fribourg's gain. A note of gloom was sounded when Father Superior was removed to the hospital but we are happy to report that he is with us once more and doing fine . . . The summer might be summarized by saying that between retreats, trips to Keyser Island, lots of rain, a new wave of bridge mania, there wasn't much else to do at Ferndale but wait for rumors of appointments and the date of ordinations . . . Among our visitors were Fathers Sullivan, W. Duffy and Guthrie.

Very Reverend Francis A. Retka . . .

The Very Rev. Francis A. Retka was born in Poniatowski, Wisconsin, January 27, 1877.

His parents had come to this country like many thousands of other Polish immigrants in search of greater freedom than they had at that time in their own oppressed native land, in Europe, in search of better opportunities to provide a brighter future for themselves and their children. They found these in the State of Wisconsin. Those were still pioneer days in Wisconsin, and that meant plenty of work-and not much play for all, even the children, who were not spoiled by too much pampering, too much liberty and pleasure. Besides, the parents of Very Rev. Father Retka being deeply religious, conscientious, and industrious were most careful to instill into their children from their earliest years, a love for all that is good and noble, a love for work, the fear of God, and respect for authority and the rights of others.

It was in this healthy and religious atmosphere that the Very Rev. Francis A. Retka spent his childhood days. At an early age he manifested a love for books—a great desire for knowledge and an uncommon ability to understand and assimilate the lessons received in primary school.

In 1889 his elder brother, the Rev. Michael Retka, now teaching in Poland, was sent to Pittsburgh, to Duquesne University, then known as Pittsburgh College, to study for the Priesthood. This was a great event in the lives of the two brothers. There is no doubt but from that day on the young Francis began to dream of and long for the day when he too would be able to follow his brother, and begin to realize that fond and long cherished hope of becoming one day a Priest—in the service of God, and his fellow-men. He did not have to wait long. Two years later, after the summer vacations, the two brothers left home together on their way to Pittsburgh.

Young Francis Retka took very little time in adapting himself to his new and strange surroundings. He made the most of the opportunities that were now offered him—and in a short time his Superiors discovered that he possessed unusual abilities and talents. He made rapid progress in his studies, and from the very first year to the last he was among the leaders in his class; frequently, the leader. He graduated with high honors in 1897, receiving the gold medal for General Excellence and for Oratory.

That same year he was sent to Cornwells Heights, near Philadelphia, where our Fathers were conducting a Novitiate for young men who desired to become members of the Order. Having passed successfully the year of Novitiate, he became a member of the Congregation. Capable and still quite young he was at once sent back to Pittsburgh, to teach in the same College, where he had made such a great record as a student. His success as a teacher was not less, perhaps even greater, than had been his success as a student. For two years he acquitted himself of this difficult task to the complete satisfaction of the authorities, and of his pupils.

After these two years, the young Professor was sent back to Cornwells Heights to begin his Theological studies under the distinguished Theologian, the Rt. Rev. J. O'Gorman, later bishop of Sierra Leone, Africa. The years immediately preceeding the Ordination to the Priesthood, are years of very serious and hard work. The subjects taught are numerous and difficult, demanding great attention and constant application. During these years the students for the Priesthood must not only learn their Theology; they must also learn to preach, to deal with men, to comfort them in their troubles, to encourage them, to save their souls. The seriousness and the fervor with which Francis Retka applied himself to these studies, left their mark upon his health.

The happy day of his Ordination to the Priesthood finally arrived. The hope and desire of his boyhood days were realized. He was ordained in Philadelphia, November 4, 1903. Due, however, to the very poor state of his health, he was immediately sent to his native state, more, as he himself, often remarked, to die there, rather than in the hope of recovering his health. But God was pleased to restore him most unexpectedly to good health. As soon as he gained sufficient strength he began to help the Fathers, in Notre Dame Church, in Chippewa Falls, Wis., in their parish duties, and in taking care of some twelve missions attached to the parish.

At the special request of the Rt. Rev. Bishop James Schweback, Father Retka took charge of the Mission in Chetek. This mission had been for many years a source of great annoyance and grief to the Bishop. The priests he sent there could not get along, and none remained for any length of time. Rev. Father Retka, by his kindness, tact and zeal won for himself the hearts of these somewhat rough but good people. He reconciled the factions—made the different nationalities feel like children of one family—brought peace to the long disturbed mission-parish. In a short time he had the parish in a

most flourishing condition spiritually and materially. The Rt. Rev. Bishop having come to this Mission some time later, was so astonished at the transformation, so pleased with what he saw, that he wept in the church, wept from joy.

It was with the greatest regret that the people of this mission, and his host of friends in Chippewa Falls, saw Father Retka leave in 1907, for a new field of labor. He was sent to Cornwells Heights again, this time to teach in a new College founded there in 1905, by our Fathers. He remained there only one year, and in 1908 he was sent to Pittsburgh, as an Assistant, to St. Stanislaus Church. He worked there for seven years as faithfully, and as successfully as he had done elsewhere. He gained and kept through all those years the confidence, love and respect of all the parishioners. He devoted much of his time to the school and during his stay in St. Stanislaus Parish, the school attached to the parish was considered one of the best grade schools in the city of Pittsburgh.

During this time he became acquainted with the Rev. C. Tomaszewski, who in 1900 had founded the Holy Family Orphan Asylum at Emsworth. Helping the poor and needy, always had a special appeal for Father Retka. As soon, therefore, as he learned of the financial difficulties that beset the Orphan Asylum, he resolved to spare no efforts to assist Rev. Father Tomaszewski. He began to preach missions, and to collect funds among the Polish people in Pittsburgh and vicinity, and in the East. He worked with his customary zeal and self-sacrifice and it was due in no small measure to his efforts that the Orphan Asylum was able to weather the most difficult period of its existence.

In 1915 the Rev. C. Tomaszewski was called to Mt. Carmel, Pa., and Rev. Father Retka was appointed to take charge of the Orphan Asylum at Emsworth. Here he remained until his death. During the comparatively short time of 13 years, Rev. Father Retka paid off a debt of \$131,000. He more than doubled the capacity of the Institution; built a beautiful and spacious Chapel and Auditorium, a Hospital and a Garage: modernized all equipment and the heating system; improved the property; all this at a total cost of about \$400,000. Add to this the \$320,-000.00 required during these years for maintenance and ordinary expenses and we have some idea, though very inadequate, of the great work that Rev. Father Retka accomplished since he took charge of the Holy Family Orphan Asylum. These figures are quickly written and read-but the work and worry they represent are incalculable. They represent countless sleepless hours of worry and planning to give the children all that his generous heart desired for them; they represent years of begging from door to door in all the parishes of the Diocese of Pittsburgh; they represent many arduous missions and retreats given even in distant cities.

Father Retka knew that it was not enough to provide a home for the orphans—a place where they may eat and sleep; after all their material needs have been attended to, the work has been hardly half done. These children must be educated, trained, so that they may become one day useful members of Society, fit to take their place among the men and women in the world, always loyal to their God, their Faith and their, Country. Very Rev. Father Retka did not overlook this most important point. An eight grade school, competent teachers, modern and approved methods, give the children in the Orphan Asylum every advantage in the line of education that they could have in their own homes. It was the aim of Very Rev. Retka to make the life of the orphans as home-like as circumstances would allow. This he accomplished to a great degree, with the capable assistance of the good Sisters of the Holy Family of Nazareth. All the wants of the children were carefully attended to. A Doctor, an Oculist and a Dentist pay weekly visits to the Orphan Asylum and give the children all the medical attention they may require. A course of physical training both for boys and girls was started at the request of Very Rev. Father Retka, by the Polish Falcons Society. This course included drills, exercises, gymnasium and field work—the object being, to help the children to a proper physical development which is so necessary for their mental welfare, their health and happiness.

Thus Father Retka made of the Holy Family Orphanage, an Institution of which he and every one of us, may well be proud. But though he accomplished much he was not yet satisfied. It was his hope that some day the Holy Family Orphan Asylum would have a Trade School and a fully equipped gymnasium, which would make of it an up-to-date institution in every respect. Today this hope of his is partially realized. Late in 1937 ground was broken for a recreation building for the children. Work continued all through the winter months, and just a day before he died Father Retka inspected the new building, just about completed. He was intensely pleased and began almost at once to lay plans for its dedication. It will stand now as a memorial to his zeal and his love for orphaned children.

It was whilst a boy in his own home on the Wisconsin farm that he saw the sorry plight of some orphans in the neighborhood. He was so touched by their misery and want that then and there he said, "I determined that if I ever get a chance I will do all in my power to bring some sunshine and happiness into the lives of such unfortunate children." He got his chance, in 1915, and as we said above, he made the most of it.

The secret of his success? There is only one answer—Devotion to his work, to the cause of the poor, homeless children; a devotion that found no task too disagreeable, no work too

difficult, no sacrifice, of his time, ease and comfort, too great,—a devotion accompanied by a great amount of patience. He could be firm and stern at times, but invariably after a rebuke or punishment there always came the soothing word or caress, and he and the culprit parted the best of friends. The children had access to him at all times. If told that he should not allow them to disturb him with their petty grievances and troubles, he would always say, "Let them come." And the Children looked up to him as their best friend and father.

Very Rev. Father Retka devoted considerable time to affairs other than those concerned with the Asylum. He was in demand everywhere. He served as Secretary of Duquesne University, was an active Member of Community Fund, organized the Polish Social Service Bureau and acted as advisor to the Sisters of the Holy Family of Nazareth. He was called and assisted at meetings of all kinds, financial, social and political and everywhere he was at home and gained the admiration and respect of all who came to know him. He possessed a keen and practical mind and a heart of gold.

It is no wonder that his ready sympathy, kindness and willingness to help gained him almost countless friends, who not only respected him but loved him. He had friends among all classes and and religions, among the Protestants and Jews, as well as Catholics. To all of them his death was a distinct shock and many of them, when speaking of it could not restrain their tears.

Very Rev. Father Retka gained also the confidence and good will of the Clergy of the Diocese of Pittsburgh. No one was more welcome at their gatherings and to many of them, on various occasions he proved himself a true and devoted friend. Never was he known to refuse appeals for help in preaching or hearing confessions.

It was in the summer of 1936 that Father Retka's ceaseless activity began to exact its toll. During the twenty-three years he spent at the Asylum, he took only two vacations—the last one in 1937 on the very urgent plea of his doctor. His health began to fail in 1936 and every one remarked that Father Retka was no longer the same. Late in December of that year he went to a hospital and the doctors declared then that his condition was serious. It was a terrible blow to him when told that he must curtail his activities. After a few weeks he recovered sufficiently to resume some of his duties. He left for Europe and Poland in July of the following year and when he returned he appeared much improved. He resumed his duties at once with his usual vigor but his strength slowly gave way. During the winter months he was still able to supervise to a certain extent the construction of the new gymnasium. Early in spring new signs of failing health appeared, and on the 16th of May he was ordered to a hospital. There the doctors gave up all hope for him but to the astonishment of all he recovered sufficiently to return home, and to plan a trip to a Sanatorium for prolonged treatment and rest. He returned home on the 3rd of June. He was able to be about and on Pentecost Sunday offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, little dreaming that it would be his last Mass. All through the day he appeared cheerful and received a number of visitors. He retired early, slept for a few hours but near midnight the sister-nurse found him in distress. At once the Doctor was summoned. the last Sacraments were administered. He knew he was dying and accepted death with complete resignation to God's Will. He kissed the crucifix, made frequent acts of contrition, repeated ejaculations suggested to him and in the presence of the Sisters, Very Rev. C. Tomaszewski, Rev. Jos. Skibinski, Rev. F. Szumierski and Doctor W. M. Fronczek, his physician, he quietly breathed his last at 1:15 Monday morning June 6th. He remained conscious almost to the very end, thinking to the very end of the work, urging those he left to look after it. May God grant him the reward He promised to those who show kindness and mercy to the little ones of his flock.

The news of his death spread rapidly. Hundreds of his friends and acquaintances came to pay their respects to him as he lay in state at the Institute, to pray for him and offer Masses for the repose of his soul. A solemn requiem Mass was celebrated on Thursday in the Chapel of the Institution for the children. The celebrant was Very Rev. C. Tomaszewski, Provincial of Poland assisted by Very Rev. J. J. Callahan, President of Duquesne University and Rev. H. Goebel, Treasurer of Duquesne University. Rev. J. Manning acted as Master of Ceremonies. That same afternoon the body was transported to St. Stanislaus Church, in Pittsburgh. It was a very touching scene when the children bade their good Father farewell, with the band playing a funeral march. On the way to Pittsburgh the procession stopped at Mt. Nazareth Convent, Bellevue, and the remains were viewed by the Novices of the Community to whom Father Retka was for many years spiritual advisor. At St. Stanislaus Church several thousand people awaited the sorrowful procession. Vespers were chanted, and Rev. T. J. Schultz, pastor of St. Hyacinth's Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., delivered a touching Eulogy. Thousands of people paid their respects to Father Retka all that day and evening. Next morning the Office of the Dead was sung and Solemn High Mass celebrated in the presence of the Rt. Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh. The celebrant Rev. F. Poszukanis of McKees Rocks, Pa., was assisted by Rev. J. J. Czaplinski of Sharpsburg, Pa., and Rev. T. J. Schultz of Pittsburgh, Pa. Rev. A. Bednarczyk and Rev. S. Zarkowski acted as Master of Ceremonies and Thurifer. After the Mass the Rt. Rev. Bishop

pronounced the absolution and delivered a short Eulogy—something that he rarely does. But Father Retka enjoyed his special friendship and admiration. The Church was filled to capacity with thousands standing on the streets, and when the procession finally started for the cemetery there were no less than 500 automobiles in line. At least 150 secular priests of the Diocese attended the funeral. All our Fathers from the nearby residences were present and besides these the following took part in the sorrowful ceremonies: Very Rev. C. J. Plunkett, Provincial, Rev. J. Cronenberger, Rev. Thomas Wrenn, Rev. J. Kirkbride, Rev. V. Fandrey, Rev. A. Bednarzyk, Rev. James Riley.

At the cemetery Rev. Joseph Sonnefeld, C.S.Sp., read the last prayers and amid the tears of all those around, the mortal remains of one of God's zealous priests—of a true Holy Ghost Father—of a friend of the poor and orphans, were consigned to their grave. May he rest in Peace—and his memory be long preserved amongst us.

CELIBATE

The blushing vigour of the dawn,
The triumph of the day;
The fading curtain of the eve,
The pageant in the night;

The icy grandeur of a peak,
The music in a wave;
The gusto of a wind in March,
The bursting health of earth;

The smartness of a winter's day
The happy pulse of spring;
The coolness of a summer's night,
The flush of pregnant fall;

The colored wonder of a bird,
The fragrance of a flow'r;
The shade that tumbles from a tree,
The sweetness of the bee;

The laughter of a little child,
The witching form of youth;
The places round the table spread,
The silver threads of age;

The beggar with His Pierced Hands,
The joy of willing pain;
The daily visit of my God,
The glory of the Mass;—

To tell the rest would see me old
And the leave the most untold;
But this to me is joy sublime:—
That all of them are mine.

LEST WE FORGET

Father Paul Sztuka

Often the ways of God are strange and sometimes, may we say, even humorous. Many have often wondered if the Lord ever laughed, whether God does laugh. If He doesn't it certainly isn't because His highest creation, man, doesn't afford Him the opportunity. One thing we are sure of is that He has a quiet sense of humor. As evidence of this we offer the vocation of Father Sztuka. Believe it or not, but he found it in a waste paper basket! Imagine Father Paul as a little boy rooting through the basket, only to come upon a copy of "The Echo" which started him thinking and eventually led him into the missionary life. Perhaps the Lord arranged this little incident for His own amusement.

But whatever the cause, this quaint incident brought to the Holy Ghost Fathers one of her most dearly beloved confreres of blessed memory, Father Paul Sztuka. Father Paul was born on January 15th. 1888 at Batibor in the diocese of Breslon where he received his elementary education. He liked, after class, to frequent the rectory where he rendered many services to the pastor. It was in the pastor's library that he came upon the fateful wastepaper basket. In 1903 he appeared at the Scholasticate at Saverine. Two years later he came to America and continued his studies at the Juniorate in Pittsburgh. He made his Novitiate in 1908 at Ferndale. On November 15, 1913, he received the priesthood with eight others from the hand of Monsignor Le Roy. His first appointment was to Ferndale where he remained until his death. He was bursar of the community, director of the Brothers, Master of Novice Brothers and filled the assignment of teaching Scripture and Canon Law. His work in the vineyard of the Lord was short lived for at the early age of 42 he was seized with Typhoid that led to his death on September 21, 1930.

There is so much to be said about the virtues of Father Paul that a complete enumeration of them would overrun the lines of this short form. A human dynamo, he was literally overloaded with energy. He was always completely absorbed in his task of the moment whether it was the classroom, the duties of his bursarship, or his outside manual labor. He had a particular liking for manual labor which occupied the little spare time he had and which was responsible for the material advancement of Ferndale in general. The most important of his last works is the new building of the community. He followed the construction work in the minutest detail, and had the joy of seeing it completed before his death. Energy and precision are synonomous with Father Paul.

When he was troubled with illness his confreres had to insist on his consulting a doctor. He thought that he didn't have time to bother with medicine and doctors. He had work to do. We wonder how he found the time to die. In his last moments he revealed a piety previously concealed. He passed away peacefully, wearing a smile that said, "Maybe I'll have the time to get things done now."

We are sure you do, Father Paul, and we pray that in your well earned spare time up There you remember your faithful confreres who are zealously laboring here below and wishing they could have more time in which to spend their energy. May you ever remain to us an example of well spent Religious energy and solid, fundamental piety.

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

The first time I had ever heard the Southern Negro "doing up" a spiritual was several years ago. It was dusk and I was hurrying along the road which skirted the levees along the Mississippi . . . and there they were—a line of Negroes singing a soulful dirge as only the Negro can sing; especially if he is in the chain gang . . . but these scenes are not as plentiful as Samuel Goldwyn and Darryl Zanuck would have you think. After the Easter holidays I questioned thirty-five colored children on their attendance at church; any church. (I stopped there). five went to the Catholic Church and three to the Baptist! I wonder if the "Spiritual" is beginning to go "Swing?" . . . Many schools give courses in applied psychology. Here's one you won't find in the books. And it really happened. The town had just to the first first that the light had a valley and great the first that the light had a valley and great the first that the light had a valley and great the first that the light had a valley and great the first that the light had a valley and great the first that the light had a valley and great the first that the light had a valley and great the first that the light had a valley and great the first that the light had a valley and great the first that the light had a valley and great the first that the light had a valley and the light had a valley and the light had a valley and the light had been a vall gotten its first traffic light. Red, yellow and green took turns flashing on and off. And on the corner was an old Negro admiring, so we thought, this marvelous display. It later turned out that he wanted to cross the street. The light turned green and still the old fellow stood at ease. Finally, in its turn, it flashed a warning red and that was the moment chosen by the grey-headed darkie to cross. It was an abhortive attempt for just ten paces from the curb he was stopped dead in his tracks by the booming voice of a traffic policeman. "What's the big idea?" he shouted. "Can't you see that the light is red?" The old Negro's reply was the usual "yas suh." "Well," said the officer (who wasn't Irish), suh." "Well," said the officer (who wasn't Irish), "why didn't you wait until the green light flashed on before crossing?" The culprit said nothing for a moment but finally his tongue was loosed and it uttered a classic. "Well, suh," he said, "I thought the green light was for you white folks and the red was for us niggers." With a laugh the officer waved him across the street. Jim Crow had suddenly jumped to the traffic light and saved the "sitiation" . . . So long.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1919

This evening the places in the chapel, the places in the refectory and the charges were changed. The charges are:

Auxiliaries: Messrs. Killeen and P. McCarthy. Master of M. Labor: Messrs. Kirkbride ad extra, McMenemy ad intra.

Master of Singing & Organists: Messrs. Van de Putte, Todorowski, J. Walsh.

Masters of Ceremonies: Messrs. Malloy, Thessing, Lechner.

Master of Reading: Mr. McMenemy.

Sacristans: Messrs. Sabaniec, Haugh, A. Walsh, Gillespie.

Journalist: Mr. Werner.

Barbers: Messrs. Werner, Todorowski, Aikens. Infirmarian: Mr. Murphy.

Procurators and Janitors: Messrs. Kapp, Haas, Bradley.

Refectorians: Messrs. McMenemy, Bednarczyk, Wall.

Librarian: Mr. Malloy. Regulator: Mr. Mielicicki.

Carpenters: Messrs. Hasson and J. Walsh.

First Corridor: Mr. Wrenn.

First Corridor Lavatories: Mr. Brannigan. Second Corridor and Lavatory: Mr. Harris.

Third Corridor: Mr. Lechner.

Third Corridor Lavatory North: Mr. Bednarczyk.

APOSTLE OF MAURITIUS IV

After his decision to offer himself as a holocaust to God, Doctor Laval went to the seminary of Saint Sulpice. Before quitting the world, he set his affairs in order. What he could, he gave to the poor, excepting only what he would need for tuition. His departure was sudden, far different from that to which we are accustomed, namely, a successive series of partings from the different members of our families. A short note expressed his gratitude and love for his relatives and friends.

He came to the seminary in the June of 1835, sometime before the close of the school year. As he could not begin classes then, he was sent to the philosophical house at Issy, to spend the time preceding the vacation. The idea was good, for he could there begin gradually to break ties with the world and imperceptibly become accustomed to the seminary routine. Even so, Doctor Laval found the change from life in the world to one of strict discipline rather abrupt. He went through a period of discouragement. Soon after by his sincere efforts to live up to the call which he had received from God, he became an object of edification to all. He particularly cultivated the virtue of humility which he found best expressed in the words of the Imitation, Ama nesciri et pro nihilo reputari. His director testified how well he put these words into prac-

In October he went back to the seminary to begin his theological studies. When the charges were given out at the beginning of the scholastic year, Doctor Laval was assigned a catechism class of 40 youngsters. As we perhaps know from experience, teaching catechism requires a special grace, for it can very easily become an onus, particularly, if the truths of the Faith are not deeply felt and understood. But Laval performed this trying task with care and zeal. In each of his charges, he tried to realize the truth spoken by our Lord, "Their angels see the Face of My Father Who is in heaven."

At the seminary he found his room a bit too well equipped with furniture so he gradually began removing and substituting poorer equipment, till by the end of the year he had reduced

Third Corridor Lavatory South: Mr. McGlynn. Stairs: Mr. Korzeniecki.

Study Hall: Mr. Bradley.

Roads: Messrs, Kirkbride, Malloy, White, Hasson, Lachowsky, P. McCarthy, Todorowski, Wall.

Drainage: Messrs. Werner, Haas, J. Walsh. Flowers: Messrs. Cooney, and T. McCarty.

Wall Builders: Messrs. Killeen, Mielicicki, Murphy.

Free: Messrs. Thessing, Van de Putte, Collins. Lampists: Messrs. McMenemy, Harris, Lechner.

all the furnishings to the barest essentials. His spirit of mortification equalled his detachment from things of earth. On one occasion, in winter, when he was saying office in Common with several other companions, they remarked that he kept the same tempo as though there were no inconvenience in saying the office. Some of the companions remarked to themselves, "Gee, he has courage and all that, but couldn't he go a little faster?" So must the normal brethren suffer inconveniences from the saints.

Thus far nothing has been said about his studies. It required no small courage to begin to go to class with those who were many years younger than he. However, though never excelling in his studies, he did not envy the success of his more able younger classmates. He did not want to shine in this way. He attempted rather to become a true light of the world and not merely of his confreres. Following the counsel of M. Olier, he made of theology not only a science for the mind, but a means for educating his heart to know and love God more. He developed a special attraction for the Holy Scriptures and was often observed attentively following the words of the levite Libermann explaining some text of Scripture.

In 1836 he received tonsure and minor orders. In the following year, he was advanced to sub-diaconate and diaconate. He loved to perform the duties attached to these orders and would on no account permit others to wash the purificators and altar linens. Such was his devotion for the Blessed Sacrament and for all that had a connection with the Mass.

It was after this that he began to feel an attraction to the missionary life. In seeking some missionary order to join he manifested the desire to his director. The latter advised against his joining the Lazarists whom he had in mind, because all their missions were in the east and at his age Jacques Laval would have great difficulty in learning the languages. He acquiesced and decided to wait for a clearer sign manifesting God's will in his regard. Accordingly he was ordained priest in 1838 in the chapel of Saint Sulpice. It was the happiest day in his life. For was it not for this that he had offered himself to God body and soul? In retrospect, Pere Laval was favored, in his theological course, in having very wise and virtuous men for tutors and spiritual directors. The humble levite Libermann exercised, a profound influence on Laval. At this time Libermann seemed to have an empire over souls as real as that of a ruler over a country. Thus it was that a friendship grew between the Convert of Saverne and Pere Laval. How Laval was finally to work for the colored, as the first missionary of a not vet existing congregation, shall be told subsequently. It is a far cry from studying to be a doctor, a secular priest and ending up as a missionary in a congregation whose purpose would be the conversion of the black race and of all other abandoned souls . . .

"KILIMA-NDJARO" IV

Due respect is ours for our venerable Father Abraham, who gave to the world Ismael and Isaac, unum de ancilla et unum de libera. Nevertheless, while preserving proper reverence, we must charge the holy Patriarch with having left a constant annoyance to us Gentiles in the persons of his descendants, the Arabs and the Jews. The African children of Ham have had ground into them a feeling of inferiority intensified by the humiliating color of their skin. And the other group of Gentiles, we sons of Japhet, Aryans and Europeans, puffed up by material progress, vain, good-hearted, a little intelligent but flighty, are at bottom simple and naive. In contrast to these younger peoples, the ancient Semites are steeped in hypocrisy, clerverness in business dealings, and so settled in conviction of their supernatural superiority that nothing can shake them. And they worm their way among us Whites and Blacks, crushing the weak, undermining the power of the strong, with the sincere conviction that all is licit or even meritorious that is done to the detriment of those who are not of the "Faithful," that is, those who are not Jews or Mohammedans. In that conviction lies their strength.

And—a peculiar thing!—these hypocrites and irreconcilable enemies have their partisans among our own countrymen. Countless politicians, orators, and writers are insisting that the spread of Islamism in Africa should be favored as a step towards civilization.

Now listen here!—If by the civilization of Africa you mean a condition of things in which the blacks go about wearing long white nightgowns, Islam can do much to bring that about. But if you want civilization to include intellectual and moral progress you must recognize that Islamism is fatal to the black race. After having slightly moderated or rooted out a few pagan practices, the scions of Mohammed plant seeds which can only bear the fruits of proud fanaticism, irreconcilable hatred, consummate hypocrisy, and even vicious immorality.

The pagans, fetichists, cannibals, savages, or what have you, can also be hostile to Civilization—and why shouldn't they be since such varied aspects of this Civilization are shown them? But at heart they love the European, and if he takes care to show himself constantly a just, upright, and good man, they will love him even to the point of enthusiasm. The pagans in Africa are a precious reserve for Civilization; the Mohammedans there form a barren field. There is the difference, and every true friend of progress must realize it.

Still, say the theoreticians, wherever Islamism obtains a hold in the Dark Continent, it stamps out many great evils, for instance drunkenness, and cannibalism. As to the suppression of drunkenness, the strongest proof of the contrary is this fact that in the city of Zanzibar, where the population is Mohammedan, whole

cargoes of gin and adulterated alcohol disappear with amazing rapidity. All is absorbed at night and indoors; transient Europeans see nothing of it. They are the ones to be seen staggering publicly along the streets.

As for cannibalism, one must not think that this horrible custom is universal in Africa; it is restricted to a very few particular tribes, and these tribes are precisely the ones the Moham-

medans avoid, and for good reason.

But even though Islamism did diminish or suppress these vicious habits, of what use would it be to the cause of Civilization if it replaced them by an ineradicable fanaticism, degrading immorality, and shameful evils of which that religion is especially fruitful? And on the other hand, which strikes down the more victims?—a few cannibalistic tribes destined soon to be forced to relinquish their practices before the growing power of the Europeans, or the Mohammedans themselves who always consider the 'Infidels' as so many cattle to be wiped out or reduced to slavery, to be captured, exported, and sold?

There is another false opinion on this topic. It is commonly thought that it is natural that the Christian Missionaries and the Mohammedans should be particularly cantankerous towards one another because of the clash of their religious opinions; hence the warnings of the Missionary are little heeded. To get the truth, they say, take a "free-thinker," who knows how to make concessions and to listen with open mind to the confidences of the sons of Mohammed. The result is easy to foresee—they, set definitely against the exercise of the Faith and against all Christian Charity, will be most

full of deference for Mohammedan propaganda, they will favor it, they will support it. Well, in that too, the "free-thinker," who really has his guiding dogma, hatred of the Church, will be sublimely made game of. The Musulman has respect, admiration, and even love for the Catholic Missionary whose faith and devotion he recognizes; but, while taking full advantage of the aid lent them in all simplicity, the Musulmans entertain a profound detestation of these apostates of Christianity, some of whom attempt a bad imitation of the Mohammedans, and others of whom manifest towards God and Religion an indifference inexplicable to the praisers of Allah. How often has it been remarked to us: "You, the 'Padri', you will yet be saved, by the great mercy of Allah! For you believe in him, you serve him, you invoke him, you even take up in his name a way of life of which our greatest saints were incapable. But these other whites, your brothers, who never, pray, what difference is there between them and the beasts? And how can God, whom these infidels would not recognize during life, recognize them at their death? Indeed, they, the cursed of Allah, should be the scorn of the Faithful." And they spoke the truth.

Nevertheless, the Musulman has ways that are seductive: he knows how to be polite, hospitable, obliging, ready, generous. By the manifestation of these qualities on a few occasions, the unsophisticated Aryan will always let himself be taken in. "Kiss," says one of the most characteristic and most cherished proverbs of Islam, "kiss the hand that you cannot cut off."

All the ways of the Musulman lie in those few words.

Lay Retreats 1935-1938

Despite the rigors of the recent "recession", the fourth annual Ferndale Lay Retreat season hit a new "high" in attendance figures. A grand total of 275 retreatants, 199 adults and 76 boys, represents the 1938 figure, bringing the number since the inauguration of the retreats in 1935, to 741. Under the leadership of Father Kirkbride, the season consisted of six week-end retreats for men and a mid-week retreat for boys, aged 12 to 18. Fathers Knight and E. Smith gave the week-end conferences and Father Gavin, pinch-hitting for the suddenly-stricken Father Kirkbride, preached to the boys.

The following towns were represented at the retreats: Ridgefield, Danbury, Stamford (St. Mary's, Carroll Club, and the Boys' Retreat), Waterbury, Norwalk (and vicinity) and Bridgeport. The predominance of younger men at this year's conferences is a healthy sign of the sincerity, fervor and greater faith the retreats have developed.

Another feature of the season just closed was the phenomenal success of a drive to procure full-figured Stations of the Cross on the Ferndale grounds. Before the inauguration of the retreats four years ago, due faculties had been granted for hanging cedar crosses from the larger trees circling the woods. This year, with Father Provincial's permission, a campaign to raise funds for the erection of figured stations mounted bases of concrete and native stone, was initiated. To date, ten of the Stations have been pledged, with the remaining four certain to be provided for before next Spring, when the actual construction is scheduled to begin.

Father Kirkbride had announced that early in the new year the Ferndale Retreat League will be formally organized in Ferndale at a dinner and meeting of the captains of the various groups. The meeting will elect a president and secretary and discuss matters pertaining to the mutual benefit, increase, etc., of the retreatgroups. Another innovation is an annual banquet to be held after Easter of each year, and to take place in one of the towns represented by the groups. Retreat League heads are to designate at the annual meeting in Ferndale, the city chosen for the banquet for the current year and the captains of the city-group selected, will be hosts to the members of the League from the other city-groups.

OUR PROVINCE



 $\begin{array}{c} \text{HIS EXCELLENCY} \\ \text{THE MOST REV. JOSEPH BYRNE, C.S.Sp., D.D} \end{array}$

Ecce Sacerdos Magnus!

List of Contents

OUR DEAD

EDITORIALS: -- Bishop Byrne Comes Home

NEWS

Brother Eugene's Silver Jubilee
"Paper" Anniversary
Sea Thoughts
Ordinations at Ferndale
Southern Exposure

OUR LEVITES

Scholastics Abroad Ferndale Herald Kernels from Cornwells

ARTICLES

Apostle of Mauritius V Letters to the Editor Lest We Forget Kilimanjaro V

AFRICANA

Room and Board

'O Jesus Living in Mary'

OUR DEAD

DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER WE PRAY FOR

Father Claude François Poullart Des Places, founder of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, who died Oct. 2, 1709.

Father David Fitzgibbon, who died Oct. 1, 1928, aged 67 years.

Brother Marcus Fuchsolch, who died Oct. 6, 1908, aged 74 years.

Father John Baptist Descours, who died Oct. 9, 1917, aged 58 years.

Father Patrick Carey, who died Oct. 10, aged 35 years.

Father John Griffin, who died Oct. 10, 1935, aged 79 years.

Father Prosper Goepfert, who died Oct. 11, 1914, aged 72 years.

Father James Richert, who died Oct. 11, 1918, aged 75 years.

Brother Fulbert Heim, who died Oct. 12, 1926, aged 64 years.

Father Xavier Lichtenberger, who died Oct. 14, 1921, aged 64 years.

Father Fridolin Fromherz, who died Oct. 18, 1902, aged 29 years.

Brother Gaudens Schneider, who died Oct. 23, 1888, aged 52 years.

Father Emil Reibel, who died Oct. 27, 1907, aged 45 years.

Father Anthony Rachwalski, who died Oct. 28, 1920, aged 55 years.

Father Donat Schloesser, who died Oct. 31, 1914, aged 55 years.



OUR PROVINCE

VOL. 6

OCTOBER, 1938

No. 10

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PROVINCIAL FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

HOLY GHOST FATHERS, FERNDALE, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Editorial Office: 65 West 138th Street, New York, N. Y. Printed at St. Joseph's House, 16th & Allegheny Ave. Philadelphia, Pa

Editorials

Bishop Byrne Comes Home

Five years ago, a man whom we had long known and loved for his sterling character, his priestly qualities and human kindliness, was, to our ineffable joy, filled with the fullness of the priesthood, knighted with the firm staff of the Apostles and made one with the first disciples of Christ and with the legion of their disciples. This man was made a great priest because he had pleased the Lord who made him mighty among his people. Like his Lord from whom came out virtue, he also diffused goodness. The missionary spirit of the American Province burned with glowing fervor when this great pastor came back to his adopted land in search of shepherds to aid his commission to "go teach all nations." To see but his countenance, alight with the flame of faith and burning with the holy desire of Christ's first disciples, was to be warmed and strengthened, to be inspired with the sacred craze of the early crusaders.

And now, after he had gone to the heathen in the name of Christ, after he had removed himself, to our loss, to father the loved children of God and the rejected sons of mankind, to their gain, he has come back once more to us, not because he had abandoned his children, but because he has come to plead their needs and because, we hope, he must know that his very presence is for us a gift surpassing treasures.

We feel firmly assured that we speak the speech and think the thoughts of all who know Bishop Byrne. We have no hesitation in saying that our hearts and our arms are renewed at his return and our good will and resources at the command of his needs. We hope to fail extravagance in appropriating to him Francis Thompson's exultant song:

"And let the earth be drunken and carouse!
For lo! into her house
Spring is come home with her world-wandering feet,
And all things are made young with young desires;
And all for her is light increased
In yellow stars and yellow daffodils,
And East to West and West to East
Fling answering welcome-fires,
By dawn and day-fall, on the jocund hills."

In all the warm pleasure his return visit occasions there must not be overlooked the cold reality on the Bishop's mind of the mad machinations of the powers of the world at the present moment in their relation to his work in Africa. Perhaps the conflagration may flame forth before he is able to return to guide his flock: who knows what the future holds for the very existence of his pastorate when the Swastika waves in bold effrontery, wantoning with wild abandon and raised in barbaric emulation of the Union Jack, the Tri-color and the Red Flag of Revolution? In all our prayers for the general peace of the world, let us add a personal plea to the throne of God for this true Apostle and for the safety of his faithful flock.

News . . .

Brother Eugene's Silver Jubilee

On September 14, Brother Eugene celebrated the 25th anniversary of his profession in the Congregation. The occasion called for a holiday in his honor, beginning with a Solemn High Mass in the morning at which the Jubilarian knelt in a place of honor in the sanctuary. The dinner was presided over by the Rev. Father Administrator and good friends Brothers Novatus and Cantius came over from Ridgefield to add their congratulations.

The dinner over, the celebration came to an abrupt end, without speeches or music for it seems that the good Brother had to get back to his work (or so he says!). Anyway, back to his loved chickens he went, but the scholastics took over and carried the holiday through in grand style, thank you.

This writer will not even attempt an appreciation of Brother Eugene. Father van de Putte has ever taught his philosophers that to appreciate any art one must have a corresponding faculty in one's own mind, and so we simply say that we have no such corresponding faculty for appreciating the life of the human dynamo you all know as Brother Eugene. For twenty-five years he has carried plows on his shoulders and the horses walk only because his shoulders are completely parked, etc., etc., . . . Maybe we'll get to know him after Purgatory but right now he's much too far advanced for our intelligences.

Per Brother Novatus we'll give some of the dates in this heroic religious' life: Born at Obernay, Alsace, Germany, January 28, 1882, and made his elementary studies from 1888 to 1896. Served in the German Army at Saarbrucken, 1902-1904, beginning as a buck-private and being dismissed as a Sergeant. He distinguished himself as the best sharpshooter in his company and was rewarded with the cord of archibusler.

He emigrated to the United States in 1906 and worked as a gardener in Holmesburg, Pa.

He entered St. Mary's, Ferndale, July 1, 1911 and received the habit, September 9, 1912. He made profession of simple vows September 14, 1913 and Perpetual Vows, September 14, 1921.

Brother Eugene has been stationed at Ferndale ever since his profession, working in the garden, farm and poultry yard.

One of his brothers is pastor of a church in the diocese Strassburg and three of his sisters are in Religion.

His full name is Brother Eugene Gontram, C.S.Sp.

"Paper" Anniversary

Six members of the ordination class of 1937 observed the first anniversary of their elevation to the priesthood on the feast of the Nativity of the B.V.M., September 8, at Duquesne.

Father Baney, assigned to Duquesne, was celebrant, assisted by Fathers Fusan, Tangan-yika, deacon, Wersing, Opelousas, sub-deacon. Fathers Connors, Rome, and Joseph Rengers, now at Fribourg, performed the functions of the various ministers.

The Music, which included the proper of the mass, was supplied by Fathers George Harcar, also newly of Duquesne, and Dellert, at present en route to Africa, aided and abetted by Fathers Malloy, Lechner, and Quinn. Ecce Sacerdos, sung at the Offertory by the first two above named, rivalled in inspirational character, if not in volume, the rendition of the same composition in the chapel at Ferndale just one year previous. Brothers Daniel and William did yeoman service as sacristans.

Solemn Benediction, during which the traditional O Cor Mariae was sung, followed the mass. Breakfast was served in the refectory, Brother William, master of the hotel, presiding.

This is believed to be the first time in history that so large a number of one class was able to observe its anniversary together. The six present constituted more than half of the total number in the class, eleven.

Sea Thoughts

There are times when it is hard to think. The first class on a spring afternoon is one of them; but there are others, and one of these other times is when you are standing at the rail of the boat waiting to depart. There is no lack of thoughts, but you just don't know where to begin, and if you do begin you have a feeling that you ought to be thinking about something else, and so you stand there a bit confused in a sort of telepathic communication with the few relatives and friends who stay with you to the last. You show no signs of grief. This is supposed to indicate strength. Chesterton would have had little difficulty in showing this to be weakness. Weakness must bear up. Christ was strong and wept.

Then slowly, almost imperceptibly, your group of friends are slipping away from you, separation is taking place. Separation from what? And then at last you begin to think: Separation from home and relatives, the porch, the parlor, the corner drug store, cigar store, the phone, the automobile, the city street with its

blazing lights, the old neighborhood, the familiar trolley car; the Whitehorse Pike with its gassy fumes, the seashore—my, how fast you think! back you go to the seminary, the lake, the basement, the Roman Road, the Novitiate—how short the Novitiate seems now: just looks like a meditation, a day digging in the garden, and a conference. Was it really a year? It's hard to believe!

"That's Long Island over there," someone says, "yes, it stretches out there about twenty-five miles." "Oh, about a hundred and fifty." "That's right, so it does, away out past Compo, and Sherwood Island." By the time your room is arranged and office said, the coast line and all that it incloses has faded. You wonder how Adam and Eve felt when they left the "Garden."

The Queen Mary has consistently ploughed away out ahead, and left us to think about the "Nineties" and "McGuffy's Readers."

A tired feeling replaces the nervous energy that carried you over the last few days, and you "turn in." Lights are very convenient, and you let them burn for a while. Your bathrobe swings on the door, and you begin to figure how many degrees the boat is rolling. Then you can complete your data by hanging your coat on the side and figure out how much it is dipping. Sleep has come before you have finished.

The priest's first thought in the morning is the altar. It and its furnishings are small, so is the congregation, just two women. God bless them, they are always close to the "Master." If men could be brought to realize that unless they "eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood," regularly, they cannot operate governments and industries, less of our people would be receiving justice in the form of charity. After all, women and children don't run the nation.

There is not much sensible devotion at this first mass. But God is there and that is all that is necessary. It does not take long in the priesthood to realize that Catholics who look for pleasant feelings at morning mass and the sacraments had better wake up and learn that those who follow Christ follow Him with many crosses and difficulties, feeling little but intelligence and faith.

The waiter presents a long list of fruits, cereals, eggs and meat. When you have had your coffee, you feel a bit like St. Paul: "forgetting the things that are behind and stretching on to those that are before." To the deckhand that means "for ard Sar." So forward you go. The sight is beautiful, inspiring. Not knowing poetry, (if such should be your misfortune) you ask for help, and someone tells you about "Kipling's Sea," "the open sea, the proud, the fresh, the ever free, without a mark, without a bound, it rages its tempest holiday round." Yes, there it is, miles of it, writhing, undulating,

rolling, incomprehensible, immense, but just water, clinging to the earth, poised in space, moving around the sun at the speed of a bullet; yet people forget God and applaud Corrigans. "What a world!"

Going down to your trunk here, is not just going to your trunk. A steward knocks on your door, salutes you, precedes you, calls an elevator, carries your things, takes your quarter, and returns the next day to see if you wish to go to your trunk again.

Everyone takes his job seriously and does it well. They seem to be trained to do their work without that peculiar action that usually goes with it: the waiters, for instance, serve you exactly as a gentleman would serve you.

The bellboys interest you; they are so small you can't help asking them if they get an opportunity to go to school. Yes, they have been through grammar school, and although they look like babies, they are very mature and intelligent, have made several voyages, and are very well able to take care of themselves. One little Catholic lad first signed up with a boat, then found he couldn't get to his duties and "chucked it."

The passengers are mostly visitors returning from the "States," agreeable, and always ready to entertain. The whole life on the boat seems to be a pleasant one, and one that you would easily get used to. Then you pick out a healthy contented working seaman to test your proposition. "No," he says, "you don't get used to it; it's unnatural, and gets monotonous." "The trail of the serpent" is over this one too.

If the missionary has any doubts as to the charity of relatives and friends for both him and his mission, he has it completely dispelled before he leaves. Nothing could equal the generosity of these relatives and friends, and even strangers. They work, and plan, and sacrifice, unselfishly through the heat of the summer months. they spend and are spent, without a thought of self. As an instance, yesterday on deck with five strangers, the word African mission was casually mentioned, and instantly five hands went into pockets and five dollars were donated to the mission. How to repay these is a problem! Writing to each of them is out of the question; but they are remembered at Mass to Him Who is never outdone in generosity. Someone suggested "streamlining" a letter from time to time, that is, writing one letter and passing it along to others. At least it would be better than no letter at all which would have to be the case. Perhaps some lad who is taking a hundred and twenty a minute would type it out so that the others could read it? If not well, the man in the manual labor rooms will be sure to take care of it. In either case,

Gratefully yours,

W. J. M.

ORDINATIONS AT FERNDALE

On September 15, Bishop Byrne ordained the following:

To the Priesthood:

Father E. Duffy
Father R. Eberhardt
Father C. Hogan
Father J. White
Father S. Rondeau
Father S. Rondeau

Father W. Pixley

To Minor Orders:

Mr. Malek

To Tonsure:

Mr. Haggerty
Mr. Kirby
Mr. F. Duffy
Mr. Paga
Mr. Holmes
Mr. Friel
Mr. Clifford
Mr. Reitan
Mr. Wolfe
Mr. Kirkwood
Mr. McAnulty

FIRST MASS PREACHERS

For Father Duffy
For Father Eberhardt
For Father C. Hogan
Fathers Williams and Brannigan

Fathers Williams and Brannigan
For Father White
For Father Ray
For Father Lachowsky
For Father Therou
For Father Rondeau
For Father Pixley
Father Father Father Father Father

Our Mail Box

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

The Presbyterians have been in conference in Mississippi and have made a few "funny" statements, to wit, "Catholics have been openly hostile to Protestant missionary work in Africa." No doubt but that Father Joe Lucey has begun hitlerizing already. Take it easy Joe, the Unit has just begun to recover after that last seige. To get back... the speaker said that the Roman Catholic priests "were openly antagonistic to all protestant work even to tearing down our tabernacles (God save the mark), burning of school books and bibles in out of the way places, and threatening the native chiefs who permit their people to have protestant schools and churches." Most of the papers carried this as front page news. Just another proof that the fires of bigotry still burn bright below the Mason-Dixon line... The new city directory has just come from the press and looking thru it I came upon some strange doings or "have been dones." Under the name of O'Rourke we find nineteen names and after each is the word "Colored"... Sure they shine thru the bog; thru the brakes and the mireland... Some one asked recently for some of the difficulties met in the missions in the South. Each locality has its own problems. In Tuscaloosa it is almost impossible to get centrally located. The negro population is all around the edge of the town. Formerly St. Mary's had quite a few Negroes around the church and school, but recently the owners put them out and we are now in the heart of a "White building boom." This doesn't prevent the children from coming to school. As a matter of fact we closed with 109 this year. Here's hoping for a bumper crop next term!

Our Levites

SCHOLASTICS ABROAD

(Fribourg, 8-28-38) When a Roman comes to Suisse on vacation he doesn't do what the Romans do. He plays tennis, goes swimming and walks on wide sidewalks. He strolls through woods and sleeps at night with nothing but the breathing leaves and drowsing flowers to disturb him. Then again he goes to Montana, 5,000 feet above sea-level, where he lives in the Chalet Bernadette and sees, of a sparkling clear morning, the sun-kissed, snow-white, ermine-soft robes draped by angel hands over the majestic forms of Mont Blanc, Matterhorn and kindred mountain warriors of Alpine renown, warmly welcoming him from across the valley of the Rhone to honor the Lord of Hosts.

Being, however, a visitor and not a mere tourist, he refrains from mentioning the period of eight days during which the wettest Swiss rain, the thickest Swiss fog and the dampest Swiss cold vainly united to put his both shoulders on the mat and make him protest bitterly: "Ach! Helvetia of my forebears! Ugh!"

Switzerland of American Express ads!

A disappointment to us lads!

Then to the southern shore of Lake Leman, to shade eyes from the morning sun, gazing across the smiling calm, blue water; across to the muddy, swirling, icy Rhone emptying and disappearing into the lake; across to white gulls sailing, swooping and riding; across to the Prison of Chillon.

SWISS HOLIDAY

(A native speaking). Reading about Belloc's trek across Suisse in his "Road to Rome" was just the right prelude to a bus trip to the Simplon Hospice, 2,008 m. up—by slide rule. As the crow flies it might be 40 miles but on these roads where a chauffeur can nearly always see his own tail-light, it was at least 80. When we get to the place the above rhapsodist describes, we go into second and third for about 20 miles of paved road the Little Corporal laid on one of his binges to Italy. Nap was some man to get an army to march that route in Winter. But going down the other side, as we did to the Italian Frontier, we see a sign in English informing all and sundry that the little Egoist stopped there to buy a glass of milk and paid for it with a 5 franc piece, -well, maybe he was a sissy or the auberges weren't open yet.

HAMILTON ST. PHILLY?

(We continue our program sponsored by St. Bernard Dogs.) The Hospice has the same purpose and the same company as the one on the St. Bernard pass. Some of the famous dogs are here but we were unable to locate the little casks that they carry around their necks. Any poor traveller may stay here 24 hours and get two meals and a bed. One may contribute by placing his offering in a box in the chapel. We stayed three days. The vow with a wow! The only "disturbing" note is the meal-bell, and the beds are actually the best in the world! In the front yard which goes up one thousand metres, we picked our first edelweiss. In the back, there is a glacier, with crevasses one hundred metres deep. Ice today, lady? Thanks, see you next year. (To the Editor: Better stick to picking Africans, Friburgians and Romans. You're not so hot picking ball teams. My Pirates are just playing out the schedule before taking on Mc-Carthy's gang. (To which we say, Oh yeah?)

FERNDALE HERALD

Let's begin with the visitors list: Fathers Murnaghan, Boehr, Leonard K. Dolan, Marron, Guthrie, Milford, Dooley, O'Reilly, Kettl, Williams, Mulvoy, McCarthy, McCarty, Lachowsky, F. Smith, Brennan, J. Bradley, W. Duffy, Pobleschek, Lundergan, Fandrey . . . The last trip to Keyser Island was, strange to say, the best of all. The water was really the warmest it had been all summer . . . Of course you know what a retreat in Ferndale is, so suffice it to say that we had our "annual" August 31 to September 7 . . . Half-hour classes on the 8th and struttin' along the corny way . . . Of course we got our new "jakes" for the year and we're all set . . . September 14 was Brother Eugene's Silver Jubilee and we got a great feed and a free day out of it but there's no stoppin' that fella as you-all know who've prepped at the Dale . . . Added five new members to the club for good on the same day: Messrs. Curran, Leech, Trotter, Muka, Marley . . . Bishop Byrne did the honors for nine very happy lads on the fifteenth besides Tonsuring twelve and giving one Minor Orders. And what a crowd at the Ordination! I've never seen a larger supper table than the one that was laid on ordination eve . . . The Bishop is staying permanently in Ferndale while in this country and maybe that isn', a swell break for us, especially anent the Tu Autems. They're holding back on that holiday in his honor until a more favorable time. At this writing we've had our sixth consecutive day of rain so that "favorable time" can't be too far off . . . As for rumors, well that doggone European sitiashun doesn't give us a chance. Of course there's the usual one about the certain Western pastor replacing the incumbent character-builder at Ferndale. Oh yes, ordinations for

June! But the ketch in this that it's not purely home-cooked so we don't exactly trust it but would we like it? Oh boy! If you'd care to know how our rumor average is coming along, let it be known that for two weeks before the appointment of Father E. Smith as the new subdirector, we thought our rumor had got lost but there you have it. Here's a real hot one: there's going to be a bunch of changes when the Provincial gets back and if you don't believe us, ask our good friend, Father Gavin . . . Happy rumors . . .

KERNELS FROM CORNWELLS

'Tis a long time since last we met and much water has flowed under the bridge since then and some bridges have been washed out, but still we carry on.

The summer months passed quietly, with the Fathers taking ministry where available, principally in the Camden Diocese. Fr. Kettl was drafted into service in the School of Music, for the Summer Sessions at Duquesne U.

Father Zell came to us from Bay City, but stayed only a few days as he was advised by the doctor to repair to St. Agnes' Hospital. On arriving there it was found advisable to amputate his right leg above (the knee. At the present writing he is still in the hospital. Please pray for his speedy recovery.

Among our guests during the summer months were Fathers F. Smith and Joseph B. Hackett, from the Southern Missions, also Fathers Lundergan, Skibinski, Kmiecinski, Lachowsky, E. Smith, Milford, Guthrie, van de Putte, Dan Bradley, and Murnaghan. Two of the deacon class, Rev. Messrs, Lachowsky and Rondeau, as well as Bro. Novatus, spent several weeks with us.

Bells, bells, bells. September 7 saw the return of the boys and the daily routine of the class-bell. There are now 91 registered for the year; a gain of approximately 10 over our roster at the closing in June. Classes opened with a Solemn High Mass on the feast of St. Peter Claver. The usual routine of renewing acquaintances and making new friends and trying to pronounce new names has calmed down and the boys have become acclimated.

This year we have had the pleasure of vividly picturing for our youngsters, the ideal of their goal, by having the newly ordained with us for a Mass. Father C. Hogan celebrated a Low Mass on Monday, Sept. 19, and Fathers Duffy, Eberhardt and White had a Solemn High Mass on Tuesday morning—"with all the trimmin's". Of course the lads enjoyed the half-day given in honor of the youthful Levites. This was postponed until the following day because of the inclement weather and the axrangement of classes.

In parting, we would like to thank the Fathers who cooperated with us by sending us vocations.

Articles . . .

APOSTLE OF MAURITIUS

V

Even after his ordination, Father Laval so cultivated obscurity that he omitted to celebrate the customary First Solemn High Mass. Instead, he read a series of low masses in the towns where the principal members of his family resided.

His first appointment in 1839, was to the pastorate of Pinterville. He considered it merely a delay on the part of Providence, to further prepare him for his beloved missionary career. There were 450 souls in his parish, about half of which number were engaged in agriculture and the other half in industries. But despite their number, only a score attended Mass. Father Laval saw that if he was to avail aught, he must make himself a saint and apostle. Following the Cure of Ars, he made the church his home, spending most of the day and night there. What time remained was given to Scripture and theology. Thus for two years he lived the life of a trappist, to the annoyance of his less conscientious brethren of the clergy.

To reverse the maxim, he chose "nothing but the worst." His cassock was of coarse material and generously bedecked with patches. His shoes were large, red wooden clogs. An immense rosary hung from his neck. He never ate meat and often, like John Vianney, ate potatoes several days past their prime. His step-mother once remarked a trifle ironically, in recalling his former life, that it was not always thus. He replied, "Unfortunately not, and that's why I have to do penance now." In winter he never went near the fire to warm himself, although he was very sensitive to cold. He slept on the floor and beneath his clothes wore a hair-shirt.

Though strict with himself, as all the saints he was generous and lenient with others. On one occasion he gave his breakfast to a beggar who chanced to come as he was about to partake of it. The same occurring at dinner and supper, that day Pere Laval fasted. He gave away everything he had of value which accrued to him from his patrimony. His clothes were anyone's for the asking. One day a poor man asked for a coat. Pere Laval bade Marie, the old housekeeper to bring one. She demurred and ventured to remark that there were only four left. The good Father observed testily that he had not asked her to advertise the number of coats in his possession but merely to bring one to him. This gift of repartee is one of the many refreshing characteristics one finds in his life.

He impressed on his parishioners the fact that he was at their disposal 24 hours a day. The sick were his especial care, but he rarely made use of his medical training preferring to appear as a minister of Christ and a physician of souls. He often stood the expense of the nuptials of a poor couple. Frequently he refused stole fees for baptism saying, "use the money to buy a hash and a bottle of wine for the mother."

On his arrival, there had been no school of any kind. So Father Laval procured benches, pupils, and set out to teach the three R's. Not neglecting worldly wisdom, he prepared some twenty pupils for Holy Communion in this way. He kept track of the children after their First Communion, helping them select a state of life and even financing personally a vocation to the secular priesthood.

The young people who had to work by day were not neglected. Father Laval soon established a night school, again featuring a union of spiritual and worldly learning.

The fruit of all this was inevitable and the flock began gradually to find its way back to the sacraments and the practices of religion.

His brethren of the cloth became further irritated. On one occasion he was reminded that Our Lord nowhere excused people from cleanliness and the care of life. To which Father Laval made fitting reply with, "Quite true, but wasn't Christ born in a stable, live like a beggar and die on a cross like a thief?" And on another occasion, "Don't be scandalized by my life; I'm only getting in trim for the Missions."

During all this time, the Missions were his constant thought. Consequently, when he heard that Fathers Le Vavasseur and Tisserand were working on a project for the evangelization of negroes, he was overjoyed. He felt that at last Providence was going to make use of him. He took the study of the lives of the great missionaries to heart. But in his zeal he did not forget his flock. He informed them of his intention and of his imminent separation from them. He used to good effect the text, "If they will not hear you, going from that place, shake off the very dust from your feet as a testimony against. them." This threat brought many more into the church and deepened the attachment of the faithful. Some attempted to dissuade him from leaving, by depicting the hardships of a missionary life but he remained firm.

At last in 1841 came the call. It came from his former director at St. Sulpice, Father Gallais. Getting an *Exeat* from his bishop was another matter but finally at the instigation of Bishop Chatellier, he gave up the holy pastor, comforting himself with the thought that God would reward the sacrifice of such a saintly priest to the diocese.

Of course, his family was no less reluctant to part with him but despite the great clamour, he was adamant and unshaken in his resolve.

He had begun his ministry at Pinterville with a baptism and in like manner, so did he bring it to a close. He showed his zeal for souls in his farewell address to his people: "Let us make a pact that those who shall go to heaven before us, pray for those who remain . . . I am leaving you forever; but one day I hope to meet you again in the bosom of the heavenly Father. There will be our lasting home. The first Mass I say after my departure shall be for you, my flock. I will remember you in my prayers, always; do not forget my counsels to you. May Our Lord deign to make fruitful your souls unto life everlasting. For what does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul? Save your souls, dearly beloved. It is my last wish as your pastor."

No wonder, then, that he left Pinterville with a reputation for sanctity. But Pinterville saw only the beginning. We shall see the extraordinary heights which he shall reach among the negroes of Mauritius.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

... What's the idea of apologizing after writing some good editorials? Even if you do have your own private bands, when you say swing is not music, you're right, and stick to it. As for New Yorker, I had to raise my eyebrows in scandal-proof Ferndale itself, on very cursorily glancing through an edition for the first and last time. Your Apologia gives the impression that your former articles (like all) are simply the mouthpieces of an anonymous society and that they are not the expression of your slant on life. The Editor, then, is a man who puts in forceful language what other people think. If swing, Esquire, step on people's corns isn't there something somewhere about an axe laid to the root? or since it's a question of corns, let's make it a razor. The fact is, anything that cuts, hurts and truth is a two-edged sword. (Not to be parodied: "it cutteth him that gives and him that takes.")

. . . Your "African Number" isn't at all worthy of you. What happened? There's nothing in it at all personal, nothing literary and something downright bolshevik. Everybody I know is complaining about it. What will the literary Irish and English say when they read this American effort? Please don't let it happen again . . .

. . . Your editorials are altogether too personal. I've heard that your reason for sensational editorials is to make sure OUR PROVINCE is being read. Let me inform you that it is being read and that you ought to concentrate your efforts on other reforms.

OFFICIAL

On September 14, Father Kirkbride received the Perpetual Vows of Messrs. Curran, Leech, Trotter, Muka and Marley.

LEST WE FORGET

BROTHER CELSUS McCABE

This month we are happy to remember the Mathusala of the Province who died when only 101 years young. We say "young" in order to refute the axiom that "only the good die young." The Venerable Brother Celsus Patrick McCabe in his own estimation died too soon in the service of God. This too is the opinion of those who shared in his labors—labors that were sorely missed after the dear old man's death.

There has been a controversy as to his correct age. The official records have him born in 1837, but we are inclined to give Brother Celsus the benefit of the doubt. He claimed to have been 10 years old in 1837. And viewing this Brother's life in a romantic light—and who will deny that a sincere religious life in intimate union with God is a spiritual romance?—we cannot deny him these extra ten years.

Our beloved patriarch was born in the village of Latradrona, in the diocese of Kilmore, Ireland. He took up his primary studies and advanced work at Cavan. Then he went to the Normal School of Dublin where he received the degree of School Master, the highest rank attainable in the English education system. After his graduation Mr. McCabe received the Master's chair in the English National Schools. Here he remained until he entered the Congregation in 1868. He made his Oblation at Blackrock on the 3rd of December that same year and was invested in the habit of the Congregation. Soon after his profession (1870) he was entrusted with an honorable place on the faculty at Blackrock. In 1873, the year in which he made his perpetual vows, he was sent as professor to the College of Rockwell where he carried on with his usual proficiency. In August, 1889, Brother McCabe was called upon to leave his native land, family and friends, to sacrifice his present task, and to undertake the work of the evangelization of the colored people of Philadelphia in the far off United States. The majority of his remaining days were spent in training the colored boys in the school that Father Plunkett erected in St. Peter Claver's parish. Loud and long have been the praises of both the clergy and laity for Brother Celsus' splendid efforts in this work.

We can think of only one word for the Venerable Brother—"remarkable." He was remarkable in his age, his simplicity, humility, charity, zeal, devotion, piety, and resignation. The Father who directed and worked hand in hand with Brother Celsus had but this to say of him: "It is impossible to say anything in particular about the dear old man, except perhaps that he was an exemplary Religious, faithful to the Rule." That "except" certainly means a lot to us religious. We know that anyone who is faithful to the Rule has reached perfection as far as his vocation is concerned—and Brother Celsus was faithful to the Rule. What more can be said in his favor?

Brother Celsus departed this life on December 12, 1928. Peacefully he lived, peacefully he died.

KILIMA-NDJARO V

The central section of Tanganyika is the home of one of the most powerful tribes in all Africa—the Massai. Little is known about this strange people, partly because of the lack of missionaries and partly because few travelers have penetrated their territory.

The Massai are divided into several clans, each clan having its own particular district, for instance, the Massai of Kilima-Ndjaro, the Massai of Sogonoi, etc. All the Massai are cattlemen; among them there is no manufacturing, no trading, no farming. Their whole lives are bound up with their cattle, and if they are the terrible warriors which history proves them to be, they are such only to be cattlemen, for they wage war with neighboring tribes to increase their herds and not to get slaves or land.

Their semi-nomadic way of living is forced upon them by the nature of the country in which they live, but it is a life entirely in accord with their temperament and tastes. The life is not an easy one, especially for the women of the tribe, who have to take care of all the menial work, such as milking cows, preparing meals, packing up all the household paraphernalia when the camp is moved to new pasturelands, and in general, we might say that the women do everything but the fighting and the cattle-stealing,—that is the work of the men. Work is considered too degrading for the proud male Massai. In fact, so great is the pride of the Massai warrior that he will never even carry anything, except perhaps his lance and shield. If he has to move something, an oxhide for instance, he will drag but not carry it.

What is now called the Massai tribe was long ago a group of small, unrelated tribes which intermingled and finally developed into the one tribe, and in the process there has been produced one of the finest types of the African Negro. Massai women and children are often dirty slovenly and stupid; the old men, with their skinny, weak bodies, give us no idea of what they once were. But the young men, those from about seventeen to thirty years, represent the ideal of the savage warrior because of their magnificent physiques, most of them standing six feet or over and being perfectly proportioned. But besides this, they possess a nobility of mien and an air of natural dignity that is truly remarkable, and again, they have a facility for speechmaking, with gestures and poses that would make our best orators envious. Their skin is chocolate-brown in color and their hair long and curly, but it is their features that separate them clearly from the ordinary type of Negro. The head is round or oval, the nose straight and clean-cut, the lips often thin, the chin straight; and cheek-bones high and rather prominent, and the eyes slightly slanted.

The ordinary dress consists of pieces of oxhide carefully tanned to a yellowish color, and about as pliable as thick woolen cloth. The children do not bother much with clothing, but if they happen to find a piece of ox-hide, they will cover themselves with it willingly enough, —the left shoulder, perhaps. The old people on the other hand, prefer to cover their chilled limbs with a lengthy and dignified robe. As for the women, they are always modestly, albeit amazingly decked out from head to foot. They have the curious custom of putting bands of iron or copper around their legs from the ankle to the knee and on their arms from wrist to shoulder. Around their necks, long coils of copper wire are used as necklaces, and from their ears hang coils of wire so heavy that they must be supported by a wire passed over the head. The outfit weighs six or seven pounds, not counting the strings of beads and the ox-hides used for clothing. In this country, to remain in style the meaning of suffering is no stranger to women. There is another item in the Massai toilette which deserves special mention, namely, the proper care of the ears. While the child is still very young, his ears are pierced and a small stone, or piece of wood, ivory or metal is inserted in the opening. From time to time the piece of wood, ivory or metal is replaced by a larger piece and in this way, the hole in the lobe of the ear becomes so distended that a man's arm can easily pass through; strings of beads are usually suspended from the ear in a more or less artistic fashion, and the effect, on the whole, is rather pleasing.

These people have a very definite place for God in their lives. The Massai word for God is "Ngai," and this word is constantly on the lips of both the young warrior and the aged sage. They pray to him publicly every morning at the gate of the kraal; they ask him for water, fresh vegetables, numerous posterity, success in cattle-stealing, success in war. Few nations pray as much as they do, but what prayers! They have great faith in certain persons who have, in their eyes, a sacerdotal character and they attribute to them wonderful powers. Like all other nations, they have their vain fears and prejudices, for example, cows must be milked at night and the milk must never be boiled.

They have some idea of the soul, for as soon as someone dies, his name is never again pronounced for fear that his spirit, hearing it, will come back to wander among the living. (A practice, by the way, which is not very favorable to the preservation of historical traditions.) They offer impetratory and expiatory sacrifices, but the Massai do not believe in charms or fetishes nor in the devil. The younger people have great respect for their elders, but in spite of this, quarrels are frequent and blows are often struck. When a person is killed in a fight, the onlookers deliberately ignore the incident but if someone is killed secretly, the guilty party is punished severely.

Is it possible that some day the missionary will be able to build upon this strange foundation the glorious and lasting edifice of the Church of God? to reconstruct forgotten or distorted ideals? to convert and baptize this extraordinary people, in whom so few white people have shown interest, and where no mission is yet established? Why not? It will require a great patience, tact, prudence, hard work, perhaps a little bloodshed. The missionary will have to share the nomadic life of these Massai. and accustom himself to unfamiliar surroundings. But none of these things is beyond the power of men who have their commission from the Catholic Church and who trust in the Grace of Almighty God. Apostles, then, are needed, true apostles; men who are ready for anything and satisfied with everything that will help them bring the faith to these splendid brigands, the Massai.

AFRICANA

Room and Board

When an Mchaga intends to build a home, announcement of the intention is broadcast throughout the neighborhood. Relations, friends and anyone who wishes to lend a hand, gather at the site of the future home and are immediately signed up. Several huge pots of beer (pombe) are brewed by the women-folk, this being the wages all receive for work rendered. All have a particular assignment. The elderly women make the beer; young girls gather grass; boys cut the small poles for the frame-work and the men the stout heavy poles. All the material is brought to the site of the future home and when this is done the men set to work, assisted by the boys. The women and girls keep the men happy at work by serving beer, not to speak of sharing it themselves.

The hut is circular. Stout poles are driven about a foot in the ground, two feet apart. Between these, lighter poles are set and all tied together with a rope made from tree-bark. This again, is made more secure by tying other long, narrow poles around the entire frame-work. The heavy up-rights extend to one-half the height of the hut, acting, more or less, as a foundation while the lighter pieces extend to the full height of the house and are drawn together at the top, thereby shaping the hut to the form of an inverted cone. The framework is then covered with grass from top to bottom. There are no windows or ventilation of any kind. A narrow, low door serves as both entrance and exit.

The house within is divided into two parts, one part for the family and the other for the animals. The living quarters are again subdivided as follows:

A small section within and near the door is the "parlour" and "sitting room." To the right of this are the sleeping quarters for the father and his sons. In the center of the room stands the fire-place—three large stones placed on the ground in the form of a triangle. Beyond the fire-place, opposite the entrance, are the sleeping quarters for the mother and her daughters. A mat, cowhide, and corn-stalks serve as bedding. Near the mother's "bed-room" a place is set aside for the dishes and water-pots.

The cattle section commands about one-third of the space within. Inside the door and to the left, the goats are herded. Next to these and again on the left, stalls are set up to accommodate the cows. Feed boxes are placed in front of both and neither cows nor goats are house-broken.

The banana is the staple food of the inhabitants of Kilimanjaro (Bish included). Although they have other foods, such as corn, sweet potatoes, beef, goat meat, chickens, lamb, beans and local fruit, the banana is considered the most important item in the larder, and so much so that, were a famine to grip the country, it would mean that, despite the prevalence of the aforementioned foods, the banana crop has failed.

Following are fourteen varieties of banana dishes:

- 1. It is split length-wise into narrow strips, mixed with beans and water, salted, and cooked for half an hour. It is then taken off the fire, mashed, a little water added, and eaten.
- 2. Uncooked bananas are made into a paste and eaten.
- 3. The banana is peeled, cut into small slices and boiled. After boiling, the mixture is mashed, milk is added and eaten.
- 4. Peel, wash with water, add pieces of meat and salt, boil for a half hour, add soup and eat.
- 5. Peel the banana and cook in salted water, pound into a mash add meat-soup and serve.
- 6. Peel and smoke over fire. When dried out, sprinkle with salt, cook and serve.
- 7. Peel and dry out in sun. When dry, cook with beans and water. Take off fire, pound into a mash and serve without water.
- 8. Peel and set out to dry. When dry, place in mortar and pound into a flour. This flour is then used to prepare a thick, heavy dough which is cooked and served. This dough may be mixed

and cooked with milk, meat juices or vegetable juices.

9. Cows, goats, sheep and hogs are fed bananas, stalks and leaves of the banana trees.

10. Banana leaves are often used for thatch-

ing houses.

11. Much of the rope used in the construction of houses is gotten from the banana tree. 12. Thread for sewing clothes, for fashioning mats and baskets is procured from the banan tree.

13. Banana leaves are cut up into small pieces and spread over the garden to act as fertilizer.

14. Dried banana leaves are used as bedding for cows, goats and sheep.

"O JESUS LIVING IN MARY"

According to Father Libermann

This prayer was composed by Father de Condern. It is designed to honor the Sacred Mystery of the Incarnation and the effects of the Incarnation in the Blessed Virgin, and it asks for us a share in these admirable effects. Unlike ourselves who frequently lose God's gifts through our faults, our cowardice, our lack of correspondence to grace, God's Mother was not even exposed to suffer such a loss. Mary's love of God and her holiness were constantly on the increase. All graces, all God's gifts produced in her fruits beyond our comprehension. What she once received she preserved and what was capable of increase grew and developed.

Our Lord did not remain corporeally present in Mary and yet the incomprehensible union with God effected by the Incarnation did last throughout her life. At the moment of the Incarnation Mary received as it were the principle and the germ of all the graces and gifts which were unfolded in her throughout her existence

on earth.

We ask Jesus Our Lord to come into our soul and to establish therein the same life, the same graces and gifts though naturally not with the degree of perfection of those forms in Mary. Our reception of Holy Communion is an echo of Jesus become incarnate in Mary, and especially at that blessed moment we also want Jesus to stay with us, to continue to live in us: "Jesus living in Mary, come and live in Thy servants."

"Jesus Living in Mary"

The soul admiringly contemplates Jesus resting, residing, living in Mary, Jesus acting and working in her. The soul rejoices, blesses Jesus, glorifies Mary. The soul realizes its wretchedness in the presence of these Divine operations and yet it dares to draw near to the heart of Jesus and eagerly to desire that He will come and live in the soul as He lived in Mary.

The soul does not simply call: Jesus! but, "Oh Jesus, living in Mary," for it does not consider the life of Jesus in Himself but His life in the Blessed Virgin.

The soul is enraptured when it contemplates this life of Jesus in Mary. Like a child drawn to its mother's heart it lisps but simple familiar terms: Jesus, Mary. Here now is loving familiarity springing from trust and perfect abandonment in the arms of Him Who so sweetly draws it to Himself. The soul is full of admiration but it is also full of respect and of self-abasement. It does not have a clear vision nor comprehension of this Divine Life of Jesus in Mary but it loves nevertheless with languishing love and cries out: "Come."

How helpless the soul, how incapable by its own power of plunging into this ocean of love. It cried out therefore: "Come! And live!" The soul has beheld

however vaguely, the wondrous life of Jesus in Mary. It yearns for the same kind of life in and for itself. It does not ask that Jesus come and dwell in the soul as in a temple or in a tabernacle where He lives only in Himself, but that He come and live in the soul as He lived in Mary.

The soul therefore asks Jesus to establish in it, His perfections to unite the soul most perfectly to Himself, to animate the soul's innermost activity, to become the very principle and the soul of all its movements.

It wants Jesus to pour into the soul all His gifts and all His graces, so that all its sentiments, all its judgements, all its volitions, all its acts proceed from Him alone, and in order that all these activities of the soul be no longer its own but those of Jesus.

"In Thy Servants"

Great, all embracing, is the soul's desire, but great, and profound, also, is the sense of its littleness and its unworthiness. How different the life of Jesus in Mary from what we may hope for ourselves when Jesus lives in us! Jesus lived as Son in His Mother. Even when she had brought forth her Son the Son remained united to her not merely as Creator to a creature, but as a Son to a Mother. How intimate, this union of God with this one Creature! What an effusion of filial love! What an outpouring of graces from the heart of a Divine Son to a human Mother! Relations, intimacy between a Mother and her son are unique, they cannot be duplicated.

We, on the contrary, have the privilege and the blessedness of being servants. Our relations with Jesus are those of servants. It is true that he has deigned to adopt us as brothers, and from this springs our boldness and our loving familiarity. But we remain servants all the same and His life in us that of a Master in His servants as well as that of a brother in his brothers. We became brothers only because His love made Him choose servitude, "taking the form of a servant."

Hence, the first fruit of Jesus living in us is our selfabasement, it is remaining as nothing in His sight.

We are astonished, we are confused at the sight of so much goodness and condescension, as the vilest of slaves would be if his master were to embrace him, clothe him with his garments, allow him to eat at his table, and give him part of his riches. Seeing our great and gracious Lord Jesus, Sovereign King of heaven and earth, come in us to live in our soul, we wish to annihilate ourselves in His presence. Familiarity and love give way momentarily, before the feelings of lowliness, our deep sense of being "servants."

OUR PROVINCE

VOLUME SIX

NUMBER ELEVEN

CONTENTS

Title	Page
Our Dead	. 2
Lest We Forget (Father Jaworski)	. 2
News	
Silver Jubilee of Five Fathers	. 3
Heroism of Priests Draws Wide Praise	. 4
Bells of St. Mary's	. 4
Catholic Studies at St. Mark's	. 4
A Letter From Harlem	4
Editorials	6
Our Mail-Box	
Southern Exposure	7
Letters to the Editor	7
Our Levites	
Ferndale Herald	8
Kernels from Cornwells	8
Articles	
Excerpts from The Bulletin	. 5
Quotations	10
All Souls' Day	10
Thar She Blows	11

DURING THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER WE PRAY FOR:

Father William Healy, died November 2, 1920, aged 75 years.
Father Michael Dangelzer, died November 3, 1912, aged 62 years.
Father Joseph Burgess, died November 4, 1923, aged 43 years.
Rt. Rev. Monsignor William F. Stadelman, died November 6, 1928, aged 59 years.

Brother Tertulliam Moll, died November 10, 1922, aged 60 years. Father Martin O'Donoghue, died November 24, 1924, aged 54 years. Brother Englebert Wisser, died November 24, 1930, aged 91 years.

Lest We Forget

Father Anthony Jaworski

Father Anthony Jaworski was born at Ober—Glagau, in the diocese of Breslau, on the 5th of January, 1845. The temporal and spiritual difficulties of his early years developed in him a solid and well founded character that was to be his main support in the trials of the later years of his life.

His directors referred to him as a fervent Scholastic, and this fervor he exhibited throughout his life. It would be futile to attempt to present his virtues and accomplishments in detail. They are so numerous and varied that a short story of his life would not be sufficient to contain them. He saw in the Religious Life the guarantee of his salvation, in the priesthood the crowning of his desires, and in the Apostolate the object of his fervent aspirations.

Father Anthony was student, musician, and professor in Poland and when he came to this country in 1878 he realized his ambition of becoming a Missionary. His was the duty to open Polish Missions in Arkansas. And here began his real Apostolate. From the day he landed in Arkansas until the day of his death, he saw to it that he would spend himself and be spent for souls. From here Father Anthony began his slow ascent of Calvary that was to end on a cross beside Christ. If ever a man carried the cross of Christ, Father Anthony did. He was everywhere harassed with trials and afflictions. A man with less faith would have despaired amid such ruthless thrusts of fate. Fortitude and perseverance were the two spiritual pillars on which Father Anthony supported himself.

First he built a church only to see it destroyed in an Arkansas hurricane. Next he was tempted to abandon his religious vocation and work as a secular in Detroit in order to devote all his time to help found a much needed Polish seminary. He was forced to abandon this plan and went to Pittsburgh at the Provincial's order. Shortly before, he was unjustly treated by the parishioners of an interdicted Polish parish when he tried to restore order among them. And when after having founded and prospered a fine Polish parish in Pittsburgh, internal trouble again arose, he was forced to leave. The ingratitude of this Pittsburgh parish that he developed and loved, broke his heart. On top of all this his cross was made heavier when he was stricken with a paralysis which made him an invalid for the rest of his days.

Was ever a Religious more frustrated in all his undertakings? This good man gave his all for his people only to be turned away by them. Everything that he touched became a cross. Nor was he spared in any respect: mentally, physically, or spiritually. He was only a man and as a man had human faults, but they were more than counterbalanced by his patient and resigned acceptation of his cross. He lived a true Purgatory on earth. Death came to him on March 24, 1909, more as a sweet and welcome friend than as a thief in the night.

May your heroic soul rest in peace, Father Anthony—a peace undisturbed by the infidelities of mortal men and sufferings of mortal bodies. And when the going gets tough for us then it will be well to reflect for a moment on your indomitable fortitude and perseverance.

SILVER JUBILEE OF FIVE FATHERS

Following is the journal entry for November 15, 1913:

"An ideal day for ordinations. Breakfast at 7:30. The back of the chapel and the gallery were packed with visitors. The following visiting clergy were present: Fathers Griffin, P. McDermott, Fretz, Finn, Carroll, Cronenberger, Czerwinski, Raniszewski. Brother Joseph from St. Mark's was also present. Those ordained to the priesthood (by Bishop Le Roy, Superior General) were:

Rev. P. Sztuka Rev. C. Hannigan Rev. P. Dooley Rev. J. Lundergan Rev. Wm. Teehan Rev. F. Hoeger Rev. J. Fitzpatrick Rev. J. Rossenbach

The newly-ordained gave their blessing to all present, immediately after Mass. Ferndale never before saw such a large number of visitors—autos after autos were coming and going. A good dinner was served to those present, nothing was spared in the line of food no wonder then that the visitors were exceedingly pleased."

(The Journalist was Mr. Lipinski)

So the first ordination class in Ferndale history was chronicled. And now, after twenty-five years, five of the eight ordained still survive, a good average. At their respective posts, appropriate celebrations will be held in honor of the occasion. Our Province did its utmost to obtain photos of the Jubilarians for this issue, but the Fathers seem still to maintain that delightful modesty of scholastic days. Let us rejoice with them on this memorable occasion and offer a prayer for the happy repose of the souls of the deceased members of the class.

Below are given short case histories of the Jubilarians:

Dated Biographies

FATHER CHARLES BERNARD HANNIGAN

Born in Philadelphia, Pa., July 25, 1886 Studies:

St. Joseph's House, 1896-1901

Duquesne University, 1901-1906 (preparatory)

Duquesne University, 1906-1908 (philosophy) Ferndale, 1908-1914 (theology)?

Novitiate:-Ferndale, 1907-1908

Profession:—Ferndale, August 16, 1908

Ordination:—Ferndale, November 15, 1913 Ministry:

Ministry:

Duquesne University, 1914-1920 Cornwells Heights, 1921-1925

Rock Castle, Va., 1925-1926 Chippewa Falls, Wis., 1926-1929

Lake Charles, La., (Pastor) 1929

FATHER JOHN M. LUNDERGAN

Born in Montgomery, Indiana, February 8, 1884 Studies:

Montgomery, Indiana (preparatory)

Duquesne University, 1904-1908 (preparatory) Ferndale, 1909-1911 (philosophy)

Ferndale, 1911-1914 (theology)

Novitiate:—Ferndale, 1908-1909

Profession:—Ferndale, August 15, 1909

Ordination:—Ferndale, November 15, 1913

St. Peter Claver, Phila., Pa., 1914-1917 (assistant) St. John the Baptist, Fort Smith, Ark., 1917-1928 (first pastor)

Master of Novices, Ridgefield, Conn., 1928 . .

FATHER FREDERICK THEODORE HOEGER

Born in Philadelphia, Pa., May 16, 1888

Studies:

Philadelphia, Pa. (preparatory) Cornwells Heights, 1905-1908 (preparatory)

Ferndale, 1909-1910 (philosophy) Ferndale, 1910-1914 (theology)

Novitiate:—1908-1909

Profession:—Ferndale, September 12, 1909 Ordination:-Ferndale, November 15, 1913

Ministry:

Ferndale (professor of Dogma, Liturgy), 1914-1921

Ferndale (master of novices), 1921-1922 Ridgefield (master of novices), 1922-1928 Ferndale (director of scholastics) 1928-1929

St. Mary's, Detroit (pastor), 1929

FATHER JOSEPH ANTHONY ROSSENBACH Born in Wallerhausen, Kreis Waldbrol, Germany, July

24. 1886

Studies:

(preparatory) Lichtenberg, Germany

Duquesne University, 1907-1908 (preparatory)

Duquesne and Ferndale, 1909-1910 (philosophy)

Ferndale, 1911-1914 (theology) Novitiate:—Ferndale, 1908-1909

Profession:—Ferndale, August 15, 1909

Ordination:—Ferndale, November 15, 1913

Ministry:

Duquesne University, 1914-1920

Assist. Director, Holy Childhood, 1920-1928

Director, Holy Childhood, 1928

FATHER JOHN JOSEPH FITZPATRICK

Born in Aughagower, County Mayo, Ireland, June 15, 1884

Studies:

Derrygorman, Westport, Ireland (Christian 1896-1900 Brothers)

London (Salesian Schools), 1900-1903

All Hallow's Seminary, Dublin, 1904-1906 (philosophy)

All Hallow's Seminary, Dublin, 1906-1908 (theology)

Ferndale, 1910-1914 (theology)

Novitiate:—1909-1910

Profession:—Ferndale. November 6. 1910 Ordination:—Ferndale, November 15, 1913

Ministry:

Duquesne University, 1911-1912 (prefect) St. Mary's College, Trinidad, 1914-1918 Duquesne University, 1918-1921

Rock Castle, Va., 1921-1925 Ferndale, 1925-1931

Cornwells Heights, Pa., 1931 . . .

HEROISM OF PRIESTS DRAWS WIDE PRAISE (By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Providence, R. I., Sept. 30—The two Holy Ghost Fathers in charge of St. Anthony's Church, here—the Rev. Bartholomew Buckley, C.S.Sp., and his assistant, the Rev. T. K. Keown, C.S.Sp., have won the praise of Catholics and non-Catholics alike for their heroic work in the storm disaster.

With the hurricane raging and with water sweeping over the Island Park district, the two priests equipped themselves with life belts and waded in water up to their arm pits to aid in the rescue work. Through their efforts homeless children of the stricken section were transferred to Mercy Home and School in Newport, which the Most Rev. Francis P. Keough, Bishop of Providence, threw open to refugee children.

BELLS OF ST. MARY'S (October, 1938)

At ten o'clock on Sunday, September 18th, Father Maxim Therou, C.S.Sp., offered the High Mass at Old Saint Mary's. Ordained three days before, this was his first High Mass and greatly privileged were we to have this young priest stop with us on his way to Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, where he offered his first Solemn High Mass on September 25th.

Classes were resumed in Saint Mary's Commercial School on September 12th, with the largest enrollment in the history of the school. Due to limited seating capacity, many applicants had to be turned away. All this bespeaks the good reputation of the school. The high calibre of the instructors, proven in the success of the graduates of past years, had made Saint Mary's Commercial School the mecca of those young ladies who seek a career in the business world. We take just pride in the record of our Commercial School. We wish its present student body a pleasant year, and one in which it will achieve success and an abiding sense of Christian responsibility.

Proudly do we report that during the summer months several of our young men and women were called by God to serve Him in the Religious Life. Ernest Kempf, John Nader and Angelo Evola left at the beginning of last month for the Junior Seminary of the Holy Ghost Fathers at Cornwells Heights, Penna., where they will make their studies preparatory to entering the Novitiate at a future date. Shortly previous to their departure, three young ladies were received into the Postulate of the School Sisters of Notre Dame at Milwaukee, Wis.

CATHOLIC ACTION STUDIES AT ST. MARK'S, N. Y.

In order to teach others in the program of Catholic Action, Catholics must know their faith. A program of Catholic Action studies is being offered the parishion-

ers of St. Mark's, N. Y., this fall and winter, enabling every man, woman, youth and girl (over 18) to find something of interest to study.

Following is a list of the courses offered. Priests and informed laymen will conduct the courses.

- 1. Study Club on Social Reconstruction.
- 2. Study Club on The Mass and The Liturgy of The Church.
- 3. Study Club on Cooperatives.
- 4. Study Club on Christian Marriage.
- 5. The Worker's School.

A LETTER FROM HARLEM (Digest)

I listened, and heard The cry of the earth-man for bread.

I listened, and heard the cry of the Man-God for love.

Master of Life help me to understand.

In Harlem 300,000 people are herded in forty city blocks, where poverty and misery stalk unchecked. 10,000 of these are Catholics. Communists are very active in Harlem. One out of every three people in Harlem is out of work.

What We Are Doing In Harlem

- 1. The CYO Club, composed of 160 teen age youth of both sexes, for whom we have a balanced program of religious, recreational and educational activities.
- 2. The Youth Centre which we are endeavoring to establish. It will be a large store, serving as a CYO Club Room, where we will have a Catholic Teen-Age Lending Library, Games, Crafts, etc. It is a supervised meeting place to keep youth off the streets.
- 3. Catholic Adult Lending Library, functioning for eight months, with forty clients, a wide mail-order business in the South, but needs more books and money for mailing.
- 4. Various Study Clubs on Social Reconstruction, Liturgy, Cooperatives, etc.
- 5. The Worker's School, opened in October, to teach Labor Ethics, Relations and History.
- 6. Corporal Works of mercy, especially distribution of clothing.
- 7. We have sent two young colored girls to a Catholic College: St. Benedict's College, St. Joseph, Minnesota. We send them pocket money, and help with books, clothes, etc.

Baroness Catherine De Hueck.

Articles

EXCERPTS FROM THE BULLETIN OF THE CONGREGATION IN REFERENCE TO THE GENERAL CHAPTER

BLESSING OF HOLY FATHER

Here is the text of the telegram received by the Superior General on the occasion of the General Chapter:

Vatican City. His Holiness deigns to extend paternal wishes on proceedings of General Chapter, and imploring light of Holy Ghost sends apostolic Benediction with His whole heart as pledge of a happy issue.

APPROBATION BY THE SACRED CONGREGA-TION OF RELIGIOUS OF THE REELECTION OF MONSIGNOR LE HUNSEC:

The Procurator General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost humbly prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness asks confirmation of the reelection by the General Chapter of His Excellency Louis Le Hunsec as Superior General, elected on the first ballot, with 49 votes from 68 electors.

REPLY

In virtue of the faculties granted by His Holiness, the Sacred Congregation of Religious, having given consideration to above petition, cordially grants the grace of confirmation of Monsignor Le Hunsec as Superior General, "servatis de jure servandis, contrariis quibuscumque non obstantibus."

Rev. L. M. Pasetto, Secretary.

LETTER FROM THE CARDINAL PREFECT OF THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF THE PROPAGANDA:

Rome, July 30, 1938

To His Excellency, Most Rev. Monsignor Le Hunsec, Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost:

Your Most Reverend Excellency:

The Procurator General of your institute has informed this Sacred Congregation of the reelection of Your Excellency as Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. It is now my privilege to indicate to you that the Propaganda has received this information with the greatest pleasure. And it is thus most gratifying to me to offer you my sincere congratulations and best wishes, that your Excellency may be able to continue in your present position so full of responsibility, with entire success for the good of the Institute over which you so ably preside, and of the Missions which are confided to it.

I profit of this occasion to again declare myself with most profound respect

the most devoted servant of your Excellency,

Pietro Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. LETTER ADDRESSED TO HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XI, BY THE MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL, AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE GENERAL CHAPTER:

Most Holy Father:

The Superior General and the members of his Council, in the name of all the members of the General Chapter of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, now assembled in convention, humbly prostrate themselves at the feet of Your Holiness to proclaim to the common Father of all the faithful their undying attachment.

They all know well the instructions and counsels that your Holiness so magnificently gives to all missionaries, and they follow them without any reserve. They all loudly proclaim their joy to work for the extension of Holy Church, in infidel countries especially, under the august auspices of Your Holiness.

In their own name and in the name of all their confreres, who today number 3,500, they beg of you, Most Holy Father, to accept the respectful homage of their devotion to the great Cause of the Propagation of the Faith.

Missionaries first of all, and also religious, in order to work in the missions with greater efficiency and security, they presume to ask Your Holiness the Apostolic Benediction on their persons, their works, on the faithful under their charge.

That Your Holiness would deign likewise to bless the decisions taken in this General Chapter, and which shall be adopted, in order that they may be carried out for the greater glory of God.

Bless us, Most Holy Father, in order that being faithful to the prescriptions of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda and to the Constitutions, we may always remain

the most respectfully obedient and devoted children of Your Holiness,

Louis Le Hunsec, Superior General.

Father Janin, 1st Assistant General Father Jolly, 2nd Assistant General Fathers Cabon, Muller, Monnier, Griffin, General Councillors.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE LETTER FROM CARDINAL PACELLI, SECRETARY OF STATE TO HIS HOLINESS:

Vatican City, August 17, 1938

Monsignor Le Hunsec, Superior General, C.S.Sp.,

Your Most Reverend Excellency:

By the letter which you have addressed to the Holy Father, in the name of your General Chapter, in order to pay him the homage of your undying attachment, you have only affirmed that which for a long time past has been the tradition of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, and which has been especially manifest in the various fields of their missionary activity.

This activity exercised without any relaxation by the valiant army of your conferers, entirely devoted to

continued on page 9



OUR PROVINCE

VOL. 6

NOVEMBER, 1938

No. 11

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PROVINCIAL $FOR\ PRIVATE\ CIRCULATION$

HOLY GHOST FATHERS, FERNDALE, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Editorial Office: 65 West 138th Street, New York, N. Y. Printed at St. Joseph's House, 16th & Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Editorial

This is the fifth birthday of Our Province. Its purpose has been amply set forth in previous issues announcing its anniversaries. There is hardly need to restate it here. Suffice it to say, we have attempted to make it interesting, even edifying and worthwhile and sometimes dignified. Many experiments have been tried to stimulate the interest of all the confreres of the province. Innovations have been made, some at the suggestion of the greybeards amongst us, some by the junior contingent and still others by the various editors: actual, managing and supervising. All seem agreed that it has achieved a certain measure of success but we are not satisfied nor are you. By and large it has been praised generously in many quarters, in fact, in all the outlying provinces, vice-provinces and communities of our religious family, where, to quote our own Most Rev. Father General, "it is always read with special delight and satisfaction." Meant originally and exclusively for our own American province, it has been requested by the others. For what special reasons, we can only surmise. It has been written from an American point of view, in the American language, never stiff, not at all formal, we trust, and with no pretense at being high-brow or literary although this last quality is certainly not purposely submerged nor officially tabooed. For all the kind things said about it we are grateful.

By the same token it has been warmly criticized and enthusiastically too, by many of its American readers, in the sincere hope, we believe, that it might improve in form and content. Believe it or not, it is the earnest desire of the editors, "junior, amateur and unseasoned," and sundry others, to meet these kindly criticisms. But please remember, Our Province is not the work of any one individual. It is the labor of many. Our Province means you, and you, and you! All of you are Our Province. It can only be as good as you are. Your help is needed for every issue. The brick-bats, the managing editor tries to dodge, but sometimes nodding, gets their full force. The bouquets he generously passes on quietly to those who merit them. It's a lot of fun when your sense of humor is high. No editor or group of editors can manufacture the news. It's up to you. Our Province, to furnish it. All admit you like

to read the news. So send it in and our job will be lots easier. No one up to this, has gotten so exasperated that he has cancelled his copy. On the contrary, when copies have not been received promptly, we have been notified in a big hurry. Our trouble has been to keep the mailing list to a bare minimum. Everything going to make up Our Province is free: the writing, the preparing of copy, the printing, the proof-reading, the paper, the envelopes, the addressing. (Oh yes, the P. P. has to pay the cost of mailing, I nearly forgot). Perhaps this is all a mistake, remembering the old saw: "What costs nothing is worth nothing." It costs plenty in effort.

A post-graduation timidity and shyness seem to paralyze the pens of the very promising junior clergy as soon as they get into the harvest fields of the ministry. (And they have reason to know the difficulties of Our Province). Is the effort too much? It certainly can't be they are disillusioned. Has your youthful spirit fled so soon? Has your daring been challenged by "the hard facts of life?" Has your enterprise been stifled? Has your fervor waned and your zeal vanished? Great things have been left unchronicled because communications coming our way have been labeled with the poisonous bylines: "this is off the record;" "please do not publish in O. P.;" "don't mention my name, I don't want to get in dutch," etc., etc. Otherwise facile pens suddenly become steeped in the depths of wariness and caution, make editors wonder if good-natured ribbing has not too often wounded to the quick sensitive souls who were expecting a pat on the back or a word of encouragement, both of which cost so little and mean so much. Priests are leaders, with high ideals, noble principles. Express them, better still, live them. Swallow hard and keep on fighting even though discouragements haunt your every step. The captain must see straight no matter what the weather. The needle of his compass may vibrate and tremble but it always points to the North. "The man who never makes a mistake never makes anything." Here is a slam-bang notice: "Give us the news! Why don't you get wise and keep your secondrate opinions to yourself, especially those on current plays and books and your effusions on the changing weather at Ferndale. No one is interested in them. I say again, give us the news! It's beyond the beyond when juniors and amateurs write jejune editorials for seasoned veterans; they simply exasperate me but I

regain my composure when I realize they are talking through their hats. Oh yes, I know full well that mere seasoning doesn't give some of us much sense. I'm afraid our Ferndale-selves of the long ago and the not so long ago, are as good as we'll ever be." That's frankness for you. It's also the first contribution we have provoked from a none-too-shy member of the family. For which, thanks. And call again. We like people who can explode and get mad once in a while. So jot down your impressions wherever you are and send them in. Let the other fellow see your slant on the universe. Write your violent reactions before you get used to your new surroundings. You don't like the slavish adherence to forms and historic things: a kind of apotheosis of the past with an implied belief that nothing can be improved upon? You don't find solid comfort in the fact that all that was in the past must be forever and forever and forever? You sense all about you a conservatism that is aggravating, and a distrust that is no compliment to human nature. Cleanliness and hygiene differ to a degree that is nothing short of appalling. Slowly but surely you will be changed in many ways by these things, your viewpoint will be influenced by all you see and experience and that without taking an extended course in Yale University on "The Impact of Western Civilization on Eastern People," or vice versa. Your powers of observation are keen. You have been subjected to a long process of strict mental discipline in a good school. Let's see some of the results. You have standards of judgment. Bring them into play. Tell us what you like and why. Describe what irritates you. We'll be interested. The first Jesuit missionaries to North America wrote their observations minutely, painstakingly, under strict orders from their superiors, it is true. But it took tremendous effort and energy. Idle men never could have produced "The Jesuit Relations," which today form the chief source of every good and worthwhile book on the authentic history of our continent. You can advertise your work as they did. We need advertising and we need it badly. It was an American, wasn't it, who wrote the play: "It Pays To Advertise?" We boast, and rightly too, we sincerely believe, that everything in America is big, broad, expansive, generous, great, and that the Catholic Church in America shares these. Let's prove it that those who come after us may bless Our Province for what it has done to encourage them. And may its failings and shortcomings, few or many, be tolerated in the generous spirit of America. We do want to improve. It's up to you, and you, and you, to help us, We are 201 Fathers in the province today, 82 scholastics, 25 brothers and 92 apostolics; we must stand together or hang separately!

"The best parishes in the United States are those parishes that contribute most generously to the missionary work. The best Catholic homes in the land are those homes in which sacrifices are made for the missionary conquest in foreign lands." (Archbishop Canevin)

Our Mail Box

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

Lew Lehr on his weekly turn on a radio program has been saying, "Monkeys is the craziest peoples," and that may be so, but probably the strangest people in America live right here in Alabama. About 150 miles from Tuscaloosa is an odd colony of 700 Negroes, typically Senegalese, living on Gee's Bend on the Alabama River in Wilcox county. Their history goes back more than 135 years. They originally started with only 100 slaves but have increased to their present number and in all that time none have ever crossed the river. They barter in the old fashioned way and at an old fashioned trading post. They have their own laws and these are very few. "The laws of Nature," people call them. "Engagement children" has been the butt of many a joke but here the joke takes on reality and ceases to retain its humor. here the joke takes on reality and ceases to retain its numor. A prospective bride bears four children before becoming eligible for marriage. I've often wondered about those who have no more than three. Three times a mother but never a bride!!! The Federal Government has "recently" become aware of this 135 year old colony and intends to civilize them. Some of their customs must be discarded! Wonder how the government ever found them? The leader of the colony bears the great name of Patrick Bendoff. If you can discard this great in a priming anything up in Africa which can surpass this in priming dig anything up in Africa which can surpass this in primitiveness, let's have it, boys. I believe it would be interesting; or doan-cha?... Looks like memorial year for some of the Southern Missions. St. James' in Alexandria got a new chapel in the convent. Same for St. Mary's in Tuscaloosa and St. Francis' Chapel got a memorial organ. A Hammond at that! University of Alabama is also expanding, even tho' its Rose Bowl hopes are shrinking fast. Why didn't they give a personality course at the Dale when I was there? ... perhaps it's the prefecting ... Oh, well!!!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

We are hearing complaints about "No personal news items" in OUR PROVINCE and the answer "Nobody sends in any." Then here are a couple:

Our devoted confrere, Rev. John A. Aikens, C.S.Sp., has bravely plunged once again into the contemplative life at the Trappist Monastery in Gethsemane, Ky. We wish him health

and happiness and the grace of perseverance.

Father Albert Demers, C.S.Sp., a native of New England, a son of our very neighborly Vice-Province or Community of Canada, already a seasoned missionary by some years of service in Haiti, and assigned by our Most Rev. Father General to the U.S.A., has been taking Father Aikens' place until now at St. Mary's, Detroit.

Detroit is still talking of a play produced by Father Ackerman over 4 months ago. The play was "Under Cover." The cast was St. Mary's Commercial School. The place was Wilson Theatre, the largest downtown theatre which he filled to

capacity.

Our confreres at St. Peter Claver's Colored Parish in Detroit, opened the large former German school of the Sacred Heart parish to their colored children on September 12th. The school was first opened in St. Peter Claver's rectory two years ago but that became too small. To our devoted confreres, Fathers Thiefels and Caron, we say: "Prospere, procede et regna."

P. S.—Tell Father Collins not to say that we never sent

in an item.

II

Excuse me if this appears as an interference; it is only meant as a charitable help. There is an important inaccuracy in the first sentence of the English translation of the letter of Father General; no doubt, on account of a slight oversight.

The election of the Superior General did not precede the General Chapter. In fact, the Chapter was convened primarily to elect a Superior! General. Father General did not use the word PRECEDE but PROCEDE and therefore the translation ought to read—"to which, according to schedule, the General Chapter proceeded"—that is, after the opening formalities it proceeded to the election of the Superior Gen.

Our Levites

FERNDALE HERALD

September 21. The tail of the hurricane you've read about nearly wrecked the place. Two full days without electricity brought us all the way back to primitive things. The staid monastic fare was cooked in the picturesque (?) "hobo jungle." One heard whispers that the meals were more than all right . . . Had a big nite on the 31st... The Theatre of the Dale produced "Room Service" in honor of Bishop Byrne and for the departing Africans. 'Twas a grand success, as all the speakers emphasized. Besides a word of adieu from Messrs. J. Gallagher and J. Rengers, the Fribourgians, we heard from Father Ken Milford, "whom we had an awful time getting out of the country" (to quote his own words). His message was that he had actually booked passage for Puerto Rico, and no foolin'; upon this he was accorded a terrific ovation! (We're glad you can take it, Ken) ... After a farewell message from each of the neo-missioners, Fathers Leonard, Fusan and Dellert, His Excellency gave us a spirited talk. He appeared to have something to sell, and we think he button-holed some customers . . . At any rate, he gave the Ecclesiastical Haircut to Mr. Rengers on October 1st . . . Father Roach gave an astonishing talk to the scholastics. He's sold on the Colored Question, and if you want a half hour's worth, he'll give it free, and you'll like it. We will hold you to your promise to come again soon, Father . . . As usual Maryknoll came and trimmed us again; this time in both tennis and baseball! The Bursar justly regrets the useless expenditure for the new bat . . . October 2nd saw the Africans leave home and fatherland . . . the ships for Puerto Rico and Fribourg weighed anchor on the 8th; a silent and reverent pause for the boys we will miss so much... Columbus Day was a spectacle! some sixty Roman Collars and Black Ties invaded the local movie Emporium to witness "Boys' Town." (Comment of a wide-eyed youngster: "that's the 26th, and they're still coming!") ... Heu! (hey you) laudatores acti temporis, the modern scholastics scooped a thousand bushels of spuds WITHIN ONE WEEK! Look to your laurels, my boys... WILJY is Father Knight's new name; he's a licensed Wireless Telegraphy operator, and will send or receive any messages you wish; Calling Paris, Tanga, Fribourg, Puerto Rico, please stand by . . . we're awaiting the day he answers the dogma questions in Morse Code.

PROFESSIONS AT RIDGEFIELD Thomas Patrick Crimmins, October 7. John Schlicht, October 21.

Your prayers are kindly requested for the following benefactors of Ridgefield and Ferndale who died last month:

Mr. John Conley, of Rridgefield, Conn.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Eugene P. Carroll, P.A., M.R., LL.D., pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Grace, Hoboken, N. J.

KERNELS FROM CORNWELLS

Tropical hurricanes in New England, flaming red leaves on the oaks, the golden pumpkins, with the temperature at 87! Sort of incongruous, but what can we do about it, if Dame Nature gets her time-tables mixed. Perhaps it is her convulsion at the change of time back to God's way of running things, on Standard Time.

Now to chronicle our events. There is a certain pride in boasting of disaster and while our misfortune was nothing compared to the hardships of the brethren 'Way down East,' the seven day rain spell did leave us rather damp when it descended on us through odd nooks and corners of the roof, through closed doors and windows, and when it even came up from down under, in the basement refectory. There was some fun speculating on where it would come in next.

But rainy weather could not dampen the ardor of our boys in their devotion to the Little Flower. During the Novena her statue was given a prominent place in the sanctuary where fragrant flowers and innocent childish faces 'adorned' her shrine.

Then came the big event of the Autumn months, the Annual Retreat. For three days the boys did really quiet down and to all appearances did really make a good retreat. Father F. X. Williams, the retreat master, claims that the quieting-down period established a new record, for he never new it to go beyond one and a half days. (What do you have, Frank, that we haven't got?) Retreat Reflections: Gee, you'd think he was the director; he knows everything that's going on.

While we don't want to kick the retreat around, let's get over to the sports, to say that two leagues and the 3rd field are indulging in the national pastime, since the Yanks have taken the late pastime out of circulation. Yes, the pigskins are flying. The annual Columbus Day High School vs. College game was a real moral victory for the Preppers. With a 0-0 score, the Junior team by far outplayed the College aggregation.

This year our Very Rev. Superior, Father Riley, is representing Father Provincial at the 8th National Eucharistic Congress in New Orleans. Please accept him also as our community representative for renewing acquaintances with the confreres below the Line.

We would also like to report that Father Zell is gradually improving at St. Agnes' Hospital. He is now able to sit up unassisted in a wheel chair. Your continued prayers are requested for his recovery.

The first fruit and victim which God demanded of the American Province was a young scholastic, Mr. John Brady, who received the habit on February 2, 1882. He died December 7, 1882, and is buried in St. Mary's Cemetery, Sharpsburg. The notice in the Bulletin read: "His angelic piety made him a model for his confreres; this gives them the confidence that they have in him now a protector in Heaven. We recommend him nevertheless to the prayers of the Communities, especially the houses of Formation."

Articles

continued from page 5

the extension of the Reign of God, especially amongst the infidels has rendered and continues to render in the Church, services that the Vicar of Jesus Christ is happy to acknowledge, and for which he loves to express to you once again his paternal gratitude.

The decisions which your General Chapter have just taken are without doubt a new proof of the firm will of your Institute to serve the cause of Jesus Christ in the world with means always most appropriate, and in a spirit always most elevated, thanks to a supernatural life profoundly practiced. The Holy Father also rejoices over your work and confidently expects the greatest fruits for the good of souls and the personal sanctification of your subjects.

In expressing these desires his paternal heart begs of God to preserve all of you in your zeal for good, and to strengthen your forces. Meanwhile he thanks you most cordially for your kind letter and sends you with all his heart, the Apostolic Blessing for yourself, your works and for all the faithful under your charge.

Particularly happy over the occasion thus afforded me, I again proclaim to Your Excellency the expression of my most devoted affections.

E. Cardinal Pacelli.

THE GENERAL CHAPTER

The retreat in preparation for the General Chapter opened at Chevilly on Sunday evening, July 17, as had been announced in the circular of the Superior General. Father Janin was the retreat preacher. Twice a day in the large study hall of the scholasticate which recalled to most of the confreres many souvenirs of the past, the retreat master, in a manner most distinguished, exposed to us the necessity of the interior life and of the particular manner in which we as Spiritains ought to understand and practice it, namely, according to the school of our Venerable Father. For a week the retreat continued in the calm and regularity of exercises in common. On Friday, July 22, Solemn Mass was celebrated by His Excellency, Bishop Byrne, for all the deceased confreres and following a custom introduced several years back, before the ceremony of absolution, the Superior General read the long list of the deceased members for the past year. The following day, Saturday, at 3 o'clock, in the auditorium of the new building at Chevilly, which shall be called henceforth the Chapter Hall, was held the preliminary meeting of the General Chapter. After reading the documents of convocation of the Chapter and certain other circulars, the Superior General then read the names of those who were to take part in the deliberations. There was a total of 72 members present of which 4 had consultative votes. On Sunday, July 24, after the High Mass and a short discourse by the Superior General, all the members of the Chapter came to the foot of the altar to take the oath required by our Constitution and on the afternoon

of the same day, in order to reserve the following day entirely for the election of the Superior General, Monsignor Le Hunsec read the report on the actual situation of the Congregation and its works and the Procurator General made his report on the financial condition of the Congregation.

On Monday, July 25, at 9 o'clock, was held the meeting to elect a superior general. On the first ballot Monsignor Le Hunsec was reelected. Immediately Father Brault, procurator of the Congregation at the Holy See, hastened to inform the Sacred Congregation of Religious. The approbation of Rome reached us a few hours later and at half past five the members of the Chapter assembled in the chapel with the members of the Community of Chevilly, the novices of Orly, and proceeded with the installation of the Superior General. Monsignor Le Hunsec made the Profession of Faith of Pius IV, and took the oath of office required by our Constitutions. Then at the altar he received the declaration of obedience of all the fathers present. The election of the members of the General Council took place the next day, July 26. The following named functionaries were elected: Assistants-Fathers Janin, Jolly; Councillors-Fathers Cabon, Muller, Monnier, Griffin. In the meantime the different commissions named by the Chapter had already begun their work. The numerous propositions submitted from all sides and of which the text was placed before each member of the Chapter were studied with care and duly considered, and every day, several times even in the day, the members of the Chapter assembled in general meeting to hear the report of these Commissions and approve them or to discuss their merits. This intense work continued until Saturday, July 30, the final meeting for discussion took place at 8:45 p. m., truly a night session. The final assembly took place Sunday, July 31, after the High Mass.

At the last repast, especially prepared through the consideration of Father Bursar and the efficient help of the Brothers in the kitchen, after a toast offered to the Holy Father by Monsignor Le Hunsec, His Excellency, Archbishop Leen, in the name of all the confreres present, congratulated the Superior General on his reelection and assured him of the affectionate confidence of all the Congregation. Monsignor Genoud, regaining for the moment his warm and persuasive function as Master of Novices, admonished us to be ever faithful to the teachings of our Venerable Founder and to the devotion of Our Lady of Victories. The closing words were spoken by the Superior General himself who assured us of his entire devotion and a continuation of his paternal solicitude, counting on the good-will and the supernatural spirit of all to continue to bear the heavy task which the Congregation had confided to him.

SUGGESTION

The "Life of the Venerable Libermann," by Father Lee, will make an excellent Christmas gift for Priests, Sisters, relatives, and friends. The Procurator has a supply of these books on hand and will fill all orders promptly.

QUOTATIONS

"... The setting up of three new colored churches within the last three years has brought the personnel of Holy Ghost Fathers in the same three years from five to eleven and the A. B. C. M. fund has been tapped thereby. In this connection I would like to refer to the dedication of the new church for the colored in Mansura, dedicated late in May this year. These colored folk, some four hundred in number, occupied a quasi transept in white St. Paul's church. At the dedication there were twenty-two priests on hand and about forty white people from St. Paul's. Fancy what that means as to interest in the colored apostolate."

"... Alexandria Diocese numbers thirty-eight diocesan priests, less than a dozen regulars working among our whites and eleven Holy Ghost Fathers who do most of the colored work. Our territory is larger than Massachusetts and Connecticut. There are almost a million people in the diocese and our Catholic people constitute five percent of this number. We are a happy unit of Holy Mother Church; but I believe that any Alexandria priest in the Directory list will be in a receptive mood to the generosity of any priest in the more prosperous parts of the country who may chance to read this informed report."

Most Rev. D. F. Desmond, D.D., Bishop of Alexandria.

"... Again, I point out with pride, the phenomenal achievement in the Tulsa Colored Work. Unparalleled in the annals of modern day, American Convert-making is the work of Rev. Daniel P. Bradley, C.S.Sp. On June 30th, 1938, he baptized the 208 colored adult convert. Let me repeat, Father Bradley instructed and baptized 208 converts from June 30, 1937 to June 30, 1938.

"We have an old apartment house for a school and Sisters' residence. Three frame buildings moved from other parts of town are scattered about the grounds. Each serves as an additional classroom. It is an awful mess, but what can we do? It takes money and plenty of it to build adequately. We need a large school for the colored in Tulsa. Two years ago we erected a fine brick church for the colored by putting on a drive among the white people of the different parishes. We are not now justified in doubling back for more to build a school building.

"We have just procured another old shack for next year's increase and that will mean added expense for another teacher in Tulsa, another must be added to Uganda Martyrs in Okmulgee, where Father W. C. Strahan, C.S.Sp., is pastor."

Rt. Rev. Msgr. A. F. Monnot, V.G. for Missions, Diocese of Oklahoma City and Tulsa.

"... Away down in Southern Louisiana is the Catholic colored man's paradise. Statistics will tell you that there are some 100.000 colored Catholics here, and that the Diocese of Lafayette, of all dioceses, stands preeminently blessed with some 70,000 according to the 1936 census, thus forming almost one-third of this populous diocese.

"However, there is not only quantity but also quality. This glorious number and their genuine Catholicity is a just tribute to the indefatigable labors of those devoting their lives to the colored. Chief in this field of renown are the Holy Ghost and Josephite Fathers with 5 and 4 parishes respectively, laudibly emulating one another, and benefitting their charges spiritually and materially. In this labor of love they are seconded, efficiently and holily, by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, the Holy Ghost Sisters and the Holy Family Sisters. The Divine Word Fathers and the Jesuits are each in charge of one parish.

"Certainly with this variety of laborers, and especially with the background of historical and local Catholicism, everything points to the fact that here in Southern Louisiana, where almost one-half of all the U. S. colored Catholics are centered, under the intellectual guidance of Xavier University in New Orleans, forging irresistibly ahead, the conversion of the race should be

easiest and speediest."

Rev. Godfrey J. Cook, S.J., quoted by Most Rev. Jules B. Jeanmard, D.D., Bishop of Lafayette.

The wholesome custom of bowing the head at the name of Jesus is fast falling into desuetude among both lay people and clergy alike.—Anon.

In 1541, Fernando de Soto crossed the Mississippi into Arkansas about 30 miles below Helena. He was accompanied by 12 priests. Mass was said at or near what is now Helena in June, 1541. This was the first Christian religious exercise held west of the Mississippi.

Where St. Cyprian's Church, Helena, Arkansas, now stands, was the former site of an old Southern mansion. Behind the building three flights of old brick and concrete stairs lead down to the bottom land.

ALL SOULS' DAY

The angelus bell had just finished striking its noon-day reminder; it was a day of rare warm sunshine, with Cornwells Heights looking its best, as the body of Father Peter Zell was laid away to rest in the community cemetery of our Apostolic College, on All Souls' Day, 1938.

On October 29th, early in the morning, Fr. Zell passed away in St. Agnes' Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., after a lingering illness of five months with his confrere, Fr. John J. Fitzpatrick, at his bedside. Cheerful, patient, resigned, he had received the last sacraments in the full possession of his faculties and with great peace. Only last May, Fr. Zell was assigned to Cornwells Heights. It was in the hope that he might respond to expert treatment that he was sent East from Bay City, Mich. Advanced diabetes however, necessitated the immediate amputation of one leg and although he became well enough to go about on crutches, a sudden relapse brought him to death's door.

The funeral Mass was sung by Father Roth, Father Kmiecinski was deacon, and Father Holt, sub-deacon. Present in the sanctuary was Bishop Byrne of Kilimanjaro with Fr. Provincial and Fr. Kirkbride acting as Chaplains. The office and the Requiem Mass were

beautifully rendered by the apostolics under the direction of Fr. Kettl. Besides the members of the community and the above-mentioned, the following priests were present for the obsequies: Fathers Nugent and Garrity, pastor and curate of the local parish; Fathers Pobleschek, Williams, Thessing, F. J. Wrenn, Collins, F. J. Smith, T. C. Dooley, Mulvoy, Roach, W. Duffy, Haines, J. Bradley, Recktenwald; Brothers Edwin and Joseph from Eddington, and four Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

The sermon was preached by Father Thessing, pastor of St. John's, Dayton, Ohio (one of Father Zell's boys), and a touching tribute it was, revealing, eloquent and deeply moving. A more extended notice we hope to publish later. R. I. P.

THAR SHE BLOWS

It is rather a grim tale, the story of the destructive storm that on Wednesday, September 21, devastated Rhode Island and most of New England. The smallest state in the Union is accustomed to storms, for they blow in from the great Atlantic Ocean quite often, but very, very seldom with the fury of a hurricane. Extraordinarily high tides, too, are of more or less frequent occurrence, but none so high as that which accompanied this particular storm. We always thought that New England was out of the hurricane belt. We now know that there is no predicting the vagaries of these disturb-

When the newspapers and the radio announced a few days before that a hurricane was approaching the shore-line of Florida, 'we sympathized with the inhabitants of that State. And when the same agencies informed us that the storm had veered and was going out to sea, we were glad. Yet we felt that the whiplash of the tail end of the storm would perhaps make itself felt here along the coast, and so we had enough experience to make things snug and tight. But certainly we were not prepared for what actually happened. No

hurricane warning advised us.

The newspapers and newsreels have long since given their sad, impressive record of the work of the storm. This record was not so different from the record of every other disaster, whether it be the eruption of Vesuvius, an earthquake in California, a war in Spain, or a burricane in Florida or New England. The shambles all look alike, stark desolation and destruction. Yet the full force of its poignancy does not strike us until actual experience has schooled us. No one who has not actually been through a storm like that which hit New England can quite gather from the pictures of the damage done the terror, the horror, the awe of such a catastrophe, just as no one looking at Dore's gruesome illustrations of the "Inferno" can fully grasp the torture of Hell. Some sort of anodyne to fear was given because each of us could see only a small portion of it at a time. It was only later, when we had had time to look back and to imagine what could have happened to us, that the full realization of its immensity burst upon us. But it may be marked down as absolutely certain that none of us wishes another hurricane.

If you imagine the purring of a gigantic dynamo in a super-power house, you will have just a faint idea of what the wind sounded like. Then speed the dynamo to its greatest capacity, amplify the sound a thousandfold, and let it loose through the land and you will arrive at some definite knowledge of what we went through in the hours from three-fifty until six. anemometer registered a speed of over a hundred miles an hour.

The physical result of all this, of course, was the destruction of life and property. Trees that had graced the woods and lawns and roadsides were uprooted. Houses were toppled, barns, sheds, buildings were destroyed, blown into bits by the force of the wind. Cattle and fowl were killed and crops still standing in the fields were blighted. The leaves on the trees that were left standing were seared as though by a hot blast. Roads were made impassable by fallen trees and telephone and electric light poles. Darkness came and there was no power. Then in a few moments we were back in the last century. Kerosene lamps gave us light. Cooking was done on oil stoves. Houses were heated by fireplaces. But we had not time to think of all that on the first night.

The hurricane alone would have been bad enough. But along with it we had an extraordinarily high tide. The wind gathered together the waters of the ocean, and they combined with a perigee tide and were flung over the seacoast in one grand wave which swept everything before it. Then was desolation complete. Boats, cottages, houses, fishing gear, roads, all were washed away. Whole settlements and sections disappeared and left no mark of their passing save the debris piled up miles and miles inland. Anything caught in that tide was swept away. Behind was left only desolation

almost hopeless.

Property loss is hard enough to bear, but little Rhode Island had the added burden of loss of life. Even now one starts awake at night from the dread dreams in which comes back to him the sight of men and women struggling with the waters, buffeted on the rocks, or floating motionless on the waves. These lives cannot be restored. They are the fearful toll of the waves and

Many tales of heroism could be told, tales of men and women who risked their own lives in order to bring succor to those in need. But the greatest tale of all to tell is the story of how those, who even though they themselves had suffered loss, forgot their own needs and ministered to those more unfortunate. Men and women were left homeless by the storm, but they were taken in and housed by their neighbors. Left with nothing but the clothes they were wearing when the blow struck, they were clothed by their neighbors, fed by them and cared for by them. The memory of the storm will long remain with us, but side by side with it will remain the memory of those whose charity prompted them to forget themselves and to care for those who suffered most.

For ourselves we were indeed fortunate. Little serious damage was done to any of the parishes in this section of Rhode Island. A few shingles blown from the roofs, a few trees felled in the groves, but that was all. Nevertheless we saw enough suffering and horror and terror to satisfy us for the rest of our lives.



OUR PROVINCE

VOLUME SIX

December, 1938

NUMBER TWELVE

CONTENTS

Title	Page
Our Dead	
News	
Official Appointments	. 3
Two Jubilees	
Bells of St. Mary's	
"Blackest White Man in Harlem"	
Duquesne University	. 5
Our Mail Box	
Southern Exposure	
Letters to the Editor	. 5
Wakefield Second Nativity Play	. 6
Our Levites	
Scholastics Abroad	. 7
Ferndale Herald	. 8
Kernels from Cornwells	. 8
Articles	
Father Schwab	. 9
Avis du Mois	. 10
January 6, 1915	11
Lecture on Byzantine Rite	
International Catholic League	
Book Reviews	. 12

A CHRISTMAS CARD

To all the confreres of OUR PROVINCE, at home and abroad, I send cordial Christmas greetings and best wishes for the New Year.

C. J. PLUNKETT, C.S.Sp.,

Provincial.

GLKBLKBLKBLKBLKBLKBLKBLKBLKBLKBLK

OUR DEAD

DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER WE PRAY FOR:

Father Emil Knaebel, who died December 9, 1933, aged 63 years. Father Amos Johns, who died December 10, 1914, aged 33 years. Brother Celsus McCabe, who died December 12, 1928, aged 101 years. Brother Hieronymus Schneider, who died December 13, 1931, aged 79 years. Father Edward Schmitz, who died December 16, 1901, aged 49 years. Father Francis Olfen, who died December 19, 1927, aged 63 years. Father Peter Breidenbent, who died December 31, 1892, aged 29 years.

Lest We Forget

Father William Stadelman

Just ten years ago in the month of November, 1928, we lost an energetic and beloved confrere in Monsignor William Frederick Stadelman. He was one of the shining lights of the Congregation at that time and his departure left a vacancy that could not be filled, but only continued, as it were.

Father William was born in the district of Woods Run, Allegheny, Pittsburgh, on the 12th of February, 1869. He was baptized in the Church of St. Joseph and his primary studies were made in the same parish school. At the end of his primary schooling he went to work. However, not long after, disillusioned by the distractions and vanities of the world, he heard the call and decided to enter a missionary society. He entered our Congregation at the age of 18, was ordained priest in 1898, and made his consecration the following year. From his first day among the Holy Ghost Fathers until his death, his missionary zeal never waned. He, like many of us, never had the privilege of going to missionary Africa. But his heart, manner and dreams were ever those of a missionary and he was fervently devoted to the colored work and most abandoned souls.

His first appointment was to the College in Pittsburgh, where he remained but a short time. In 1901 he was named director of the small residence at Rock Castle, Belmead, Virginia. He spent 11 years at this post, devoting himself generously to the spiritual formation of this so interesting work of the negro children. Since he was denied Safaris, he was resolved not to be outdone by his African confreres so he made repeated trips all over the state of Virginia in an effort to evangelize, instruct, and assist the unfortunate negroes.

He tells an interesting anecdote of himself in a letter to Monsignor Le Roy about this time. He was assisting at the burial services of a colored man and noticed that many Baptists were present at the grave, so he transformed his sermon that would have been a panegyric into an apologetic discourse. He said that he spoke with all the fervor of a Baptist minister. Then he ends his letter, "In spite of the presence of two Baptist ministers, the audience encouraged me from the beginning to the end by shouting frequently: 'Amen, Brother,' 'That's true,' 'It's the gospel,' 'alleluia,' etc.''

His next assignment was director of Apostolics at Cornwells. From there he was transferred to St. Benedict's parish in Pittsburgh. Finally he received his most honorable and responsible position of all when he was chosen National Director of the Holy Childhood in the United States. It was in this capacity he received the purple of the papal household.

Somehow Father William brings to mind the now famous Father Flanagan of "Boystown." Except for the space of a few years Father William was spending himself among youthful souls—a task that was dear to the heart of so understanding and kindly a man. What a pleasure it must now be for him to look down upon the young souls that he taught to love God—young souls that will thank him forever when they too have arrived at the goal of eternal happiness. His was the true life of the good shepherd, who traveled far and wide and labored much to bring straying sheep into the fold.

Father, yours was a full ministry. You exercised your jurisdiction as director, pastor, preacher, and missionary. What you could not accomplish in person in faroff lands, you fulfilled at home—and doubly so—with your outstanding influence in the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood.

There is not one among us, no matter how diversified his tastes might be, who cannot set you up as a model. Whether our ideals point in the direction of missionary work, at home or abroad, the pulpit, active pastorates or directorates of youth, we can study your life and have your example as a guide. But best of all we can follow you in what you ever were fundamentally, a simple priest and Religious. What force these words have—"simple Priest and Religious!"

NOTICE

Please notify us of errors in the Official Catholic Directory. Copy is due December 1st for 1939 appearance.—Ed.

OFFICIAL APPOINTMENTS

Father Gavin, Ferndale,

Father A. J. Sheridan, Opelousas, La.,

Father Kmiecinski, Bay City, Mich., pastor,

Father Wolffer, Morrilton, Ark., pastor,

Father Diamond, Tiverton, R. I.,

Father Demers, Bay City, Mich.,

Father T. McGuire, Kilimanjaro,

Father Leonard, Kilimanjaro,

Father Fusan, Kilimanjaro, Father Dellert, Kilimanjaro,

Father K. Dolan, Tuscaloosa, Ala.,

Father Milford, Arecibo, Puerto Rico,

Father Baney, Duquesne University,

Father Harcar, Duquesne University,

Father Brooks, St. Monica's, New Orleans, La.,

Father Wersing, Opelousas, La.,

Father Connors, Rome, Canon Law,

Father Schiffgens, Emsworth, Pa., pastor,

Father Appel, Emsworth, Pa.,

Father Mullen, Natchitoches, La.,

Father T. Murphy, St. Benedict's, Detroit, Mich., pastor

Father Kapp, St. Anthony's Millvale, Pa.,

Father O'Brien, Oklahoma City, Okla., pastor,

Father J. J. Manning, University of Rome, Fellowship,

Father Herman F. Flynn, St. Mary's, Detroit, Mich. Messrs. John P. Gallagher and Jos. Rengers, Fribourg,

Messrs. Hilary Kline and Daniel Dougherty, Cornwells

Heights, professors,

Brother Francis Mary Long, Ferndale, Brother Thaddeus Trangese, Ferndale.

KILIMANJARO

A Correction And An Apology

To keep the record straight at the source and to make amends for a notable omission (wholly involuntary) in the August issue of Our Province—Africa Number—pp. 5 and 6, we spread on these pages the following facts of history:-

Father Soul, the present superior of the International Scholasticate at Fribourg, was chaplain and interpreter in the A. E. F., 309 Infantry, 78th Division, when he was appointed to Kilimanjaro with the delegated powers of Bishop Munsch who was at that time in France and unable to return to his mission due to the war.

It was in September 1919, after demobilization that Father Soul reached Kilema. There was much to be done because of the distress caused by the war. The following year, 1920, the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda appointed Father Soul Administrator Apostolic. (Bulletin Mensuel, July, 1920.)

For three years Father Soul, with great energy, zeal and prudence, devoted himself to the herculean task of restoring the Vicariate, negotiating and bringing about a settlement of the war damages, reorganizing the missions, establishing the procure at Tanga and securing the favor of the British Government. He succeeded so well that upon his departure from the Vicariate at Pentecost, 1922, his successor, Father Gogarty, found a reorganized Vicariate in good working order, having the confidence of the civil authorities and possessing the necessary means for the safe conduct of the normal life of the missions . . . Editor.

News

TWO JUBILEES

Father Andrew Sheridan

On Thursday, October 27, Father Andrew Sheridan celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. The celebration took place at the Holy Ghost Rectory in Opelousas, La., where Father Sheridan has been convalescing since last March. He received a beautifully illuminated blessing from the Holy Father.

Fifteen Holy Ghost Fathers gathered together that day at the invitation of the pastor-host, Father William J. Long, to banquet the Jubilarian. Those present to offer felicitations were Father James A. Riley of Cornwells (who visited here for a week following the New Orleans Eucharistic Congress), Father Wrenn of Marksville, Father Charles Hannigan of Lake Charles, Father Ivan Huber of Natchitoches, Father Francis Smith and Father Joseph McGoldrick of Carencro, Fathers Michael Dwyer and Stephen Zamborsky of New Orleans, Fathers Joseph Landy and Herbert Frederick of Isle Brevelle, Father William Keown of Lafayette and Fathers Thomas Rodgers and Richard Wersing of Opelousas.

After the banquet and speeches of congratulations, the town photographer took a group photo of the assembled confreres.

On Friday, the children of the Holy Ghost grade and high schools sang the High Mass at which Father Sheridan was celebrant. In the afternoon the high school students presented a program of music and recitations in his honor.

(Ed. Note—Speaking of group-photos, the Procurator would appreciate any and all photos of our Fathers or their works.)

Fathers McGlade and Long

Monday evening, November 14, at St. Paul's Rectory in Lafayette, La., Fathers McGlade and Long celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of their ordination to the priesthood. The joyful occasion was enhanced by the presence of the neighboring confreres. Present at the dinner given by the pastor, Father McGlade, were his classmate, Father William Long of Opelousas, Father Andrew Sheridan, Fathers Lavin and Lonergan of New Iberia, Father Edward Dooley of Lake Charles, Father William Keown, assistant at St. Paul's and Fathers Rodgers and Wersing of Opelousas.

The newly acquired ping-pong table was duly and joyously initiated by the confreres after they had done justice to the inner man.

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

(Excerpts)

On Sunday, November 13, the Parish recalled the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination to the priest-hood of Father Hoeger. The celebration, at the express desire of the Jubilarian, was restricted to a religious ceremony. A procession led by the Knights of St. John formed at the rectory and conducted the Reverend Jubilarian to the altar where he offered the Solemn Votive Mass of the Holy Ghost.

The sermon was delivered by the Most Reverend Joseph Byrne, C.S.Sp., D.D. Assisting Father Hoeger at the Mass were his confreres with whom he has worked in the past. At the end of the Mass, Father Hoeger spoke to the assembled congregation and the procession returned to the rectory.

* * *

... In 1893, the Holy Ghost Fathers took charge of St. Mary's. Father Francis Schwab, C.S.Sp., was the first Holy Ghost Father to act as pastor. A great organizer, he worked for and effected a parish of one heart and a single soul. Under his direction the church was beautifully decorated and illuminated.

Father Schwab, C.S.Sp., was succeeded by Father Gruenenwald, C.S.Sp., and in 1907, Father Joseph Wuest, C.S.Sp. The record of Father Wuest, who, though no longer in charge, still acts as assistant priest in the parish, is part of modern history. He cleared the church debt, erected the various beautiful shrines to be found within the church, directed the installation of an impressive Kilgen Organ, the building of a new convent, the decoration of the church. At his invitation the German-Hungarian peoples attached themselves to the parish and brought their children to its school.

During this period St. Mary's underwent a transition. One by one the homes of the old parishioners were abandoned to the rapid spread of the downtown section of the city. Factories and small shops replaced the charming modest dwellings of the thrifty families who lived and grew in the vicinity of St. Mary's. To this, the rapid Americanization of the German stock and the consequent assimiliation of its youth into other parishes, one must ascribe the gradual lessening of the parish population which reached a low level in 1929.

In this year Father Wuest after long strenuous activity, was relieved of his burden and the Reverend Father Frederick Hoeger, C.S.Sp., was assigned to the direction of Old Saint Mary's parish. Conversant with the German language, the new pastor was able to minister to those who still came to the Old Church to worship God in their native tongue.

Gifted with great talent for organization, Father Hoeger was quick to see that St. Mary's was ideally situated to offer the many consolations of the Faith to the thousands who live and work in the downtown section. Shortly after his arrival a daily Mass was offered at the noon hour. Ample opportunities for confession were provided and age-old devotions revived in the spirit of the liturgy. The people were quick to respond and attendance at the noon hour Mass had a rapid growth. Today, thousands of confessions are heard during the year and there are as many Holy Communions. The Old Church is never empty. At its shrines and especially at the beautiful Lourdes Grotto, worshippers are always to be found. Among these are many who are not Catholics, who later come to the rectory seeking instruction in the Faith.

There were many who some years ago prophesied the rapid decline and abandonment of St. Mary's Church. The present healthy condition of the church is an adequate proof of the inaccuracy of such a prediction. Like the fabled Phoenix, St. Mary's has renewed its youth. When, within three years of this writing, the hundredth anniversary of its foundation will be commemorated, those who examine its history will find its last years as productive of God's glory as were the first. And Mary, the Mother of God, will continue to guide the destiny of the first church built to her honor in Detroit.

QUOTATION

BLACKEST WHITE MAN IN HARLEM

New York Sun. November 19, 1938

A white woman in Harlem has been conducting a "one-man" campaign against the spread of Communism among the Negroes...

She wants to give a dinner to the priest who helped her start. The priest is Father Michael F. Mulvoy of the Holy Ghost Fathers and parish priest of St. Mark the Evangelist, 61-63 West 138th street, who has been laboring in Harlem for the last ten years, helped by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, an order devoted to work amongst the American Negroes and the American Indians.

Known to the Negroes as "the blackest white man in Harlem," Father Mulvoy was glad to have a lay helper with a plan and a mission. He gave her all the encouragement he could to carry out the Papal appeal for a lay apostolate to supplement the works of the Church.

The fruit has been the formation in the parish of a Catholic youth organization with study clubs, lectures, sports and social gatherings: a workers' school, under the auspices of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, and a adult education program. As secretary of the New York State Temporary Commission on the Condition of the Urban Colored Population, Father Mulvoy had gathered statistics to show that his parishioners were worse off culturally and in housing than any other group in the State. So while the State paid

its attention to housing, he welcomed recruits in the field of culture.

"The Baroness de Hueck has done a wonderful job," he says. "Life can be like a lot of children running up a mountain. Those who reach the summit first, either sit down to admire the view or rush on to the next peak. One child in a million will run back to help the stragglers catch up. The Baroness is a big sister who saved some of her breath to do just that."

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

1938-1939

Enro	llment:		
	High School	123	
	College	360	
	University:		
	Law	83	
	Evening Division	1220	
	Day Division	1212	(exclusive of College)
	Total	2998	
Perso	onnel:		
	Fathers	14	
	Secular Priests	2	
\	Scholastics	1	
)	Critic Teachers	1	
	Librarians	2	
	Lay Teachers	159	

Our Mail Box

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

For a report on the National Eucharistic Congress held in New Orleans no better source can be found than your Catholic Weekly... The Holy Ghost Fathers had several opportunities of parading their famous ceremonies... We were well represented and enjoyed the fine hospitality of the New Orleans branch of our family. The homey reception in honor of Bishop Byrne was really COR UNAMY, if you know what I mean... The city was beautifully decorated and well covered by signs reading, "Welcome Pilgrims." One little colored lad waiting in line to join the procession must have been puzzled by these, because the first opportunity he got he said to the Sister, "'s those men still libben, Sistuh? Ah thought dey was all dade long 'go."... and it really happened... As usual, on my Monday morning check-up I run into some quaint people. I was looking for several who had not been to Mass. This time I met an old colored mammy. She told me she was a Methodist but that she knew many of the Catholic children and helped me locate a few older ones who had strayed off. After telling me how well she liked us, she said: "Yassuh, Fathah, ah alwees told dem catlics chillens to get to dere own church on a Sunday. An those big catlics boys too. Ah told 'em, 'gits drunk as much as you all wants on Saddy nite, but be sho you all gets ta church on Sunday moanin."... And can they follow that advice! (But they on't follow thru) ... How do you like my southern accent? 1 kind of thought so myself... November and we still have nice warm weather. Nothing like it for keeping heating bills down... That again is what I like about the South. (We were likewise favored this Fall in the North and that's why we like it even as you do the South. Ed.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I

"Many thanks for the booklets and leaflets dealing with the various works of the Congregation in the U. S. They are very tastefully arranged and I must congratulate you on their format. I was very glad indeed to get a glimpse once more of Dear Old Ferndale, a spot that will always live in my heart and memory. I have by no means relinquished the idea of revisiting it at some future date, if the gods prove propitious. I loved and still love its every hedgerow and familiar walk, and I have not found winter as attractive anywhere as in that dear old spot. Winter here is only a parody; sloppy, muggy weather with nothing of the champagne flavor of the Eastern States. I often long for the keen healthy air of Connecticut, and the long walks in the virgin snow, that sets the blood a-tingling."

П

"On second thought, deemed it best not to write of the Eucharistic Congress. Stale news by now, and perhaps some of those there might not have liked to see their news-making names in print. WE HOLY GHOSTERS ARE A SHY LITTLE LOT!!! Was mighty disappointed when I went into the Mission Exhibit. Every Order, even the White Fathers, was represented, but ourselves. And with such a "steal-the-show exhibit as we have! May God hasten the day when we lose our shrinking violet attitude. That will never put the Negro Missions to the fore."

III

"If it has not been done already, will you post the name Mr. J. Long, father of Rev. William Long, C.S.Sp., among those deceased on the community prayer-board?

Mr. Long died at 92 years of age in Limerick, Ireland. He passed away Monday, October 24, and the news reached here November 7. It is nice to notice this gesture of the Holy Ghost Fathers there: Father Horgan, professor at Blackrock College, Father Daly, of Rockwell College, and Father Michael O'Flynn, attended the funeral. Ald. D. Bourke, T.D., Mayor, his secretary, the Harbour Commissioner, the Harbour Master, etc., attended. The cemetery is about 20 miles from the home. All the clergy and mourners and "general public" escorted the remains which left the church at noon. Food and drink were served all the mourners at the grave-yard.

A Mass service was sung by Father Long, with the school children in the choir, on Thursday, November 17, in Opelousas, La."

IV

"Your August issue, "AFRICA NUMBER," calls for an apology. Among several omissions, a glaring one is the absence of FATHER SOUL'S NAME AS APOSTOLIC ADMINISTRATOR FROM 1919-1922. If the article was written by a Ferndalian now in Kilimanjaro, you ought to send the correction to him to purify the record at the source. Also omitted was any mention of the date when the Americans were given charge of manning the Vicariate:—1932."

(Ed. Note—Many thanks for corrections. Our apologies will be extended and the records 'purified'.)

Your prayers are requested for the repose of the soul of Mr. John Long, father of Father William Long, who died in Ireland, October 24, at the age of 92.

The new Etat du Personnel of the entire Congregation is due for printing January 1, 1939.



OUR PROVINCE

VOL. 6

DECEMBER, 1938

No. 12

PUBLISHED MONTHLY FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PROVINCIAL $FOR\ PRIVATE\ CIRCULATION$

HOLY GHOST FATHERS, FERNDALE, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Editorial Office: 65 West 138th Street, New York, N. Y.
Printed at St. Joseph's House, 16th & Allegheny Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

Wakefield Lecond Nativity Play

First Shepherd—Hail, comely and clean; hail, young

Hail, maker, as I mean, of a maiden so mild! Thou hast wared, I ween, off the warlock so wild, The false guiler of teen, now goes he beguiled.

Lo, He merry is!
Lo, he laughs, my sweeting,
A welcome meeting!
I have given my greeting.
Have a bob of cherries.

Second Shepherd—Hail, sovereign Saviour, for thou hast us sought!

Hail freely, leaf and flower, that all thing has wrought!

Hail, full of favour, that made all of nought! Hail, I kneel and cower. A bird have I brought

To my bairn!
Hail, little tiny mop,
Of our creed thou art crop!
I would drink in thy cup,
Little day-starn!

Third Shepherd—Hail, darling dear, full of godheed!
I pray thee be near, when that I have need.
Hail! sweet is thy cheer; my heart would bleed
To see thee sit here in so poor weed

With no pennies. Hail! put forth thy dall, I bring thee but a ball Have and play thee with all, And go to the tennis.

Maria Mater—The Father of Heaven, God omnipotent,
That set all on levin, his son has he sent.
My name could he neven, and laught as he went.
I conceived him full even, through might, as God meant:

And now is he born.

He keep you from woe;
I shall pray him so;
Tell forth as ye go,
And mind on this morn.

First Shepherd—Farewell lady, so fair to behold, With thy child on thy knee.

Second Shepherd—But He lies full cold, Lord, well is me: now we go forth, behold!

Third Shepherd—Forsooth, already it seems to be told Full oft.

First Shepherd—What grace we have fun. (found)

Second Shepherd—Come forth, now are we won.

Third Shepherd—To sing are we bun: (bound)

Let take on loft.

Explicit pagina Pastorum.

Our Levites

SCHOLASTICS ABROAD

Rome, 10-27-38. The Roaming Romans are back in town after a riotous rollicking in the Fribourg canton. The smiling speculators of St. Thomas were there; the unbearded deep-thinkers of Louvain were there; and to imagine that we forgot to sing: "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" Don't let your napkin fall into the soup, now, leaning across the table to find out just what we really think of the stronghold in the Bernese Alps. We're not whispering when we say it's a great place. It would have to be to give such summer satisfaction to our Foreign Legion. Perhaps the day will come when we may play a return engagement on the home grounds. However, it would seem more indicated for the Helvetian correspondent to divulge aestival antics of our theatre in the woods.

We're back, yes; but we're three now. You have often heard of a snowball rolling down a Swiss hillside. Well, it's the same principle: rolling for three years we were bound to grow bigger—and so did our smile as we welcomed Fr. Connors at the station. He has already taken to the place in a manner worthy of our most Admirable Crichton: broad hat, long spaghetti, parlezvous francais, and all the rest. May his tribe increase.

What are we doing at present? We're "installing" ourselves, as the French say, and if ever you have witnessed the like operation on a gas-range or hot-water boiler you know that the powers of description are inclined to be paralyzed. Just to make you feel good, though, this is the twenty-seventh of October and we won't really start class for another week and a half. When it does begin we'll be able to talk about the casuality of the Sacraments, the beard of Achaz and the square root of a Hebrew verb. Until such interesting fodder presents itself, allow us to wish you every success in the new Scholastic year (i. e., from Christmas on, by the time you read this). So long for a while.

Fribourg, 11-4-38. The long vacation which began on the 23rd of July came to a close with the opening of the annual retreat. For most of us it was the annual check-up—but for four of the retreatants it was the preparation for a big step. Gerry Walsh and John Kanda, together with a Portuguese scholastic, pronounced their perpetual vows using the French formula. Present in the Sanctuary was His Excellency, Msgr. Gumy, O.M.Cap.

During the Solemn Pontifical Benediction of that same day (the 15th of October) which immediately followed the ceremony of perpetual vows, Father Federici pronounced his Consecration to the Apostolate, before the Eucharistic King enthroned. Never before did those words of the Apostolic Consecration strike so deeply. The English version has all the force that is found in the French. So striking is it—that Msgr. Gumy later expressed that despite his greatest efforts he could not hold back the tears.

And so to Class. The opening day—brought with it the renewal of old acquaintances, etc., etc., but more important still—the installation of a new professor of Dogma, Father Friethoff—recently of the Angelicum in Rome. (It is a promotion to be sent to Fribourg after having been in Rome.) (Personal to Father Knight).

The personnel of the "Seminaire des Missions" has been increased as regards the number of students. Six new members were added to the list. So that if before we were in the lead—we have now strengthened our position. Of our thirty students, 25 are doing degree work. No other congregation can attempt an approach at that number. If you ask the professors at the University, they will without hesitation avow that there is not only quantity, but also quality in the Holy Ghost group.

Recapitulation: Two new Irishmen—two new Americans—one Portuguese—and one Trinidadian—brings the provincial representation to the following: Irishmen, 10; Americans, 5; French, 5 (of which 3 from "French Switzerland," Suisse, Romande); Trinidadians, 4; Polish, 2; Portuguese, 2; one sole Englishman and one Dutchman.

Louvain, 10-30-38. And now it's back to work again, after the most enjoyable vacation made possible by the hospitality of our Swiss confreres. Back to work brings us back to a Community which has grown greatly as to numbers. With representatives from eight countries, 56 Noormannenstraat can, with good right, begin to lay claim to the title of International Scholasticate.

The increase seems to be general. Not only has the whole University attendance received a boost, but the American Colony in particular has swelled its ranks. Besides Clerics from many dioceses and Congregations, there is a large group of laymen, and even some Professors of long standing in prominent Universities have felt the need to come and get what is being given. 'Twould seem that Scholastic Philosophy is "putting itself across" over your way, and of course Scholastic Philosophy is just another word for Louvain. (Do I hear any irate objections from other quarters?)

Not much to report about the new term as yet. The solemn opening was as usual marked by a Pontifical High Mass in the Collegiate Church of St. Pierre, a really colorful affair by reason especially of the procession into the Choir of the berobed Professorial body, over three hundred in number. A few introductory lectures gave us an acquaintance with some of the teaching staff hitherto unknown to us. Among them those who perhaps made the most striking first impression were Abbe Leclercq—newly appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy, and justly famous for his many writings on that subject, and Balthasar, the great Master of Metaphysics.

On the last Sunday we spent in Fribourg, we went to the Cathedral to hear an organ concert. At the end, many of the audience came to congratulate the organist and to hear his explanation of the mechanism of the instrument. It just so happened that among them was Alphonso, former king of Spain. He signed the visitors' book right after me. He seemed to know a good deal about music, judging from the type of questions he asked about the organ. He was traveling with some German Prince and Princess. They all spoke beautiful French. The poor old organist was dreadfully flustered, mainly because he had omitted a part of his first number, which was one of Bach's Fugues, and thus missed a chance to shine. You'll probably be writing over to tell me to choose my company better in the future. In this case you might be right, if rumors are to be believed.

Ferndale Herald

The pigskin again finds its way to the local bowl, and to date there were no fatalities... (T. G.) And while we're at it, might mention that the "Young Fathers" made their annual trek to New York in two groups to attend the choicest football games of the season (?)... Scholastic self-complacency took several jolts the past month, among which was the confiding to the Brothers of the time-honored charges of Infirmarian and Porter. But by way of contrast (or, might we say, indemnification?), two scholastics were appointed to tutor and nurse the Apostolics and to "buttle" for the Community at Cornwells. This was one appointment which the boys lay no claim to have 'smelled'... as a matter of fact, they humbly admit having been caught with the pantaloons at half-mast!...

Armistice Day saw a revival of "Journey's End." After a few spirited displays of pyrotechnics as Front Line Stuff, one rowdy spectator convulsed the audience (at a dramatic moment, too,) by a stage whisper, "Happy New Year!" (Confidentially, it sounded like his 'Past' regurgitating).

Our visitors for the month: Fathers Callahan, McGuire (just back from Africa), T. C. Dooley, Hannigan, Murnaghan and two members of the Ukrainian Catholic Clergy, about whom more anon . . . The gorgeous pageantry of Orientality visited Ferndale in the 'Missa Cantata' of St. John Chrysostom, celebrated by Father Leo Sembratovitch, a Detroit Catholic priest of the Ukrainian Rite. His 'cantor' was a Reverend Professor from the local Ukrainian Seminary. For an hour we stopped, looked and listened to symbolical ceremonies, to profound metanies, to endlessly reiterated pleas for God's mercy, sung in the minor tones of ancient oriental music. Hospodi pomiluy! hospodi pomiluy! . . . The previous evening Father Sembratovitch gave a most entertaining description of the origin of the various Rites, pointing out that the Roman is the 'baby' Rite of the Church. He broke every known rule of public speaking yet, seldom has this Community been more carried away. It was sheer intellectual brilliance and age-old Oriental mastery, scoffing at the cold, Roman militarism of Western manners.

KERNELS FROM CORNWELLS

Mission Sunday was well observed here. A High Mass was sung in the chapel at 8.30 A. M. In the evening the new students were inducted into the C.S.M.C. The initiation ceremonies were presided over by Father Kettl.

We were highly honored by having Bishop Charles Heerey as our guest on October 27. He addressed the Apostolics, telling them of his work in Africa. The closing words of his address were the most inspiring for he granted us a free day for which all were very grateful.

On October 29th the sad news of Fr. Zell's death reached us. His body was brought to Cornwells on the afternoon of November 1, with the entire Community assembled in the chapel. After the singing of the Miserere, Father Zell was laid in state in the parlor until the following day. The Solemn funeral Mass was sung by Fr. Roth, whom Fr. Zell sent to Cornwells many years ago. Fr. Thessing, another of Fr. Zell's proteges, preached a masterful eulogy. Bishop Byrne and Father Provincial were present in the Sanctuary.

Our annual Hallowe'en entertainment was postponed until Nov. 5th. Two very fine one-act plays, produced by the Third High, filled the bill to perfection. Several musical numbers by our budding musicians rounded out the program.

Because of the illness of two members of the faculty, two Scholastics were sent to Cornwells to join the staff of professors. Mr. Daniel Dougherty and Mr. Hilary Kline, all of us welcome you to Cornwells!

Father Riley, has returned home from the Eucharistic Congress in New Orleans. His accounts of the Congress and of the work of our Southern Missionaries speak well for the confreres in the South.

The annual visit to Mother Katharine's for the closing of the Forty Hours' devotion took place on November 15. After paying our respects to Our Divine Lord, all the boys assembled in the cafeteria to enjoy a repast of cake and ice cream, served by the Sisters. This year, instead of an impromptu entertainment, one of the Hallowe'en plays was produced in the auditorium, to the great delight of the assembled audience of Sisters and their guests.

Also on Tuesday, November 15, Father Fitzpatrick quietly celebrated the Silver Anniversary of his Ordination to the Holy Priesthood. Fathers Wm. Duffy, J. Bradley and Cooney attended the dinner given in his honor. Ad multos annos!

Personnel, December 1, 1938

Fathers, 200 (167 in the U. S., 33 in Africa), Scholastics, 84 (2 in Louvain, 5 in Fribourg, 2 in Rome, 2 in Cornwells Heights, 1 in Duquesne University),

Brothers, 25, Clerical Novices, 20, Novice Brothers, 2, Postulant Brothers, 5,

Articles

FATHER SCHWAB

December 15, 1883-August 1, 1938

On August 1, 1938, the American Province suffered a great loss in the death of one of its staunchest and truest members, for be it known that Father Francis Anthony Joseph Schwab was first and foremost a Holy Ghost Father, living in the spirit of the Venerable Libermann, and deeply interested in all that pertained to the Congregation.

Father Schwab was born on Feilbach Street in Millvale, Pa., December 15, 1883. He attended school in Pittsburgh and received a Master of Arts degree at Duquesne University. On entering the Congregation, he began his studies for the priesthood in Cornwells, then Ferndale (one of the first scholastics there) and later Chevilly, France. He was ordained at Chevilly, Paris, in 1910. After his ordination, he labored in St. Mary's Parish, Detroit. In 1917 he was transferred to Rock Castle, Virginia. After remaining there four years, he was assigned to St. Mary's, Sharpsburg. In March, 1926, he was made pastor of Sacred Heart church, Morrilton. On October 28, 1935, he observed his Silver Jubilee.

Father Schwab spent his childhood days in Millvale and from all reports was a real boy. It was in Millvale that he developed into that sturdy lad who applied for admission to Holy Ghost College on the Bluff. Father Schwab related to me on various occasions instances of the battles fought and won on Howard Street, with chunks of coal as ammunition, which indeed were pitched battles between St. Anthony's school and Howard Street school, and he was the leader. Perhaps that accounts for the stubborn pertinacy with which he attacked all problems in later life, for he neither evaded nor dodged any issue, no matter how hard the task, or how unpleasant the situation. With an objective in view, he never spared himself and results were always forthcoming. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that in the various dioceses in which Father Schwab labored, he invariably won the respect and esteem of the Bishops. The Bishops were always reluctant to have him leave their dioceses and even offered him inducements on some occasions to remain. But Father Schwab was too loval to the Order to acquiesce. When Bishop Morris of Little Rock learned of Father Schwab's removal from Morrilton to Millvale to be pastor of St. Anthony's (which in reality never took place, because of his illness and death) he was very sad and complained to Father Schwab when he met him on the occasion of Confirmation ceremonies at Atkins, and Father Schwab answered simply, "I obey orders, Bishop." The Bishop really meant what he said, for on the same day two of the Monsignors who accompanied the Bishop, told me personally that the Bishop regretted very much that Father Schwab was going to leave the diocese. This means that Father Schwab worked hard wherever he was stationed, and the going at times was rough.

Education

Father Schwab, realizing that correct education is the cradle of Christianity, rocked that cradle diligently, labored zealously and even wore himself out in giving attention to its every angle. His office and the various rooms of his rectory were stacked high with papers, magazines, exercise books, reference books, etc., and he was very particular about these; he knew where they all were, and did not want anyone to change them about. Realizing he had some peculiar habits, acquired during the years he had lived alone, he confided to me that he believed it would be hard on those with whom he would have to live if he really had to take charge of St. Anthony's, Millvale. Father Schwab was more than successful with school work. The pupils of his school won many prizes, both state and national, on religious as well as secular subjects. He was loved by his children and understanding human nature as he did, he knew how to direct and guide them.

Organizer

As an organizer, Father Schwab could hardly be surpassed, for he was persistent in following up his projects. He was very successful in organizing the Parish into adult and youth groups, and managed to keep them interested in their work. He had a marked facility for giving good advice and counsel and making it stick.

Citizen

Father Schwab was a respected citizen. Sometimes we are remiss in our duties as citizens, and yet good citizenship is most important for the Church. Civic clubs very frequently called on Father Schwab to give addresses on citizenship, etc., and on all occasions he responded, for he recognized an opportunity of being of service to the cause of Christianity. He never minced matters and never compromised principles. He was well read on many subjects, and a very entertaining and pleasing speaker in great demand.

Parish

As regards parish work and parish affairs, Father Schwab was very effective, always looking for its best interests. He loved his parishioners, and with devoted zeal labored for them. Perhaps this accounts for the petitions that were circulated in his behalf, against his wishes, by the people, when he was transferred from one place to another. He fought for his people and was very shrewd. In dealing with lawyers, he was very cautious and always suspicious. Just a few months before he died, by his vigilance and unusual tact he managed to obtain the will of a certain woman from lawyers who had the document so worded and signed that they themselves were the beneficiaries of the estate. He managed to straighten out the affair and the party in question wrote out a check for \$12,000 toward the building of a new church. This told on Father Schwab's health and unnerved him for some time, but he matched his wits with the lawyers and won. He had more than a fair knowledge of law, and the lawyers said he was "damn clever" for he never slept at the switch,

Religious

As a religious, Father Schwab was highly respected and won the admiration of his people and of the ministers of the various denominations. During the last week of his illness, a beautiful editorial appeared in the Morrilton local paper, written by one of the leading ministers of the town, portraying the deeply religious life of Father Schwab. The retreat preached before his death was so well accepted because it came from the man who practiced what he preached.

Youth

Much of his time was spent with the young, for he was deeply interested in youth and its problems. The young people flocked around him. They recognized in him one who was awake to their needs. He fostered sports, intellectual attainments, and spiritual achievements. They clung to him, which indicates only faintly his sterling qualities.

Father and Priest

Father Schwab was a real Father and Priest to the members of his parish and to his fellow priests. The poor, the sick, and the dying, found in him an answer to their needs. He spent himself unselfishly for them. Many of the sick, not only Catholic but non-Catholic as well, in St. Anthony's Hospital in which he himself died, tasted of his sweet ministrations. Father Schwab was Father and Priest to his brother priests and he was sought out by the sick and weary, and the Bishops were grateful to him for his human feeling.

Promptness

In regard to mass, devotions, parish and society meetings, Father Schwab was most prompt.

Final Moments

Father Schwab's health failed noticeably the last of April. Although he suspected the disease that caused his death, he neglected for a long time to see a doctor. After much persuasion, he was coaxed to visit the best doctor in Little Rock, only to find that there was little hope for him. It was edifying to note his resignation to God's will, when he learned from Father Wolffer (who by the way was most kind, profuse and lavish in his attentions to his sick confrere), that he was very sick, and that it would be well for him to receive the last rites of the Church. He asked for a little time for meditation and reflection, and then informed Father Wolffer that he was prepared. On the following day we assembled in his room with the Sisters of the hospital and Extreme Unction was administered, he himself answering the prayers. After being anointed, he said, "God's Will be done." He suffered acutely, yet his suffering was in patience and without complaint and so continued until a few days later when death ended his sufferings. Truly the Congregation has lost the services of a most worthy son.

Funeral services were held in Sacred Heart church with Father Wolffer as celebrant, Father Lachowsky, deacon, and Father Murray, subdeacon. Father Feldkamp of Atkins was Master of ceremonies. Assisting in the sanctuary were Bishop Morris, five Monsignors, a number of diocesan clergy and Holy Ghost confreres from neighboring states. The body was accompanied to Little Rock by Fathers Wolffer and Lachowsky, from whence it was shipped to Millvale where he had been appointed Pastor.

There, on the first Friday, his body lay in state. He received the spiritual benefits of two parishes. Most Rev. Bishop Morris of Little Rock, and Most Rev. Bishop Boyle of Pittsburgh delivered the eulogies. On his bed of suffering he had penned these lines:

Men seek by honors, riches, pleasures, fame, In memory's niche to engrave an immortal name, Forgetting, that all these are earthly, vain, Not worth the price to attain, much less sustain. As pilgrims, strangers, traveling through time We'll seek enduring worth—in things sublime.

Guided by Faith we'll live and act in love, Create good will on earth, find peace above.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

—A. F. L.

AVIS DU MOIS (OCTOBER) CHOICE OF VOCATIONS

Statistics published in the last Bulletin indicate how God has blessed our Congregation. Missionary vocations continue to multiply as our Missions develop. It is consoling and encouraging and we must thank God for it.

Still, the great number of defections among aspirants, resulting, perhaps, by a too hasty choice of vocation, cannot be disregarded.

Very recently the Holy Father in an audience given the Capuchins, addressed to them and with them, the heads of religious Congregations and Dioceses, the command to be more severe and exacting in accepting postulants.

more severe and exacting in accepting postulants.
Following are excerpts from the Holy Father's address:
"We take complete responsibility for this recommendation
and we ask you to receive it as Our paternal advice, inspired
only by the desire of the greatest good for all religious
families. And the advice is this: BE SEVERE. A hard word
but really full of kindness...

"A certain severity should be especially observed regarding discipline... We recommend it not only for religious families but for Bishops and Priests and the Clergy in general, because of the prevalence of the pernicious principles of insubordination and independence...

"This severity is meant not only in the matter of discipline but above all and especially in the matter of the acceptance of postulants. If it be objected that there is already an excessive severity on this point, We authorize you to answer that the Pope wants it so, because in his position and with his responsibilities, he sees more clearly the need and because God has willed to grant him a long pontificate, he has acquired much practical experience on the subject.

"To preserve religious life in all its splendour, there must be a special severity with respect to vocations... This does not mean that a religious family must retrench on its personnel; on the contrary, every effort should be made to increase it; but every member chosen for the family should be a soldier of quality..."

We point out the Sovereign Pontiff's command to all our Superiors, Directors of Houses of Formation and to all members of the Congregation, since it is everybody's duty to work for the recruitment of vocations.

-L. L. H.

JANUARY 6, 1915

(Journal)

On account of having a soiree after supper, there was Benediction at 5:30 p.m. The program for the soiree was as follows:

I. Entrance—Grafonala Selections—
"The Messenger Boy March" and
"Under the Double Eagle."

II. Song-"Silent Night"

Chorus

III. "The Devil's Own Trio," being a sketch in three scenes.

Characters:

Twist | Mr. Maciejewski | Sykes | The Trio | Mr. Fisher | Mr. Dodwell |
Sheriff Cy Cobb | Mr. McGuire | Mr. McGuire | Mr. Clarke | Mr. Alex. Twist | The Trio | Mr. Brannigan

Scene I. The office of the Sheriff

Scenes II. and III. The best room in Fagin's headquarters.

IV. After 1st scene, Song. "Where's that Doggone Dog"

Chorus

V. After 2nd scene, Grafonola, "Cecile Waltz"

VI. After 2nd scene, Graronola, Cecile Waltz

VI. After 3rd scene, Piano Selections Mr. Dodwell

VII. Recitation, "Star of the Magi" Mr. Popow

VIII. Song, "Who paid the Rent, etc." Chorus

IX. Recitation, "Christmas Season" Mr. Maciejewski

X. Sketch, "Nosed out at the Finish" Messrs. Brannigan

Sketch, "Nosed out at the Finish"

Exit March, "Michigan Medley"

and Dodwell Grafonola

LECTURE ON THE BYZANTINE RITE

On Thursday evening, November 17, we were honored to have as speaker, Father Sembratovitch of Detroit, a priest of the Byzantine Rite. He was accompanied by a young priest from the Ukrainian Seminary in Stamford and two young students.

According to the opinion of those who attended the lecture, Fathers and Scholastics alike, it was one of the finest and most interesting talks ever presented at Ferndale. We were all literally glued to our seats with eyes constantly focused on the very likeable and personable speaker. He conducted his talk with all the art of a high pressure salesman, while seeing to it that he did not offend or engender prejudice. And he accomplished his end to a remarkable degree. His self-conviction of the beauty of the Byzantine Rite as compared with the Roman was almost contagious. He could speak with authority because he himself lived under the Roman Rite for six years while studying in Rome.

After being introduced, the speaker immediately won the attention of all by a simple and humble introduction in the form of an apology. He said it took more courage to speak before an educated group of American Priests and Seminarians well versed in both the sacred and profane sciences than it did to face flying bullets luring the last war in which he served as Chaplain. His noticeable accent and mannerisms, which he feared would detract from his hearers' attention, only served to augment it since they were very definitely a part of his attractive personality.

He brought out our common brotherhood in Christ and in His representative on earth, the Pope. Then he made a succinct historical survey from the time of the Apostles until the present day. He called the Roman Rite the "baby Rite," and proved his point by showing that it was the last one to be established.

He constantly compared the Rites of the East and West. He showed the fundamental differentiations in the manner of saying Mass and in many secondary points, such as the manner of making the sign of the cross and paying respect to the Sacred Presence in the Tabernacle. The Roman is truly Roman since it is characteristic of the simplicity of the Roman farmer and the methodism of the Roman soldier, but the Greek Rite is peaceful and esthetically symbolic. He emphasized his comparison by carrying out what he said in gestures. His Roman gestures were methodic, rigorous, and military; while the ones he used to portray the Greek were flowing, poetic and esthetic.

His clear treatment of the Liturgy in general, together with his frequent interpolations of history, proved conclusively that we were listening to a man thoroughly grounded in old-world culture.

He ended the talk with an appeal for prayers in behalf of the 200,000,000 schismatics who in many places, especially in Russia, are persecuted and who can easily be brought into the true fold in the not too distant future. "They are not heretics," he said, "but only unfortunate sheep who have strayed from the fold. Do not reprove them, but be merciful and sympathetic."

We went away with a new appreciation of his Rite—in fact of the Church itself. His Mass the next morning, together with his talk, convinced us there is another Rite besides the Roman, and one to be reckoned with, esteemed and respected.

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC LEAGUE

In 1930, Rev. Adolphe Naegel, C.S.Sp., chaplain to the Prison Settlement at St. Laurent, in French Guiana, launched a Crusade of Prayer and Good Works to help the prisoners both physically and morally. In 1934 he attempted something greater, founding the "Petite Lique des Prisons," thus embracing in his charitable work all French prisoners. Finally, because of the enthusiasm with which his work was accepted, he began in 1938 the International Catholic League which will have national centres in every country.

The chief centre is at the Mother House, 30 Rue Lhomond, Paris (5e). His Eminence the Cardinal of Paris, has approved of the League and together with the Cardinal of Lille and ten Bishops, has cordially blessed it.

Aims:

Spiritual and material assistance of prisoners. *Members*:

To become a member all that is necessary is to have one's name entered into the League's register.

Obligations:

Vary according to category chosen:

- a) One Our Father and one Hail Mary daily for intention of the League with invocation, "Immaculate Heart of Mary, Refuge of Sinners, pray for us."
- b) The above with one Holy Communion every three months for same intention plus a small offering for the League.
- c) Giving part of satisfactory merits, receiving Holy Communion once a month for League's intention and making more important sacrifices for the League.

Spiritual advantages:

- a) Holy Masses every Saturday where League is established besides that of the 4th Sunday for Benefactors.
- b) Prayers of the members for one another.
- c) Plenary or partial indulgences published in the League Bulletin.
- d) Special prayers for deceased members.

BOOK REVIEWS

YOU SHALL FIND REST. A Sequel to "My Yoke is Sweet." Materials for meditation on the Spiritual Life. By John Kearney, C.S.Sp. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 6/-.

Clarity, simplicity, vitality, are the features of this remarkable book, which comes as a sequel to the eminently successful volume "My Yoke is Sweet." Father Kearney now provides further material for meditation on the spiritual life setting forth "the principles taken from the Gospel that should guide the life of one who desires to live as a real follower of Christ." The spiritual life is shown to be a life of activity, "the pursuit of an ideal possible for all by God's help."

Apart from the wealth of doctrinal and devotional matter which this book contains, it has a distinctive significance. It is the supremely adequate answer to the restless world of today, ever seeking for that which will give rest, ever pursuing "a phantom promising peace." The answer rings clear and convincing: it will inspire and encourage all thoughtful souls who listen.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Rev. R. Walker, C.S.Sp., M.A., H.Dip. Ed. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. 3/-.

This volume will be welcomed by the great number of teachers and students who await a suitable textbook of Church History. It is obviously the fruit of rich scholarship, teaching experience and prayerful thought, and should appeal to a wide circle of readers outside the scholastic world.

The essential facts of Church History have been "sifted and summarized" and are presented in the strong light of supernatural Truth. The elements of incident and anecdote have been minimized, with the result that we have a text of charming clarity and interest illumined throughout by the splendid vision of Faith.

The work treats of the period A. D. 30-1417 and outlines the life of the Church in the ancient world and in the medieval world.

The abundance of historical fact which the work contains, the excellent summaries, enumerations and synoptic tables give the book a value all its own; but its supreme value lies in the fact that, inspired by the dual vision of the Church as a human and a divine society, it gives incontestable proof of her divine origin and support.

THE TRUE VINE AND ITS BRANCHES. By Rev. Edward Leen, C.S.Sp., D.D., P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 12 Barclay St., New York. \$2.50. 1938.

Today's great writer of spiritual books treats of the Mystical body of Christ and succeeds admirably in setting forth the chief characteristics of this mysterious life of Christ prolonged in the Christian. This most joyous of all his messages outlines a program to help us live our lives in Christ.

WHY THE CROSS. By Rev. Edward Leen, C.S.Sp., M.A., D.D. Sheed & Ward, New York, 1938, 366 pp. \$2.50.

On suffering, Our Lord's and ours, and the need for both. Father Leen considers this the best of all his books.

We wish to acknowledge the omission in last month's issue of the profession at Ridgefield on September 27th of Brother Thaddeus Trangese. He has been appointed to Ferndale in the capacity of infirmarian and porter.

Bishop Shanahan, retired from his Vicariate some years ago because of ill health, is going back to the missions as a simple priest to the Vicariate of Zanzibar. There are still giants on the earth!

OFFICIAL CIRCULAR

OF OUR

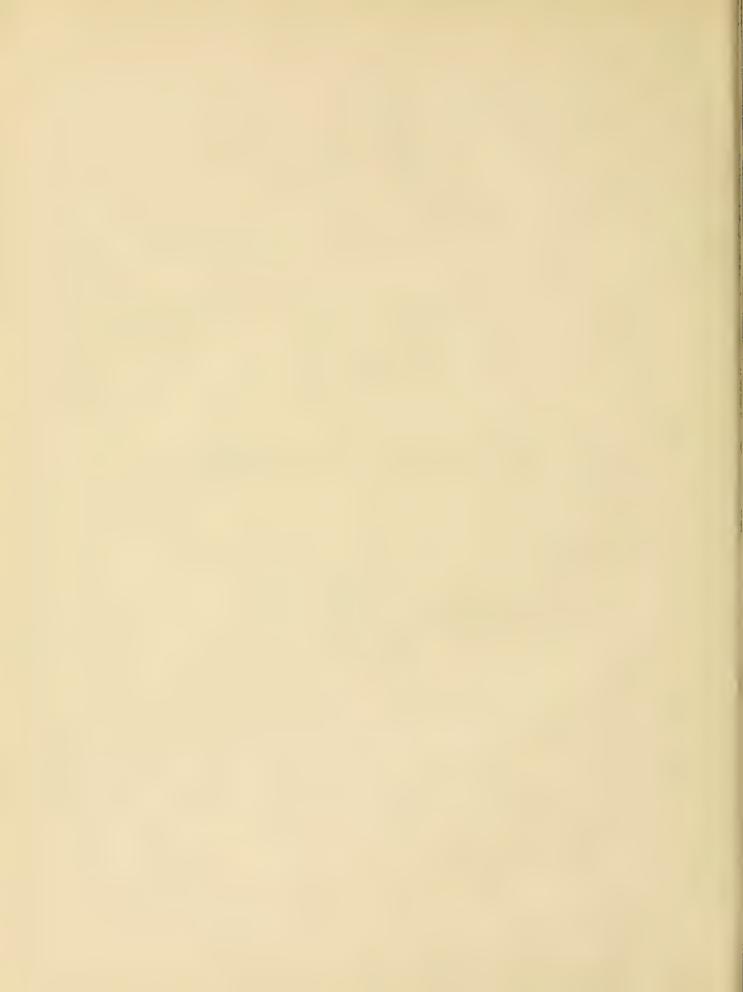
MOST REVEREND FATHER GENERAL

November 15, 1938

RELATIVE TO THE

GENERAL CHAPTER OF

JULY, 1938





30 RUE LHOMOND PARIS, VE, FRANCE

CIRCULAR

GENERAL CHAPTER OF JULY, 1938

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE CON-GREGATION OF THE HOLY GHOST AND OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGA-TION GREETINGS AND BLESSINGS IN OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

My very dear Confreres:

The General Chapter of the Congregation was held this year, from the 24th to the 31st of July, as determined in previous Circulars.

All the members convoked for this purpose were already present at Chevilly, on Sunday the 17th, to take part in the Retreat specially preached for them by Very Reverend Father Janin, Assistant General. His instructions were as profound as they were earnest and they were listened to with the greatest attention. No doubt all the Retreatants drew considerable benefit from these meditations on the Divine life in the priest.

They were based on the teaching of Venerable Libermann, who so perfectly echoes the teachings of St. John and St. Paul. The conferences were perfectly adapted to our priestly, religious and apostolic life and they showed us the importance, the necessity of that supernatural life, first for ourselves and also for the souls to which we are bound ex officio to communicate it.

Having thus been put in the proper dispositions, the 68 members of the Chapter—during the numerous sessions in which the general interests of the Congregation were examined and discussed—have given evidence of generosity, of broadmindedness and fidelity to Christian Charity, and they have not clamored excessively for the prevalence of the interests of a particular Province over those of the Congregation in general. Does that mean that there was unanimity in all matters? This indeed was the ideal. But we did attain the essential, namely, whenever a vote was taken there was always so great a majority that the minority (anonymous) could be considered as nonexisting. This goes to show that there was a perfect absence of passion as well as a sense of complete freedom of expression.

The official list of the members of the Chapter was published at the first session of Saturday, July 23rd.

The following day, Sunday, after the High Mass, the members took the oath and there was an allocution which has been printed in the Bulletin. In the afternoon of the same day, two reports were read: that of the Superior General, which is frequently cited and recalled in the present Circular, and the report of Very Reverend Father Salomon, procurator general, which concerns the financial status of the Congregation.

I want to state before all, and because I am unable to publish the latter report, that the administration of our finances, during the last 12 years, has earned the full and unanimous approval of the members, on account of the perfect prudence as well as the remarkable competence manifested therein. I am sure that all the members of the Congregation are happy in the thought that the humble resources of the Congregation, during these hard times, are being used and administered by firm and able hands.

It was the opinion of all the members that the lengthy report of the Superior General, gave a most thorough account of both the favorable developments of the last 12 years, as for example the consoling increase in the personnel, and of the difficulties encountered by the Superior General and His Council. In other words this report stated the unvarnished truth and in no way resembled electoral programs made attractive in view of winning votes. In spite of this, at the very first voting on the morning of Monday, July 25th, a strong majority decided to retain the Superior General as head of the Congregation. The result of this election and of subsequent votings for the choice of General Assistants and Councilors was made known to you in a letter of July 28th.

My purpose, in the present Circular, is merely to give you a summary account of the proceedings of our General Chapter. I have no intention of giving you, at present, the various decisions adopted after deliberation. This is not possible. For, some of these

decisions, in the form of Capitular Statutes, have been sent for approval to the Sacred Congregation of Religious and have no executive force before such approbation. Others, some of which will be mentioned, have been handed over for further examination to the General Council, which having been chosen by the Chapter, has always the confidence of the members of the latter. Others are destined to be incorporated in the General Customary. Finally, there are a few decisions which aim at changing our Constitutions, and these cannot be introduced before a general revision of our particular law. Moreover, we should not forget that it is forbidden to modify the Constitutions without the permission of the Holy See.

What I want to show you in these pages is the spirit in which the Chapter has accomplished its task, and I like to state right away, that it was most truly the traditional spirit of our beloved Congregation, a spirit loyal to its origin, and to the customs of our predecessors.

PROVINCES

The Chapter has taken into consideration the Provinces already constituted, and those that are in the way of being formed. The first, which have nearly all passed beyond the difficult stage of their period of formation, are almost completely sufficient to themselves. It is not necessary to enumerate them; they are well known. The general administration must continue its control over their development, not in order to hamper them but to insure their progress according to the way marked by our Constitutions and demanded by our apostolic works. Each one of these Provinces provides for the recruiting of its subjects, by means adapted to the country, and procures the necessary resources through instrumentalities suited to local conditions.

The Chapter has, in this regard, joined me in the praise which I have deemed necessary to bestow, in my report, upon the respective Provincials.

Two circumscriptions, England and Poland, are ranked as Vice-Provinces. That means that they tend to become shortly true Provinces. It is to be wished that Canada and Switzerland will, as soon as possible, reach the degree of development which will permit the confreres of these countries to obtain their provincial autonomy. The Chapter has approved the plan that the Mother House continue in the meantime to encourage and aid financially the latter, for the formation of their subjects, and, as regards Canada and Switzerland, that the Province of France continue its role of guardianship.

As you know, the Provinces have for their purpose to put at the disposal of the Superior General, for the needs of all the Missions, Fathers and Brothers, who have been trained according to our traditions and in view of the present demands of our apostolate. First, "according to our traditions." It is more and more our desire that the Directors of our Scholasticates be formed in the same school, in an

atmosphere where the spirit of the Congregation is truly alive.

We have for this purpose our Scholasticate in Rome, and more recently that of Fribourg. Because of the international character of our Congregation, it is most important that the future Directors of our houses of formation receive themselves a solid and identical formation. The last General Chapter had demanded the founding, outside of the French Seminary, of a central international Scholasticate, for the pick of Scholastics of the various Provinces. Twice, in 1928 and in 1932, we have tried to fulfill this plan, but, unfortunately, without success, on account of the lack of sufficient resources.

The Chapter has established a special Committee, for the study of this question. It is the wish of all the members that in the near future, an international Scholasticate be established in Rome, which would be distinct from the French Seminary, and that the Superior General and his council determine the part of the expenses to be borne by the General administration and by individual Provinces.

I have also said that our missionary candidates must be formed "according to the present exigencies of the apostolate."

In this respect, the Chapter has demanded that, as far as possible, the Fathers destined to professorships and to the direction of works, in Europe and in the United States, be sent to the missions at least for a few years.

The Prefects of Scholastics, the Masters of Novices, and their helpers, endeavor to prepare missionaries that are capable and adapted to all the necessities of the Missions. Many of them know from experience the apostolic field in which their pupils will have to labor. But they are ready to accept all wise and authorized directions.

Today, the Apostolate demands that our young Fathers possess degrees which will allow them either to teach themselves or will obtain for them from the civil authorities the permission to direct schools. We would like to see all our young men provided with official qualifications of that sort. The fact that confreres have obtained a degree does not make them less subject to the disposal of the Superior General, who can place them wherever their services seem to be required.

Be assured that the Superior General, in understanding with the Provincials, distributes the personnel as reasonably as possible. He is not guided in any way by passing fancies, and he has it at heart to appoint each one where he will be able to render true service. But in view of the general development of the works of the Congregation, he must remain the final judge as regards the best use of each individual member.

It is an ideal to be striven for, that every young Father, through a progressive formation, could be engaged in various works of educating the young. Such works become every day more necessary in our Missions, and they aim at forming an intellectual and social elite which will guide the masses.

Let us not deceive ourselves. Everywhere, and more and more, the peoples to whom we are sent, demand schools, but they need schools which, under the direction of missionaries will serve for the glory of God. Let me explain however. It does not mean that we must try to have all this done exclusively by members of the Congregation. This would be aiming at the impossible. For it is our ideal to multiply primary, higher, even secondary schools in our ancient Colonies and even in our Missions. Now, since we are so few and are engaged in such a multiplicity of works, we shall not reach this goal as quickly as we should, unless we make use of the zealous service of native lay-helpers. We should make it possible for these lay-helpers to reside at the place where they are employed by us, because they receive the proper remuneration in proportion to their service and ability.

But, once more, we need competent direction for these primary, secondary schools and junior Seminaries—two or three Fathers occupying the principal posts. These directors must not simply count upon the experience which time will bring, but they should know the essential principles of pedagogy. That is the reason why Provinces have more and more, the role of giving to the Superior General useful instruments, not only for the ministry of the word, but also for the solid establishment of well-organized Christian communities.

The Chapter has shared my views in all these points.

Here now are other questions which the Chapter has transmitted for further study to the General Council so that a proper solution may be obtained.

PREFECTS OF STUDIES

According to the Constitutions, each Province must have its Prefect, or rather its Prefects of Studies, one for Philosophical and Theological studies, the other for the studies of inferior rank. These Prefects will keep close relations with the General Prefect of Studies. This to obtain the control that is necessary if we desire uniformity in the intellectual formation, especially of the students of our Senior Scholasticates. It will be easy to make regulations for this purpose.

DIRECTORS OF SENIOR SCHOLASTICATES

The function of Director of Senior Scholastics gives that Father a quasi-independence towards the local Superior, as regards the formation of the professed Philosophers and Theologians, and the holding of Councils of the work. As much as possible—as often as this function can easily be reconciled with his charge of the Scholastics—let this Director be named Superior of the House where the Senior Scholasticate is established.

STATUS OF SENIOR SCHOLASTICS

The following is the condition of Scholastics according to our Constitutions: They continue their formation, following a special rule approved by the

Superior General. It is understood that our Scholastics cannot claim a treatment that is on a par with that of the Fathers. If our Constitutions do not speak explicitly about the rights and duties of professed ecclesiastics, they do give us the principles. Namely, these have a RIGHT to obtain the formation required by their priestly and missionary vocation. They have the DUTY of submitting to the rules laid down for that formation by the Superior General and by the Directors. This holds as much for the regulations concerning the table, as for the order of the day and the ordinary observances proper to Houses of education and study. The General Customary will give useful particulars in this matter.

BROTHERS

The Chapter has fully approved the reflections contained in my Report, concerning the formation of Brothers. I recalled that we desire helpers who are able to render all sorts of services belonging to their proper field, so that the Fathers be freed from most of the material preoccupations. It is with this end in view that we must give them their religious and professional formation. No doubt, both in community and on the Mission. Brothers must labor under the direction of the Superior or the Bursar, but we must also give them our confidence. We should not be mean towards them or unnecessarily meddle in their functions. We should allow them an initiative which dispenses us from the duty of following them in every detail of their work, where their competence is often considerable. A great number of our Missions and of our other works have to be grateful for the intelligent and competent work done by the Brothers. But we also realize that their talents will not yield complete fruitfulness unless their religious and moral formation, continued by the local Superior by means of regular conferences and directions, accompany their development in professional knowledge and ability.

All the members of the Chapter have praised the measures taken upon the suggestion of the Chapter of 1926, for prolonging, during the period of first three-year-vows, the residence of the young professed in the House of the Novitiate and under the direction of the Master of Novices. In the future, we shall be more strict in the observance of this regulation.

RECOLLECTION FOR THE BROTHERS

The Chapter has expressed the wish that the Brothers, after some years of religious life in the works of the Congregation, be called, like the Fathers, to spend some time in spiritual recollection. It has been left to Provincials to study the possibility for this measure and to introduce it as soon as possible.

IDEALS TO BE PROPOSED TO JUNIOR APOSTOLICS

The Chapter has reiterated the oft-repeated advice of guiding the vocations of our young Apostolics towards the Missions, from the very first years of their studies. To show the opportuneness of this counsel, it suffices to recall that our Scholastics at the moment of their ordination must certify, UNDER OATH, that they know the engagements which they are taking, namely of exercising the holy ministry as it is practiced in our Works and in our Missions. Therefore, we cannot start too soon to direct them towards that goal.

POVERTY

The Chapter has given its attention to the exact observance of poverty as it is contained in our Constitutions, and as practiced by our elders. Mention was made of certain abuses existing especially in our Houses of formation, where certain customs are too lenient as regards the peculium—we mean naturally the imperfect peculium. The General Customary and that of the Scholasticates will give all the useful information in order to put an end to the abuses, for example that of buying books and other objects not foreseen as forming part of our outfit. And, in order that there be not found any pretext for forming personal libraries, the Superiors and Directors are asked to establish in their Houses—be they but simple Mission residences—a library of books that are indispensable to their confreres and which they will carefully maintain.

RETREATS

We have dealt also with the subject of spiritual retreats, especially of trimestrial retreats for Fathers. Until the time when the Constitutions will make such a retreat in common obligatory, the Superiors of regular Houses (composed of at least 6 members, of which 4 are Fathers), will invite their confreres to gather for that purpose on the day best suited and they will determine appropriate exercises for the community.

EXTRAORDINARY VISITORS

We have taken care to continue the Visitation of Provinces and Districts, except during the last three years. The reason for this exception was that the General Council, in view of the coming Chapter, has not considered it opportune to name new permanent visitors. Fathers Jules Remy, Soul and Biechy have, in succession, visited the various Districts of Africa and of the Islands of the Indian Ocean. Father Soul has, besides, visited our Houses of France, of Belgium and of Holland. Father Biechy, today Bishop Biechy, had to discontinue his visitation because of his appointment to the Apostolic Vicariate of Brazzaville. Bishop Pinho, then Provincial of Portugal, visited Angola in 1931-1932.

Besides this, members of the Council or of the General Administration, have passed through the Districts of America. Father Lena and Father Salomon through Canada, the United States, the French Antilles, Guina, Trinidad, the Amazon, and Haiti. Father Griffin has visited Ireland, and Bishop Ritter visited Germany when he was still General Councilor. Father Riedlinger has visited Portugal. I have myself had the pleasure of seeing with my own eyes Saint Alexandre, Canada, as well as the greater part

of our communities in the United States, those of Haiti, of Puerto Rico, of Guadelupe and Martinique. I have been able to visit Senegal, but I was not able to fulfill the plan of visiting French Guiana and Cameroon.

This institution of sending Visitors has proved most beneficial. The Visitor sees a great deal and, of necessity, makes comparisons. His reports allow the members of the General Administration to form an estimate of the conditions of the various circumscriptions, and to appreciate their development. The General Chapter has judged proper to preserve this institution of Visitors of Districts and Provinces, after the manner in which it is understood in the Congregation. As regards the powers delegated to Very Reverend Visitors, the General Chapter has asked the General Council to determine them more exactly in the text of the Customary and in that of the Constitutions.

ORDINARY VISITORS

We have insisted, these last years, on the Visit to be made by the provincial or principal Superior. This visitation is of the greatest importance for the Superior's own guidance. The necessity of presenting a report to the Mother House, will oblige him to be definite on quite a number of points which otherwise would remain rather vague. The continuity of such visits will, besides, permit him to appreciate his own administration. His function of Visitor is not one that is DELEGATED by the Mother House, but let it be remembered, is a function that BE-LONGS TO HIS CHARGE. Therefore he must not wait until the Mother House reminds him of this duty. As regards matters of administration, this is, perhaps, the point on which there is found the greatest negligence, especially in Districts of Mission countries. There are too few Superiors who are faithful in giving us reports, in spite of the fact that new outlines for the same are furnished by the General Secretariate. These reports offer the opportunity to give to the General Administration objective evaluation of the works and of bringing to light their qualities and defects as well as those of the persons engaged in them. It has happened on several occasions that I have either myself or through a Father, replied to such reports, and if I am not mistaken, the congratulations or observations towards correction which were given, have been a precious encouragement to the beneficiaries of these answers. This is the best proof of the fact that the Mother House is greatly interested in the work which the confreres in far distant countries are accomplishing.

May God grant that in the future all provincial and principal Superiors will act according to the Constitutions on this particular point. In return, the General Administration, encouraged by the General Chapter, promises to neglect nothing to prove to the authors of these reports that the latter are not immediately relegated to the dust of the Archives.

HOLDING COUNCILS

According to our Constitutions, provincial and principal Superiors must hold a meeting of their

Council at least once a year. A few—they are rare among the principal Superiors—have the habit of sending minutes of the Council proceedings to the Mother House. Nothing gives better information to the General Administration than this annual examination of the needs of a particular circumscription. It will be well to embody such a communication of the minutes in the Customary and to render it obligatory, as the General Chapter desires.

It happens rather frequently, that there are complaints coming from various quarters to the effect that these annual councils are not held. Some Councilors do not hesitate to state plainly: "In our (Vicariate or District) the Council only exists on paper. The religious Superior settles everything by his own authority: financial matters, distribution of budgets, establishment of new stations, etc. The regular Councilors are not even consulted and know nothing about the progress of the works." It is about time that such abuses come to an end, as well as regards Provincial Councils as for local ones. Our beloved Msgr. Le Roy has frequently insisted in his Avis du Mois, on the collaboration of inferiors with superiors, especially as regards decisions to be made for the success of works and for the good of Communities. I have promised the members of the Chapter to continue to recall this duty so that, in the future, the prescribed Councils may be held faithfully and as often as they are useful. Is not this the best way of reassuring the regular provincial or local Councilors who as regards this or that work, have either deliberative or merely consultative voice? How can such a procedure in any way diminish the wise authority of the Superior? It should on the contrary be a comfort for him to know that his responsibility is divided. This is the practice at the Mother House, and there is no reason why the same practice should not exist in every degree of the religious hierarchy.

The Chapter has given unanimous approval to the above observations.

OUR WORKS

I have already said a word about properly called provincial works. They are works for the direct or indirect recruiting of candidates and works of formation. These works are everywhere complete or they will be in the near future, and they will be suited to the character of each country.

We have now to speak of Houses of retirement for the aged and for the hospitalization of our sick confreres. These works deserve the solicitude of Provincials and they should be established wherever they are still lacking. Besides, as far as possible, and according to the circumstances, let the Provincial accept or create positions, functions in which Fathers or Brothers whom age or fatigue has reduced to lesser activity, may be profitably employed. It is just that those who have expended their energies in the common work should be able to await their end in honorable peace, either in their Mission or in the Province from which they came.

Our House in Montana remains open to the young who suffer from tuberculosis. Many lives have been

saved in this House, and thanks to the administration of its Director and his assistants to whom we are very grateful, an excellent religious spirit is maintained among their guests.

I need not now pass in review our Works of the Apostolate, although these are the purpose for which the Congregation exists. Moreover, the conduct of the missionaries towards the peoples whom they evangelize, depends less on the religious than on the ecclesiastical authority. Yet, even in this respect, we follow our missionaries with the keenest interest. We rejoice in noticing how they strive to unite the religious and the apostolic life and we ask you all to observe more and more the motto of the Venerable Father: "no doubt the apostolic life is the aim, but the religious life is the means sine qua non, that is, the means without which the apostolic life itself will suffer."

The progress of our missions during the last twelve years has been truly remarkable. Let us thank God Who has enabled us to increase the number of missionary laborers, and Who has enabled you to better your methods, to extend your field of action, to create and organize your schools and your works for youth, to build your churches, to improve your residences, and above all to surround yourselves with native helpers who are able to give you efficient assistance: priests, brothers, religious nuns, catechists. We follow you in your labors, in your battles, your trials, your success. We pray for you and try to help you by all the means in our power.

MISSION DIRECTORY

Archbishop Le Roy, utilizing moments of respite during his illness, wrote the MISSION DIREC-TORY. He thus fulfilled our dearest wish, namely that of condensing in a didactic work all the apostolic traditions of our Congregation. This work cannot determine every detail of our methods of action. The apostolate is a living thing. It cannot be guided by an unvarying formula. We believe, however, that the DIRECTORY OF THE MISSIONS should be studied in our Scholasticates in order that our future missionaries be filled with its spirit and be better prepared to understand the particular Directories or Statutes of the Missions which they will have to follow. We must remind our young confreres and even our older members that it is useful, even indispensable, to have recourse to it whenever it is necessary to go back to principles. That work is, as it were, our PASTORAL THEOLOGY for the Missions, and if there is need of choosing books for our communities, this one must be chosen before others. Such is the wish of the members of the Chapter.

GENERAL CUSTOMARY; CONSTITUTIONS

The General Customary has for its purpose to render, for the practice of the common life, the service rendered by the Directory for the sacred ministry. Following the desire of the General Chapter of 1926, we have, not without difficulty, edited such a Customary. Whatever its imperfections and incomplete-

ness, it has recalled and helped to maintain our general customs. The task now remains of revising and completing it, of establishing an index, of adding to it the particular Customaries of various charges and of various branches of the General Administration.

As regards our Constitutions, the General Chapter has asked that the text be made more definite and specific. The apparent contradictions should be eliminated; also whatever can find a place in the General Customary. In this way the definitive text of our Constitutions would become as it were intangible. The General Chapter has given mandate to the Superior General and to his Council to name a Committee for that purpose and to present the final work to the next General Chapter for its approval, after having obtained in the meantime, the advice of those that are by right, members of the Chapter.

OUR RELATIONS WITH THE HOLY SEE

You know that we have done all in our power to maintain towards the Holy See the filial submission which has always been shown by the Congregation.

At least ten times during my Generalship, I have had the honor and the privilege of a private audience with out Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. And I owe it to truth to declare that every time His Holiness has received your Superior General with most fatherly kindness.

It is true that during the last twelve years there have been delicate circumstances in which we were obliged to give explanations. But I must state that we have always acted with loyalty and frankness, never forgetting on the one hand the respectful and filial attachment which the Congregation has always shown towards the Supreme Pontiff and the Holy See, and on the other, the interests of our beloved Congregation which we have the duty to protect and defend.

ATTITUDE TOWARDS APOSTOLIC DELEGATES

The English colonies, Belgian Congo, the South African Union, have Apostolic Delegates and it is probable that the French and the Portuguese Colonies will soon have theirs. We owe all respect and obedience to the representative of the Sovereign Pontiff. We have, besides, the duty of helping him in his task, so that he may obtain the results which he strives to attain.

But—and this has been recalled in an Avis of the monthly Bulletin—if we must act towards the Delegates of the Holy Father with the utmost sincerity and simplicity, we must likewise avoid giving them tendentious information. The truth always preserves its rights.

Similarly, it would be wrong to give to an official personage appreciations or judgments that belong to one individual person as if they belonged to a considerable number of the confreres.

But I must add, and I am happy to be able to do so, that the reports of Msgr. Hinsley (today His Eminence Cardinal Hinsley), Msgr. Riberi, his successor for the English speaking Colonies, of Msgr.

Dellepiane, of Msgr. Gihlwijk, have frequently been very eulogistic towards our confreres.

We have been particularly pleased by the fact that our confreres of East Africa and of the Irish Province have placed at the disposal of His Excellency, Archbishop Riberi, Father P. McCarthy, who is well qualified for facilitating the solution of the problem of Catholic Schools.

RELATIONS WITH THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES

I have mentioned the help given by our Confreres of East Africa to the Apostolic Delegate in putting at his disposal the ability of Father McCarthy as regards questions of education to be arranged with the civil authorities.

The civil authorities increasingly assert their dominion over the populations which they administer, and exert more and more influence over the life of the natives. Sometimes we are beneficiaries of their good will. At other times we meet opposition or even hostility. Let us take advantage of the good dispositions, but also be ready to bend where that is the best policy. Our attitude must be dictated by this recommendation of our Venerable Father: "the first quality of a missionary is patience, the second is patience, and the third is patience."

In English colonies the threatening clouds which were gathering over our schools have been dispelled. In French colonies we cannot accept the legislation which they want to impose upon us. Let us in the meantime, while waiting for a change in those laws, try to win the men who are charged with applying them, so as to lessen their evil effects. During the last months a violent campaign of diffamation has broken out against our Catholic schools of the A. E. F. Our Apostolic Vicariates are very much upset if not irritated by it. It is their duty to protest against such unjustified attacks. This is a painful lesson which should prompt us to give a better organization to those elementary schools and especially to recommend to missionaries to be more discreet in the future. It is evident that many accusations made in the press against one or other school have their starting point in such a lack of discretion and prudence. Some confreres make to Europeans, who are our temporary guests, disclosures which they imagine to be inoffensive, and lo and behold; these indelicate "guests" amplify the deficiencies which were mentioned to them and set their heart on discrediting the work of the Catholic missionaries.

In Angola and in Belgian Congo, the Governors are usually well disposed. If, once in a while, they show susceptibilities which we consider out of place, let us arrange matters so as to avoid such difficulties in the future.

It is especially in countries like these that we must show in our educational and social works, that we are making good use of the rather large sums given us yearly for our Catholic Missions. In our Provinces, we usually have the tacit goodwill of the Government. In France, when parties of extremists came to power, we have even found a certain favor, because the religious question between them and us, was relegated to the background. But let us not cherish illusions as regards the dispositions of the mass of their followers.

THE NATIVES

Do not forget that the Missions, although they have a responsible head, are entrusted to the Congregation. Certain observations have been transmitted to us for our guidance. My attention has been called to the fact that missionaries cannot fulfill their complete duty towards the native, unless they know his language. The propaganda has at all time insisted on the obligation of missionaries to study it and to speak the native language to neophytes. The use of an interpeter cannot but be an exceptional means of communication. The prestige of the priest with his flock will increase in proportion to the -perfection with which he is able to speak the native tongue, and we know that we cannot penetrate deeply into the mentality of a people except through the knowledge of that people's language. I transmit this reflection to you who have received it from higher authority. That authority expressed the wish that all, from the first Superiors to the last of the missionaries, should speak the native language. This general rule may suffer an exception, for example when a Superior or even a simple missionary goes to a new apostolic field, after he has reached an advanced age, when it is difficult to learn a new language. Each Vicariate should make very definite rules on this point, in its Capitular Statutes, determining the obligation for the young missionaries to learn such or such a native language and, if necessary, imposing upon them the obligation of passing an examination.

OUESTIONS OF ADMINISTRATION

I have already mentioned several questions of administration. At the risk of repeating, here are a few points to which I have particularly called attention of the Chapter, because they seemed to me of pressing importance.

1. DISTRIBUTION OF THE PERSONNEL:

Following their formation, the members are put at the disposal of the Superior General so that they may be placed according to the needs of the entire Congregation. The General Chapter has judged that this right should in no way be relaxed. It follows that all the members should be formed in the same spirit: they must, according to our rules, be "in manu Superiorum, parati ad omnia."

No doubt, the Heads of Missions are allowed to make known to Provincials what the needs of their works are. But, according to our present Constitutions, it would be more regular to have requests for such or such a subject, pass through the General Administration, for, the final determination of the appointment of Fathers of his Province does not belong

to the Provincial. Thanks be to God, during the last twelve years everything has been done with sufficient harmony, and I desire to mention in particular the good spirit shown by the Provincials in allowing the Superior General full liberty—a thing he does not abuse—of sending missionaries in jurisdictions which are not directly under the control of the Province to which these members belong. In this respect Holland and Belgium deserve special congratulations and special mention because of the good grace with which their Provincials give missionaries for Portuguese Angola, although they are themselves specially charged with the Apostolic Vicariates of Bagamoyo and of Katanga.

This system, which exists in all Missionary Societies and which Rome encourages of attributing definite jurisdictions to particular Provinces, is becoming also the rule with us. And it surely has its advantages. When one works with compatriots and under a Head belonging to the same nationality, one works perhaps more wholeheartedly and there are less occasions for friction. But we who have the general direction of the Congregation, do not wish that this system should be absolute. We desire that the Superior General continue to have the faculty of making exceptions to this rule, so that one or other Province that is less rich in personnel may receive proportionate help.

It is thus, that at the present time the Province of France furnishes professors to Portugal. For a long time it alone furnished many members to the missions of Angola, that immense country where the progress of the Gospel is so very consoling. The Province of Portugal will not be able for a long time, and in spite of its progress, to provide the necessary personnel. On the other hand, the development of the works in the numerous jurisdictions dependent on France, no longer allow its past generosity.

It seems equitable therefore and dictated by the need for fraternal cooperation that the new Provinces whose personnel increases at a proportionately greater rate than the needs of the jurisdictions entrusted to them until now, should help the Provinces whose needs are immense and in which the recruiting of missionaries is more slow. This is the case for Portugal.

2. MISSIONARIES ON LEAVE: The question has been raised whether a missionary on leave has the right to collect, exclusively for his own individual works, in his Province of origin. In principle, this seems to be his unquestionable right. However, it must not be forgotten that the missionary on leave is dependent on his Provincial and that in practice the right of collecting comes in conflict with the interest of the Province which has the same benefactors as the Missions. For, an able and eloquent missionary could, to the detriment of the Province, drain for the profit of a particular Station, resources which would be better employed for the common work: formation of future missionaries and support of the old retired missionaries.

It belongs to the parties involved to come to an agreement and to reconcile the interests of the particular and the common good. Such is the advice of the Chapter, which has made this very practical recommendation: that the Heads of missions should not neglect to provide for the upkeep in the Mission and for the traveling expenses of their missionaries, since the subsidies of the Propagation of the Faith are granted them first for the upkeep of the missionaries.

3. PERSONAL CONTRIBUTION: In Committees and in the meetings of the Chapter we have not forgtten to examine the question of personal contribution. The Provinces which are in extreme need in these times of financial crisis, have expressed the desire of receiving a substantial increase in the help obtained from the personal contribution. In fact, all our Provinces accept, for the benefit of the Missions, charges that are more and more burdensome and require an increase in the number of aspirants. If it is impossible to give such a substantial increase, these needy Provinces would be pleased to have an adjustment made as regards the particular money in which these contributions would be paid to them. The payment should be made in their own money, instead of in francs, which money is now singularly devaluated and unstable.

On the other hand, the Missions have noticed the decrease in their resources because of the diminution of the amount of subsidy granted by Pontifical Works of the Apostolate.

This was a delicate problem, because two opposite and both very respectable interests had to be reconciled.

The Chapter has not seen fit to give a general solution. It has left to the liberality of each District to come to the assistance of the Province from which it expects cooperation. In our present system the Congregation makes over to the Missions all the fruit which, by right, would be earned by its subjects (Mass stipends, part of the stole fees, in great centres, etc.) In fact, the contribution represents only part of what the Congregation has a right to. The Congregation thus gives great proofs of generosity towards the Missions. Several confreres, who are ecclesiastical Heads, seem to be ignorant of this generosity and they go so far as to affirm in their official reports that the Congregation puts a heavy burden on their budget by demanding payment of the contribution. Fortunately this is not general, and we hope that it will not be repeated. Several Vicars Apostolic, who are better acquainted with Canon Law and with the rights of the Congregation, mention loyally in their reports to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, the important help given by the Congregation to their budget in supplying missionaries.

Moreover that contribution does not really profit the Mother House or the Congregation as such. Two thirds of it goes to the respective Provinces, and, calculated in shillings or florins, that part is insignificant. That is why, while preserving the present amount for the Missions in French territory, the General Council, according to mandate received from the Chapter, will study means to reach a proportionate increase for the countries which have a higher standard of money.

4. SENDING CONFRERES BACK TO BE AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE SUPERIOR GENERAL: It has happened several times that a Superior of a District, who was also ecclesiastical Superior, has sent a confrere back to the Mother House, without the advice of its Council, and when there was no urgent need of action to avoid grave scandal. We ask that in all cases when there is no grave and urgent need, the return of a member to the Mother House be asked from the Superior General, the petition being accompanied with the regular information, which presupposes a critical examination, and the previous canonical admonitions.

In Districts where the religious Superior is distinct from the Ecclesiastical Superior, we ask the Ordinary of the place, in spite of the privileges granted him by Canon Law, to have the kindness of adopting the same conduct, for the sake of the general good and harmonious understanding.

- 5. EXCLAUSTRATION: We need not be astonished that a certain number of Fathers and Brothers leave the Congregation even after taking perpetual vows. Let us do our best to sustain those who are weak in their vocation. But there are members who are hesitant before the prospect of secularization and who would be satisfied with exclaustration—that is, they would like to live as they please. free from dependence on a superior, but with the right of returning to the charge of the Congregation when they are no longer able to supply their own needs. The General Council is of the opinion that exclaustration should be granted only for exceptional reasons, so that all abuses may be avoided. Each case should be the object of a report of the respective Provincial, and the General Administration would only give a favorable report to be transmitted to Rome when it does not find a better solution of the prob-
- 6. COLONIAL COLLEGES: Martinique, Trinidad, Haiti, have colleges, and these colleges demand a numerous personnel and which often is expected to be of eminent quality. Other colonies also demand colleges, and very soon even the Missions will put in a demand for them. It is impossible to deny the good that is done by these colleges. They are indispensable. The peoples demand them, and, at Rome, they think that we cannot abandon them without failing in our obligations. Besides, several of these colleges—not all—having numerous students, bring to the Province which provides the personnel, a rather important financial benefit (Port-of-Spain. Fort-de-France).

The Superior should demand that parents pay the expenses of tuition, and require rather high scholarly

attainments proportioned to the services which we render.

We would like to see more and more that the friends of these colleges and the ecclesiastical authorities come to the assistance of the Congregation. They should not leave us with the whole burden of providing a select personnel and of the expenses of buildings which belong to the Dioceses.

Superiors who are in charge of these colleges, should firmly as well as respectfully remind Bishops and parents of students, of their duties towards the college. They must recall to them that if the Congregation is able, if necessary, to take charge of the direction of a secondary school, with five or six Fathers in the principal posts, they should enter into the views of the Superior. Far then, from criticising the employment of lay professors they should help by all means, moral and financial, to find and pay Catholic lay professors.

In the eventuality of other foundations of colleges, that seem necessary as those at present in existence, the Chapter demands earnestly that a serious study be given to the following questions:

- a) The employment with suitable pay, of lay professors.
- b) The reduction in these establishments, of the personnel of the Congregation, especially in the higher classes, by sending the students to State schools for their courses, while keeping watch over them during their studies, thus safeguarding the influence of the priest over these older students.
- 7. MASS INTENTIONS: The finances of our Missions are supported in part by Mass intentions. I beg all those who are able to procure Mass intentions to help in this way in the work of evangelization, and to give preference to the needs of our confreres over those of other works with which we are not charged. It is just that our charity begins at home.

Certain Provinces or Districts have obtained indults for reduction of Masses or for retaining part of the Mass stipends. I am not personally in favor of such a practice. And in regard to this matter I like to recall a decision written in the register of the General Council of June, 1934: "Several Communities have obtained an Indult from Rome allowing them to retain for their own work a part of the Mass stipends which they receive. They send the rest of the stipend and the intention to Rome or to Missions, which have the permission of uniting several Mass intentions, whose stipends have been thus reduced until the normal amount of a stipend is reached.

"Although, strictly speaking, justice is not involved in such a practice, the General Council asks Communities to act with discretion and prudence in a question as delicate as that of Mass intentions, and always under the control of the Major Superiors.

"We have no objection to the use of such an Indult by Communities that are in difficult or wretched

circumstances. But it seems to us that Communities that have no need of such a combination for their upkeep, should abstain from using such methods which are certainly contrary to the intentions of the donors. Let us add that the Communities which have a surplus of Mass intentions, should in all charity, think of our African Missions, several of which are entirely without Mass intentions."

VARIOUS QUESTIONS

Up to the present, I have merely spoken about matters which after all are treated in every Chapter. Questions have also been asked concerning actual preoccupations. First, the transfer of the Mother House to Rome. A majority has agreed that our General Administration, if it were under the eyes of the Holy Father, and near the Sacred Congregations, would more fully be inspired with the interests of Catholicism. However, the great inconvenience which would result in the present condition of things, both for the Congregation in general and more especially for the Province of France, from such a transfer, have also been taken into account by the General Chapter. For that reason it has entrusted the General Council with the care of studying its possibilities, in case the inconvenience were to cease (legal recognition, expense of buying a new Mother House).

There has also been question of DIVIDING IN TWO THE PROVINCE OF FRANCE. The avowed and alleged motive was the excessive number of Scholastics, Novices and aspirants to be formed by one Province. Two distinct series of Houses of formation would, without doubt, facilitate the direction of the Province, since each Provincial would have less responsibility and more facility of control. Objections were not lacking, and they came especially from representatives of that Province. Finally, the question was sent for settlement to the General Council, after the judicious remark of one of the members of the Chapter. He reminded us that up to the present, there had not been any evidence that the Province of France had suffered any detriment, that no mal-administration had been recorded, and that consequently the division did not seem to be urgently demanded. The Province of France, however, will take advantage from the suggestions made by certain members of the Chapter and will try to remain a model Province, and for the Missions, a source of intelligent devotedness.

Among the observations communicated to us before the gathering, there were a certain number which aimed at the reduction to three or six years of the mandate of Superiors, according to common Law.

The Chapter has expressed the desire that, on this point, the good of the works which may demand a prolongation of the mandate of Superiors, be reconciled with the advantage of the member which the common Law had in mind in these prescriptions. Certain members wisely remarked, and it is a lesson for all of us, that very often those who cry out for a change of the regular Superior, who is attached to the Rule, and who has a well balanced and honest

mind, are precisely the members who most frequently avoid such a regularity and who dislike the observations of a Superior who is not afraid to put his subjects in their place. No doubt, there are sometimes Superiors the choice of whom was not a happy one, and who on account of their own irregularity, allow their subjects to do as they please, without ever calling them to order. But such Superiors are soon enough known by the Provincial or the General Administration, and the change of such Superiors will not be long in coming.

The question is more delicate when it concerns ECCLESIASTICAL SUPERIORS WHO ARE AT THE SAME TIME RELIGIOUS SUPERIORS of the personnel of their District.

They keep this second function for the whole time during which they keep the first.

Should we then name DISTINCT RELIGIOUS SUPERIORS ALONGSIDE OF THESE ECCLE-SIASTICAL SUPERIORS, as is done in colonial Dioceses that are in charge of the Congregation? The Chapter has given a thorough study to this question, and has come to the conclusion that, for the present, it is preferable to keep to the text of the Constitutions, which permit the double authority to be vested in one subject. In fact, it is not an easy matter to change this, for, in order to avoid certain inconveniences, we would be running into even greater difficulties. No doubt, there are cases when missionaries really suffer from this concentration of the two powers. But how shall we end abuses by a particular measure which entrusts to another individual the religious superiorship? This would have all the appearance of a measure of distrust towards the ecclesiastical Superior who would thus be deprived of an authority which he possessed until then. On the other hand, the new religious Superior, who placed alongside the ecclesiastical Superior, and dependent on the same, would not, it seems to us, be able to adjust the troubles of a suffering missionary. We have also thought that a regional religious Superior, heading several Districts, would have the necessary liberty of action, and could, for example remove a member from the jurisdiction which is burdensome to him and transfer him to another. Such interventions of the regional Superior would be very delicate. Moreover, how efficacious could be his supervision, his control over the religious, considering the considerable extent of most of our Districts? After mature consideration, the Chapter has left full liberty to the General Council to name as religious Superior one whom it considers suitable, whether he is or is not an ecclesiastical Superior, according to the circumstances.

When members of the Congregation, Fathers or Brothers, have well-founded complaints against local or principal Superiors, they have perfect freedom of making them known to the General Administration through the intermediary of one of the Assistants of the Superior.

Pushing even further the desire of comforting confreres in all their miseries, the members of the Chapter have expressed the wish that there be appointed in every District an obliging intermediary, a man of confidence among all or among the greater number and chosen by the confreres of the District. This intermediary would have the obligation, before communicating the matter to the Superior General, to make a discreet investigation of the facts of the case. He would then communicate to the principal Superior the observations which he judges well-founded in order that the latter may give explanations; he would then write to the Mother House.

The General Chapter (this was said in Committee and not during the plenary Session) would like to see revived the ancient prescription that the first Assistant of a Province, or District, send every year to the Superior General, an account of the administration of the Superior of whom he is the Assistant.

CONCLUSION

By means of this resume of the questions discussed and in part resolved, you can see, my dear Fathers and Brothers, that the General Chapter has not been indifferent to any of the questions in which you were interested. After all, was not the Chapter made up of your Superiors and your Delegates, all of whom have your interests at heart?

As regards myself—and I can say the same for the Fathers who have been given me as Assistants and Councilors—I shall give myself entirely, better and more, if possible than I have done in the past, to the general welfare of our cherished Congregation.

Dark are the times in which we live, and cloudy with threats is the future. Whatever happens, I shall every day do the duty which has been imposed upon me for that day.

I ask from you also that fidelity to the daily duty. By this means you will be prepared for any eventuality, assured that God will give you His Grace for facing difficult circumstances, if you have been faithful to His grace in ordinary ones. Wiping out all national boundaries, we must, as children of one and the same religious family, form but ONE HEART AND ONE SOUL.

Let us ask the Holy Ghost, through the intercession of the Holy Heart of Mary, that we better understand what charity the divine life demands that we possess towards our confreres, whatever their nationality, their mission or their work, and that we practice this charity generously and sincerely. On this all-important point, let us inspire our souls with the principles of our Venerable Father: "CHARITY IN JESUS CHRIST. CHARITY THROUGH JESUS CHRIST. CHARITY IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST."

And let us not cease to pray for one another, in order that amidst all dangers, we may remain worthy of our holy and noble vocation.

† Louis Le Hunsec, Bishop of Europus, Superior General.



